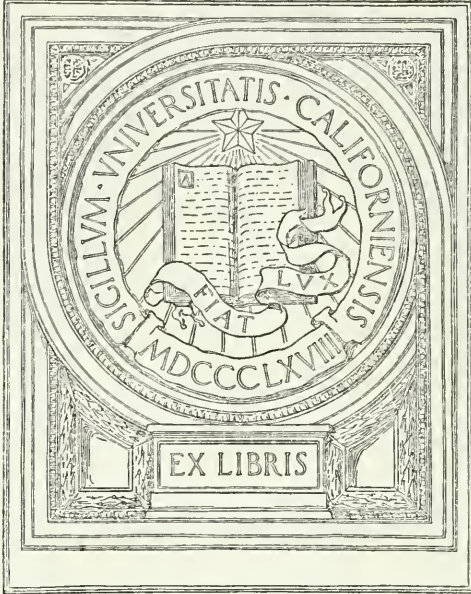


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AT LOS ANGELES



THE GIFT OF
MAY TREAT MORRISON
IN MEMORY OF
ALEXANDER F MORRISON



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THE COLLECTED WRITINGS
OF
S A M U E L L O V E R

Treasure Trobe Edition

VOLUME I

NINE hundred sets of the TREASURE TROVE EDITION of
The Collected Writings of Samuel Lover have been
printed, of which this is Number.....*174*.....



"Oh, God be good to me," cried the woman.

THE COLLECTED WRITINGS
OF
SAMUEL LOVER



TREASURE TROVE EDITION

In Ten Volumes

VOLUME ONE

The Collected Writings of
SAMUEL LOVER

RORY O'MORE

A National Romance

With a Biographical and Critical Introduction

by JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

IN TWO VOLUMES · VOLUME ONE



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INTRODUCTION

SAMUEL LOVER was the oldest son of John Lover, a Dublin stockbroker, and his wife, Abigail, whose maiden name was Maher. The paternal name would seem to be of English origin, though no tradition exists to show whether it was so or not. The custom which prevailed so long in Ireland of compelling the natives to adopt English surnames leaves the genealogy of the Lovers, in the absence of any family records, in a state of uncertainty like that of thousands of other Irish families. We know only that the family were Protestant, and thus safe from most of the annoyances and all of the disabilities laid upon the large majority of their countrymen, at the troublous time when young Lover was born, which was on the twenty-fourth of February, 1797.

It was the year before the outbreak known as the Rebellion of '98. Even those of the dominant faith and unquestioned loyalty were not always safe from the outrages perpetrated by a brutal soldiery in the hour of their insolence. One of Lover's earliest experiences, which made a lasting impression on his mind, is narrated by Bayle Bernard as follows:—

“Soldiers, in those days, were billeted on the citi-

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GIFT OF MRS. A. F. MORRISON

zens of Dublin, but the occupants of private houses had the option of giving a trooper a shilling, in order that he might get a bed elsewhere. On one occasion, when Mr. Lover was absent at his office, a soldier with a drummer-boy made his appearance at his door, and on being tendered the two shillings, refused to take them, and insisted on sleeping in the house instead, coupling the demand with a remark and look which were very offensive to Mrs. Lover. Ordered to wait outside the dwelling while she sent word to the 'Billet Office,' he boldly entered the hall and tried to close the door, upon which Mrs. Lover in her fright rushed to the steps, followed by her child, where she was discovered by her husband, when he at length returned from business, trembling, pallid, and almost speechless. Enraged, of course, at such an insult, he sprang into the house, when the soldier attempted to draw his bayonet, but was speedily knocked down and afterwards closed with in a struggle, which lasted amidst the yells of Master Samuel and the drummer-boy until an officer arrived from the Billet Office to offer an apology and remove the culprit."

It was the era in which "the Fine Old Irish Gentleman" flourished most luxuriantly; the era of drinking, duelling, and debts, celebrated in song and story. It has been painted a hundred times in fiction. Sheil describes it in veracious prose, and Sir Jonah Barrington in a happy blending of romance and truth which he calls "Personal Sketches of His Own Times." The riotous young members of the aristocracy who had their counterparts in London also,

terrorised the peaceable town folk by running *amok* at irregular intervals, with the ferocity and the sense of humour of a drunken Kaffir. They called themselves by various titles, "Bucks," "Bloods," "Mohawks," "Sweaters," "Chalkers," and other names which we should supersede in these days with the comprehensive synonym, Blackguards. They were hard drinkers, and those who escaped death by the sword or pistol generally achieved it by breaking their necks in the steeple-chase, or by falling more ingloriously in the lists of Bacchus. Of few of them could it be said they died too soon. One wishes that more of them had been beloved of other gods than him of the wine-cup.

Such a society had no attractions for a youth of gentle instincts whose tastes ran towards painting, poetry, music, and story-telling. Young Lover was a delicate child physically, and his parents wisely sent him, in his twelfth year, to spend a long vacation at a farmhouse in the Wicklow Mountains. There, in the health-giving free air, he made the acquaintance of the best two friends that he could have found, Nature in all her moods, and Man in his best estate, that of the simple, honest tiller of the soil. He loved them both forever after, and well was his love returned.

In spite of Juliet, there is something in a name, when name and nature go together, as they did in the case of Lover. Usually they do not. His name meant what he was, and, because he was so, the affection of all the world went out to him by proverbial prescription. He achieved a thing always dif-

ficult, generally impossible : he wrote of a people, of their virtues and their foibles, their manners and customs, their likes and their dislikes ; and he did it without awakening their indignation or wounding their susceptibilities. For succeeding in that most delicate task he had to thank the name and nature which were his. He saw his people with sympathetic eyes, and they, being a warm-hearted people none too familiar with loving treatment of any sort, returned the affection and laughed good-humouredly because he laughed with and not at them. He was "one of themselves," moreover, and that means much, as Dickens discovered when he ventured to draw America as he saw it ; as Cable did when he depicted Creole life, and Kipling when he offered well-meant patronage to the fishermen of Gloucester. The Englishman, less sensitive than the American, the Irishman, or the Scot, is impervious to satire and, after mature digestion and ultimate assimilation of it, relishes a joke against himself almost as well as one against his neighbours ; but the Irishman enjoys it all the time.

Young Lover came back at the end of a year, strengthened in mind and body, and spent the following eighteen months in school, from which he was taken into his father's office to learn the uncongenial trade of a stockbroker. There he worked all day, faithfully but without enthusiasm, and devoted his evenings to the cultivation of the Muses. His was already a catholic taste, modestly embracing painting, music, poetry, and even play-writing, on a very small scale.

It is doubtful if anybody ever undertook the study of art under more discouraging circumstances. Whether or not it is judicious from a worldly point of view for a business-like parent to encourage a child's artistic aspirations is a question about which painters and Philistines will disagree to the end of the chapter. It is true I have heard an artist, more successful artistically than financially, say that he would not refuse a child of his permission to play with a box of paints, on the ground that it might either become a painter or it might poison itself, the latter being a happy alternative to the former. This painter was a philosopher. Also he had no children. Lover's father, with the very best intentions, employed the most vigorous arguments to dissuade his son from the pursuit of painting and kindred arts. He ridiculed the boy's literary efforts, broke up his miniature stage properties with a poker, and even sent him to London, the commercial Babylon, to woo Fortune in the temple of trade.

It was all in vain. At the age of seventeen the boy returned to Dublin without a profession or any training in art except that which he had taught himself, and undertook to earn his own living with pencil and brush. "How Hibernian!" exclaims his biographer; and so it was. But his countryman, Goldsmith, had taken even a wilder risk when he went penniless to Holland, to teach English, without knowing a word of Dutch!

Nevertheless Lover was to become first and to remain best known to his countrymen by his literary work. In his twenty-first year he wrote a song for a

great banquet which was given to Thomas Moore. All the literary celebrities were present and the young bard sang his lay, which was called "The Poet's Election," amid the applause of a very distinguished audience. Moore was especially delighted and, after the close of the banquet, sought out and complimented the author. It was the beginning of a friendship which lasted through life.

About the same time his first literary effusion, a paper called "Ballads and Ballad Singers," appeared in the Dublin *Literary Gazette*. It was followed by "The King and the Bishop" and "The Story of the Gridiron." The last named was copied all over the English-speaking world and stamped the writer as a humourist of a high order.

It was about this period also that he made his *début* as a miniature painter. As such he flourished in the Irish capital for over fifteen years, at the same time increasing his high popularity and keeping the wolf far enough from the door to permit the admission of more agreeable and profitable visitors.

Ireland, thanks to its poverty, is a poor patron of the arts, but its children have always shown a remarkable disposition to cultivate them. This is especially true of the arts of sculpture and architecture, wherein England and America owe so much to Irish genius. Its poetry, too, since the days of the Bards, has been great in quantity and not unworthy of comparison in quality with that of the sister island, albeit the Irish poet singing in English uses a foreign tongue.

It is interesting to know that the first subjects of Lover's pencil and brush were marine studies, as were

also his last; but his great success was as a painter of portraits, especially miniatures. Among his sitters in after years were the Marquis of Wellesley, Lord Brougham, the Duke of Leicester, and the great Paganini. His portrait of the last named was distinctly his best and won him high honour in the English capital.

It was not publicly known until after his death that he had achieved success anonymously as a caricaturist in the pages of the Irish "Horn Book" published in the year 1831. His connection with that satirical publication was kept secret for political and personal reasons. As Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue points out, Lover's biographers fail to mention the fact that he was deeply concerned in the efforts of the "Comet Club," which brought out "The Parson's Horn Book," to overthrow the infamous tithe system under which the Catholics of Ireland were obliged to contribute to the support of the Established Church. In this righteous crusade he had as associates Thomas Brown ("Jonathan Buckthorn"), Norreys Jephson, John Sheehan, Robert Knox, John Cornelius O'Callaghan, author of the "Green Book" and of the "History of the Irish Brigades in the Service of France," Joseph Sterling Coyne, one of the founders of *Punch*, and many others. The Government at last suppressed the publication and prosecuted and punished the editors. The tithes were not abolished until a generation afterwards. Lover's skill as an etcher was shown in his "Horn Book" pictures and, still better, in the numerous admirable drawings with which he illustrated his own books and those of other

writers. The best of them are reproduced in the present edition of his works. It was a severe blow to the ambition which was his first love when his failing eyesight compelled him to abandon both etching and miniature painting in the very prime of life and success. He had won distinction in other and wider fields, in which also the rewards were larger, but he loved that art best of all and felt its loss most sadly.

The year 1827 found him well established in life. His first play — not counting the dramatic work which his stern father, in the capacity of a domestic Lord High Chancellor, had suppressed with a poker — was brought out at the Theatre Royal. It was a fairy spectacle called “*Grania Uaile*,” and had a run of several nights. Unfortunately, no trace of the manuscript survives.

In this happy year he married Lucy Berrel, the daughter of John Berrel, a Dublin architect, and his wife Mary, *née* Harney. In the following year he was elected Secretary of the Royal Hibernian Academy of which he had long been a popular member.

His first volume, a collection of tales and legends which had appeared in the Dublin magazines, was published in 1832. His portrait of Paganini, exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition, made the painter better known than the poet or story-teller, in the English capital. Thither he went accordingly in the following year, not to repeat the disastrous failure which he had made there so many years before in the worthy field of commerce.

For a dozen happy, busy years he did the work that he loved, and gained the rewards that he deserved,

in the intellectual centre of Great Britain. He was a prolific writer of exquisite little theatrical trifles, many of which he did not take the trouble to preserve even in manuscript. Thus, in 1835, he wrote for Madam Vestris a Christmas drama called "The Olympic Picnic," a classical burlesque, and for the comedian Liston a little piece called "The Beau Ideal," and in 1837, for the Haymarket Theatre, his farce of "The Happy Man" (a subject which Sir Walter Scott has also treated in verse). In the same year Madam Vestris presented his operetta of "The Greek Boy" at Covent Garden, and the composer Balfe brought out his humorous "Il Paddy Whack in Italia," at the Lyceum. Two other short pieces, "The Hall Porter" and "Macarthy More," completed his work in that direction. Some years later he wrote what his biographer calls "a musical piece" for the Haymarket, entitled "The Sentinel of the Alma."

Of his more enduring dramas "Rory O'More" had a long run of one hundred and nine nights at the Adelphi Theatre in 1837, with the brilliant actor, Tyrone Power, as the hero, and was played throughout the country and America. "The White Horse of the Peppers" was another dramatic success.

He enjoyed in London the society and friendship of the brilliant group of authors and artists who flourished in the early Victorian age: Sydney Smith, Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, Barham, Moore, Lever, William Carleton, "Father Prout," Maginn, Lady Morgan, and a multitude of greater or lesser lights, some long since extinguished, others still dimly glim-

mering on the horizon, and a few translated among the planetary gods, to shine forever — which means for one, possibly two, perhaps even three centuries of glory.

When his failing eyesight debarred him from continued work with pen, pencil, or etching-tool, he began presenting his public entertainments, consisting of songs and readings from his own works. He made his *début* at the Princess Theatre, London, in March, 1844, and achieved an immediate success which followed him during seven years, in the principal cities and towns of Great Britain and Ireland and the United States. He was not the pioneer in this form of entertainment but was one of the most popular of his own or later times.

His sweet voice was not strong enough to bear the strain of all the vocal numbers; so he employed two young ladies as assistants for that duty, devoting himself solely to the prose features. Modern audiences are familiar with this form of entertainment, which has become so common that authors of distinction add a new wreath to their laurels, and win much gratitude besides, by refraining from public readings from their own works. In Lover's time and for many years afterwards, the entertainment was kept within the bounds of modesty, and people came at least as much to hear as to see the author. The custom has since been changed, and not for the better. He also followed the example of his contemporaries by paying a visit to the United States, but apparently without any ulterior thought of writing a book, and certainly with no intention of taking the elder Mr. Weller's advice and "blowing up the Yankees" therein.

He landed in Boston in September, 1846, and gave his first entertainment in New York on the 28th of the same month. He found his audiences there cordially appreciative. In Boston and Salem, which he visited later, the appreciation was equally present but concealed behind a blanket of frigidity which surprised the cheery entertainer. Of the Salemites he wrote: "Frogs, snowballs, icicles — no name for coldness can describe them." Other distinguished visitors have been chilled by the same peculiar temperature observed in the intellectual centres of New England and have tried to understand the phenomenon, some ascribing it to pride, some to provincialism, and a few to bashfulness, though this last trait is not characteristic of the inhabitants individually. Lover, like the rest of the trans-Atlantic visitors, made many warm friends in New England and wherever he went in the country.

He travelled as far south as New Orleans, north to the Canadian cities, and west to Lake Superior, spending two years in giving entertainments or enjoying the novel life around him.

It was a sad blow to him to receive in a foreign land the news of his wife's death, after a brief married life of unalloyed happiness. Fresh grief awaited him on his return home when his eldest daughter died of consumption in her twenty-first year. His younger daughter had married shortly before. Tenderly devoted to home and family he found himself practically deprived of both. In January of 1852 he married his second wife, Mary Jane Wandby, daughter of William Wandby, of Coldham Hall, Cambridgeshire,

England. Their married life was very happy, though only two children lived to maturity. Two girls and a boy died in early childhood. Another daughter, Meta, died at the age of twenty-two. His only surviving child, Fannie, married first a Dublin barrister, Edward Herbert, and second a physician of Stuttgart, Dr. Carl Schmid. The only living descendants of Samuel Lover are this lady, her son, Victor Herbert, the distinguished composer, and her son by the second marriage, a German actor, whose stage name is Willie Faber.

Lover brought home from America some material for his entertainments and many art sketches, some of which he reproduced in oil with more or less success. His labours had entitled him to a season of rest which the income from his works procured for him. To this was added, in 1856, a government pension of one hundred pounds. It was small, yet it may not be sneered at in a republic which has totally forsworn its early virtue of giving some public reward to literature, usually a foreign consulship which at least kept the recipient and his poverty out of sight.

During the next few years Lover was engaged in general literary work, compiling a volume of Irish songs by different authors, and in writing for the Burns Centennial Festival a little volume called "Rival Rhymes," after the style of "Rejected Addresses."

In 1864 he was attacked with bleeding of the lungs. It was the beginning of the end, though that was not to come until after four years of lingering illness, borne with fine fortitude. He removed in

search of a milder climate to the Isle of Wight and thence to St. Helier's in the Island of Jersey, his last abode. There he died on July 6, 1868, aged seventy-one years. On July 15th his body was buried at Kensal Green. A tablet was erected to his memory in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

How bravely after the long siege he at last faced the end like his own Irish Soldier, "with the fire of his gallant nation," smiling to the last, yet deeply sensible of all the responsibilities of his earthly career! His eyesight had long been weak, and four months before his death his hearing partially failed him. As he wrote to a friend: —

"My hearing has suffered seriously; just now I am obliged to have the assistance of an ear trumpet. Think of that, my beauty! — There's a state for your old Lover to be in! — No more tender whisperings! Imagine sweet confessions to be made through an ear trumpet! How many dear friends I have lost lately! Your own dear father among them. The shot is flying thick and fast among the front companies; it makes one think of that fine couplet of Longfellow's: —

" 'Hearts, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.' "

"Well, though I have written a few sad lines in the end of this letter, you may see by the first part of it that I am not down-hearted, and, though I am amongst the *ci-devants* — that is, one of the front company — still I march cheerfully and cry, 'Heads up, soldiers!'"

After the poet's death Mrs. Lover sent his last writ-

ing to their friend Symington. It described a dream which he had on the night of May 21, 1868, a few weeks before his death: —

“ I thought I had entered the Valley of the Shadow. It was a deep gorge and narrow, and high cliffs on either hand rendered it also dark and shadowy, and as the valley lay before me, further in advance, still deeper and darker it grew, till, in the extreme distance, all form was lost, and nothing but intense darkness prevailed.

“ Just then, relieved upon that background of gloom, suddenly I saw Jesus Christ, in wondrous radiance, surrounded by sheep.

“ I woke the moment my senses were impressed with this lovely, glorious, faith-inspiring vision; and oh! what a comfort it was to me thus to wake! My *bodily* suffering, even, was relieved, when my poor soul was thus strengthened.

“ It seemed to me as if my prayer, made that night, had been heard and granted by my merciful and gracious God, and that I need not fear the Valley of the Shadow of Death, where Christ Himself was waiting to care for the sheep.”

On his death-bed he wrote a thoughtful criticism on the anonymous versifiers of the Psalms and writers of hymns who are guilty of “filling up their lame lines with vapid verbiage, *so* twaddly, indeed, as to be, to me, disgusting, from the manifest disrespect such writers must have for the sacredness of the subject.”

A very interesting revelation of character is the letter to his two daughters, dated March 8, 1848, enclosing a copy of a poem to them entitled “The

Voice from Afar.” He presents it to them with a modest introduction, and then discusses the failure of another poem of his to impress them very deeply. But he adds: “You know it is my opinion, and an opinion on which I have acted, that I do not think it wise for parents to drive their children in the beaten track of their own thoughts (the parents’ thoughts, I mean); and you will remember how I have placed Mendelssohn and Schubert, and the pretty vivacities of France and Italy, before you, to the exclusion of my own compositions, which I never forced upon you, — but, at the same time, whenever I *do* write a song which the world acknowledges to be not worthless, a daughter can scarcely place herself in a more graceful position than in singing a song of her father’s composing. Sir Walter Scott’s son did himself little honour when he boasted of never having read his father’s works: — but do not suppose, my dear girls, that I am vain enough (presumptuous, I should rather say) to make any comparison between myself and the great man to whom I have alluded, or so unhappy as to believe that you are so cold and insensible to my humbler merits.”

No man was ever more generously appreciative of his contemporaries than Lover. Symington, who set him on a higher pedestal than Moore and wrote to the former to tell him so, gives the reply, most creditable to the modesty and generosity of the writer: — “For the very favourable, not to say flattering opinion you have given as to the comparative merits of Moore and myself, I have reason to be pleased. . . . I think there is more of the ‘touch of nature’ — that quality

to which Shakespeare attributes so much — in my writings than in his. I think also there is more feeling, and beyond all doubt I am much more *Irish*: so far I agree with you.” After saying pleasantly that Moore knew more about “the shady side of Pall Mall” than of the morning breeze that stirs the heather on the hills of Ireland or the nightly blast that sweeps the Atlantic and often sings a death-song over the fishermen, he continues: “Yet, with all these drawbacks to the *Irish Melodies*, what an exquisite collection of lyrics exists in that work! Moore was keenly alive to the *character* of a melody — hence, from those of his own land, which are so lovely, he selected judiciously the air suited to the spirit of his lay. Then, as the verses he wrote were meant to be sung (not merely read), with what consummate skill he has accommodated every word to be capable of the ‘linked sweetness long drawn out!’ — *in this respect I think Moore MATCHLESS.*”

HIS PLACE AMONG IRISH NOVELISTS

Bayle Bernard devotes two thoughtful chapters in his *Life of Lover* to the numerous and excellent writers who had preceded his subject in the poorly paid and tardily appreciated field of Irish fiction. It is a list of which no country need be ashamed, including such names as Banim, Griffin, Miss Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, Carleton, Lever, — authors widely differing in ability as they did in sentiment, yet nearly all holding an honourable place in literature after the lapse of sixty, seventy, or even a hundred

years. It was the human quality that gave life to their writings at a time when the vast majority of the people were steeped in the direst poverty, when the artificial night created by the penal laws still wrapped the land in enforced illiteracy, and when it was neither fashionable nor profitable to plead the cause of the oppressed. In so far as those gifted Irish men and women did plead for their less fortunate countrymen, in so far did they compel a hearing from a callous or hostile public. It was but natural that the Catholic writers should champion their co-religionists, and that they did it worthily and brilliantly, the enduring fame of Gerald Griffin and the Banim brothers sufficiently attests. Lover, born and living in the class and creed of ascendancy, generously espoused the cause of the poor and misgoverned.

He was listened to, not because of the justice of his plea, for far greater voices than his had cried in vain for years on behalf of the down-trodden, but because he invested his subjects with the charms of humour, pathos, and sincerity. The world, which turns a deaf ear to the cry of suffering, always stops to be amused, sometimes becomes interested, and on very rare occasions tries to right some fraction of a wrong. I do not know that Irish tears or Irish laughter ever obtained any valuable redress of Irish grievances; but they kept them before the world, and thus were not without their value when stronger arguments than smiles or tears could not be employed. Dives went to hell because he looked unmoved upon the sores of Lazarus. It is not good for a man or a nation to stifle elementary feelings.

Before the rise of the school of Irish novelists, early in the nineteenth century, the Irishman of English fiction and the stage was an uncouth libel on humanity, a witless baboon who excited nothing but ridicule or aversion. He was somewhat in that respect like the "Nigger" of stage and fiction, and therefore outside the pale of human sympathy. It mattered not that the Irishman of real life was present in the scantily covered flesh; that he was known of all mankind to be witty, brave, chivalrous, and God-fearing. Until Lover and kindred writers depicted him as such, the English-speaking world understood him not nor the debt which its literature owed to his countrymen, Burke, Sheridan, Swift, Steele, Goldsmith, and half the bright names in contemporary letters.

Lover cannot be counted among the great creators in the art of fiction. He developed no deep plots, made no subtle analyses of character, solved no social "problems," and, indeed, pictured life mostly as it was to be seen on the surface. His characters and their accessories hint of the stage, elemental, largely drawn, devoid, for the most part, of mingled or conflicting passions. Yet they are fixed in the reader's mind, and each has an individuality not to be ignored or forgotten. It is a remarkable fact that Dickens has not introduced a single Irish character in all of his voluminous novels; yet those traits which in an Irishman would be pronounced "so very Irish" are the dominant inspiration of Mr. Micawber, Dick Swiveller, and a score of other immortal creations of "Boz." "Handy Andy" is Lover's

own, yet he has all the fantastic features of a genuine child of Dickens, with a remote cousinship to Sancho Panza. He might have been born anywhere, but Ireland alone of his own time could have supplied the *mise en scene* for his astounding performances. Lover gives his authority for the original, but beyond question he assisted nature in his development. Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, who was a personal friend of Lover, says that Handy Andy was the nickname of a real personage whose proper name was Andrew Sullivan. Fourteen years before Lover introduced Andy to the public, the Knight of Glin told Mackenzie many stories about Andy, among others that narrated in the novel, of the hero's being ordered to throw a pitcher of water out of the window and obeying literally by throwing out pitcher and all; and of how he iced the champagne by emptying two dozen bottles into the tub of ice.

HIS NOVELS

Handy Andy is unique in literature, as a hero with a matchless genius for blundering and a happy faculty for escaping the worst consequences of his own mistakes; which an Englishman would have accounted for by the proverb, "Fools for luck!" But the Irish language has no exact equivalent for the harsh monosyllable; for "omadhaun" is a mild, soft word signifying an "innocent" or a "natural." Call him by whatever name we may, Andy is a triumph of misdirected originality, even as dirt has been defined as matter out of place. Andy's premises are always

right, as when he resolves to punish the postmaster for his apparent extortion in charging double postage on a letter, by stealing two others, so as to give his master "the worth of his money." With similar good motives he slips an additional bullet into the duelling pistols before they are loaded, in order, again, that "the Masther" may have the advantage over his opponent. He is the very incarnation of good intentions, which, as we all know, have their Macadamical uses in another world. His more commonplace blunders, such as the exchanging and mis-sending of parcels, display no especial inspiration. They are within the capacity of any mere fool; Andy alone is the *diabolus ex machina* who could do it at the exact time and place calculated to produce the greatest possible amount of mischief. No, Andy is not a fool. That rôle belongs to the denationalised Dublin puppy, Furlong, whose *faux pas* are unrelieved by the slightest touch of originality.

Among the other strong characters in "Handy Andy," old Squire O'Grady and his rival, Egan, stand out boldly as representatives of their class, though diametrically opposite to each other in character. Murtough Murphy, Dick the Devil, and Tom Durfy play well their several parts, being ably supported by a corps of supernumeraries who cheerfully and impartially assist at race, duel, election, or scrimmage. The Walking Gentleman of the story, Edward O'Connor, is like his prototype on the stage, or the corresponding character in "Rory O'More," chiefly useful to fill the part of the sentimental lover of his affinity, the sentimental young lady. Needless

to say that they seldom utter anything of interest except to themselves, therein being even as their models in real life. All the world loves a lover, but it is not madly covetous of his society while the fit is on him. The droll or humorous remarks which our author puts into the mouths of his characters are all so naïvely delivered that one forgets that they are generally coinage bright from the mint of imagination. For example, there is the Widow Flanagan's exhortation to the merry-makers: "Come, begin the dance; there's the piper and the fiddler in the corner, *as idle as a milestone without a number*;" and there is the stinging phrase so casually dropped apparently, when, speaking of the tottering Dublin tenements, each marked with an official slab telling its exact distance from the Castle, he says: "The new stone tablets seemed to mock their misery, and looked like a fresh stab into their poor old sides; — *as if the rapier of a king had killed a beggar.*" But the reader will prefer to select his gems without impertinent assistance.

Andy's mother, though slightly sketched, is drawn from the life, as witness her two memorable visits to the Amazonian Mattie Dwyer and the results thereof; while the mother of The O'Grady is a lunatic of such majestic perfection that we know she must have sat in proper person for the vivid portrait. Mere imagination never invents such flights as hers. Father Phil Blake is one of Lover's many attempts to draw an Irish priest. If he sometimes fails in fidelity to life, it is not through lack of the kindest intent; for no Irish Protestant writer ever felt or expressed more

indignation towards the persecutions heaped upon those faithful leaders of their flocks, standing alone, as they did, between the forlorn serf and a master whose cruelty was equalled only by his besotted folly. But for the priest ministering, with a price on his head, to his scattered people, rebellion or anarchy would have deluged the land with blood. None knew this better than Lover. It is not out of place to recall the fact in any allusion to his life-work; for his life was indeed devoted to the championship of his poor countrymen and especially of those who differed from him in creed and station. "Rulers of Ireland!" he exclaims, "why have you not sooner learned to *lead* that people by love whom all your severity has not been able to *drive*?"

This feeling of intense patriotism finds most frequent and vigorous expression in his last novel, "Treasure Trove," otherwise known as "L. S. D." or "He Would Be A Gentleman," in which he deals with some of the loyal Irish who followed the fortunes of Bonnie Prince Charlie, to their own misfortune. The Irish, like the Scotch, paid dearly for their fealty to a line of princes who exemplified the divine right of monarchs in their contempt for every common right and an ingratitude that was royally superhuman. Captain Lynch is a typical Jacobite soldier, loyal, brave, ready to make every honourable sacrifice, even to that of life, for a prince who was equally ready to accept, and forget it. It was such men who cried out after the disaster of the Boyne Water: "Change kings, and we'll fight the battle over again!" and such men who saved the day for

France at Fontenoy and made King George exclaim in bitterness: "Curse on the laws that deprive me of such soldiers!" Lover, who had nothing to gain, and much to lose, in a worldly sense, by taking the part of his oppressed fellow-countrymen, hated tyranny of every kind and could not be silent when the wrongs of his native land were his theme. Not alone the wickedness of persecution, but the incredible folly of it, were clear to his honest vision; and he shows the other side of the picture convincingly, — the peace, loyalty, and contentment which followed so surely on the least concession of justice under an occasional just ruler like Chesterfield or Drummond. When intolerable tyranny drove the nation into desperate revolt, he says, "England would not admit that she had cause for discontent. The phrase of the time was, that 'the discontent on the face of Ireland was coloured by caprice and faction.' How capricious!" The reader who wishes to form a just idea of that capricious country will find some of the impelling causes in "Treasure Trove."

For the rest, the story is full of life and adventure, with well-drawn pictures of Marshal Saxe, Lord Clare, Dillon, and other historical personages. Ned Corkery, the hero of the tale, is a much more interesting character than either De Lacy, of "Rory O'More," or Edward O'Connor, of "Handy Andy." His lady love, like theirs, is rather a lay figure. The story abounds in sufficiently moving adventures by flood and field; in the words of Phil Kearney, "There's beautiful fighting along the whole line." For which, and better, reasons, Lover's novels should

find a new popularity in the present revival of "strenuous" fiction, whose heroes, to tell the truth, are a trifle too solemn in making either love or war, and lack the sense of humour which tends to lighten both of those rather over-rated diversions.

Lover's novels are all clean, wholesome works of art, plain stories, with little or no attempt at analysis of character or inculcation of any lesson other than that to be deduced from a picture in black and white. Their predominant quality is their humour, which is seldom strained, always laughter-provoking, and never cruel, except towards snobbishness, cant, and all manner of false pretence. In that and in their keen love of justice, they reflect the gentle manliness of their author.

Lover is at his best and his worst in his very unequal short stories. In the former category stand the inimitable "Barny O'Reirdon, the Navigator," "The Gridiron," "The White Horse of the Peppers," "Paddy the Piper" (of which he disclaims full credit as the author), and several delicious sketches of Irish coachmen, ballad-singers, waiters, and other original characters. "Father Roach," whose story he tells both in prose and verse, is an impossible character, as the dramatic incident upon which the tale hinges, the involuntary self-betrayal, outside of the confessional, of a criminal who had already confessed his crime under that inviolable seal could not have been used by the priest who was his confidant in both cases. The priest's supposed assertion that "the bishop of the diocese forwarded a statement to a higher quarter, which procured for me a dispensation as regarded the

confessions of the criminal; and I was handed this instrument, absolving me from further secrecy, a few days before the trial" — is contrary to all the laws and traditions of the Catholic Church, and spoils an otherwise good story.

However, the single tale of the "Gridiron, or Paddy Mallowney's Travels in France," has humour enough to redeem a whole volume of inferior stories. It is his own entirely, in conception and execution. The extremely simple *motif* is sustained throughout, and Paddy insists upon it with such convincing sincerity that the reader is compelled to agree with him that the Frenchmen who failed to lend him a grid-iron, on the strength of his three magic words, "Parly voo Frongsay?" were not only ignorant of their own language but shamefully inhospitable as well. He and his compatriot, Barny O'Reirdon, are worthy of Rabelais.

HIS SONGS AND POEMS

Simplicity was the dominant characteristic of Lover's verse. He chose no complex themes, and nobody will ever achieve fame or fortune by founding "Lover Clubs" for the interpretation of his poems. In his preface to a volume of his poetical works, reproduced in this edition, he demonstrates briefly and clearly his theory of song-writing and explains some apparent literary defects in his own work by showing that poetical had occasionally to give way to musical expression when the first object was to make a song; and that, with him, was always the first object.

Among the songs, numbering nearly three hundred, in that collection are lyrics of love, humour, and pathos, together with a few political and "occasional." The best belong to the first three classes. Those of the others are fair of their kind, which is not a very high kind, being, indeed, no better than if they had been written to order by the average Laureate.

Even the reader fairly familiar with Irish poetry is surprised to find how many songs popular to this day are from the prolific pen of Lover, such as "The Low-Back'd Car," "Molly Bawn," "The Whistling Thief," "Barney O'Hea," "The Four-Leaved Shamrock," and nearly a score of others. It is not unreasonable to infer that their long life proves their high merit. "Rory O'More," of course, is known to all the world, and the beautiful songs, "The Angel's Whisper" and "What Will You Do, Love?" bear an appeal to the human affections that will find response in every heart.

It is not every poet who can blend humour and tenderness so exquisitely that neither shall suffer by the union. The absolute delicacy of Lover's humorous love poems is unparalleled in this or any other language. Percy's "Reliques" reflect the coarseness of their age. Burns smirched his pages with Rabelaisian grossness, and English bards, from Chaucer to Byron, have done the same. Even Moore affected the Anacreontic, happily with little success, in his youthful flights. Irish writers of prose and verse are almost always free from any uncleanness. Their

literature is as pure as that of America. Lover's wooer, whether it be Rory O'More, or Barney, or the Dying Soldier, or Lanty Leary, is gay as only an Irish lover can be — the only one, it is said by his rivals, who can meet a woman's wiles with a wit as nimble as her own. Lover has drawn him to the life, with his national heritage of good humour, so much more precious than the belauded Hope in Pandora's box, which must have lost a good deal of its saving salt by association with gloomy company in that ill-omened casket.

Lover's preface to the fifth edition of his poems points out that "every song in this collection was not only made for singing, but has been sung." He himself, says Symington, had a voice which "was slight, but powerful in its effect, from being very sweetly modulated, clearly articulated, expressive, and true." The same author tells of how Lover was moved by his own music, and that the tears trickled down his cheek on one occasion in his own house as he sang the "Angel's Whisper" — which recalls a story showing how the ludicrous touches elbows with the pathetic. Authors are accustomed to receiving compliments that are not always complimentary; so Lover must have keenly enjoyed the admiration which Thalberg, the pianist, expressed for him on their first meeting, as the author of "Ze Angel's Whistle."

It can be truly said of Lover that he lisped in numbers. When he was so small that he had to stand upon tiptoe to reach the piano keys, he was found trying to pick out the notes of a popular tune.

Bernard, who tells the story, notes the coincidence that the tune which attracted the infant musician was Moore's "Will you come to the Bower?" Lover made his first public appearance singing one of his own songs at a dinner in honour of Moore, and his first success as an artist was gained by his portrait of Moore's son, Russell.

Lover, unlike most writers, knew what was his own best work, as did his readers. He chose the name of its hero with doubly fine discrimination: first, as that of a national idol, him of the battle-cry, "For God and Our Lady and Rory O'More," and secondly, as a name especially musical. The long O, beloved of singers, with the liquid consonants, R and M, all compact of melody, made "Rory O'More" a title to charm at once the eye and the ear. That it fascinated its author is evident from the fact that he gave it first to a song, then to a story, and finally to a play. In the song it will be noticed that he uses the surname indifferently to rhyme with "sure" and "before," and it is used with either pronunciation in the native vernacular. Note, on the other hand, how well the name "Lanty Leary" fits the light-hearted roguish "divil" who lilt his love vows to the willing but doubting ear of his inamorata. He will follow her, an' she wish it, over the hills and far away, and back again to house and land at her bidding, just as an Irishman should; and when she puts the final love-test to him, if he will follow her to the grave? he answers, just as an Irishman of his fun-loving nature would: "'Fait, I won't,' says Lanty Leary." In the su-

preme moment Lanty would probably outdo the most melancholy of your romantic lovers; but so long as it is only an imaginary case, he sees but the fun of it, and so laughs and wins, where another would sigh and lose.

Perhaps the happiest blending of those two Irish characteristics is found in the sad, tender, humorous, and wholly heart-stirring ballad of "The Soldier," who —

"Thought of kings and royal quarrels,
And thought of glory, without a smile;
For what had he to do with laurels?
He was only one of the rank-and-file!"

He drinks to his loved one and consoles himself with the reflection, humorously sincere — and that is very Irish — that she "won't be a widow — for why? — Ah! you would never have me, *vourneen*."

He drinks again, to his beloved native land from which he dies far away. Then, at last, "the pride that guarded his manly eye" breaks down with the vision of "heaven and home and his true love nigh," —

"So draining his little cruiskeen,
He drank to his cruel colleen;
To the Emerald land of his birth —
Then lifeless he sank to the earth,
Brave a soldier as ever was seen!"

Ireland may have poets and story-tellers of higher literary rank and more enduring fame, but she will never have one more true and tender and loyal than Samuel Lover.

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RORY O'MORE

CHAPTER I

THE COTTAGE OF RORY O'MORE, WITH SCENERY,
MACHINERY, DRESSES AND DECORATIONS

IN a retired district of the South of Ireland, near some wild hills and a romantic river, a small by-road led to a quiet spot, where, at the end of a little lane, or *boreen*, which was sheltered by some hazel-hedges, stood a cottage which in England would have been considered a poor habitation, but in Ireland was absolutely comfortable, when contrasted with the wretched hovels that most of her peasantry are doomed to dwell in. The walls were only built of mud — but then the door-way and such windows as the cabin had were formed of cut stone, as was the chimney, which last convenience is of rare occurrence in Irish cabins, a hole in the roof generally serving instead. The windows were not glazed, it is true, but we must not expect too much gentility on this point; and though the light may not be let in as much as it is the intention of such openings to do, yet if the wind be kept out, the Irish peasant may be thankful. A piece of board — or, as Pat says, a wooden pane of glass — may occupy one square, while its neighbour may be brown paper, ornamented inside, perhaps, with a ballad setting forth how

Rory O'More

“ A sailor coorted a farmer's daughter
That lived convaynient to the Isle of Man,”

or, may be, with a print of Saint Patrick banishing the *sarpents* — or the Virgin Mary in flaring colours, that one might take for

“ The king's daughter a come to town,
With a red petticoat and a green gownd.”

But though the windows were not glazed, and there was not a boarded floor in the house, yet it was a snug cottage. Its earthen floors were clean and dry, its thatched roof was sound: the dresser in the principal room was well furnished with delf; there were two or three chairs and a good many three-legged stools — a spinning-wheel, that sure sign of peace and good conduct — more than one iron pot — more than one bed, and one of those four-posted, with printed calico curtains of a most resplendent pattern: there was a looking-glass, too, in the best bed-room, with only one corner broken off, and only three cracks in the middle; and that further damage might not be done to this most valuable piece of furniture — most valuable I say, for there was a pretty girl in the house who wanted it every Sunday morning to see that her bonnet was put on becomingly before she went to chapel; — that no further damage might be done, I say, this inimitable looking-glass was imbedded in the wall, with a frame-work of mortar round it, tastefully ornamented with cross-bars, done by the adventurous hand of Rory O'More himself, who had a genius for handling a trowel. This came to him by inheritance, for his father had been a mason; which accounts for the cut-stone door-way, windows, and chimney of the cottage, that Rory's father had built for himself. But when I say Rory had a genius for handling a trowel, I do not mean to say he followed

the trade of his father — he did not, — it was a gift of nature which Rory left quite unencumbered by any trammels of art; for as for line and rule, these were beneath Rory's consideration; this the setting of the glass proved — for there was no attempt at either the perpendicular, the horizontal, or the plane; and from the last being wanting, the various portions of the glass presented different angles, so that it reflected a very distorted image of every object, and your face, if you would believe the glass, was as crooked as a ram's horn — which I take to be the best of all comparisons for crookedness. Mary O'More, however, though as innocent a girl as any in the country, did *not* believe that her face was *very* crooked: it was poor Rory who principally suffered, for he was continually giving himself most uncharitable gashes in shaving, which Rory attributed to the razor, when in fact it was the glass was in fault; for when he fancied he was going to smooth his upper lip, the chances were that he was making an assault on his nose, or cutting a slice off his chin.

But this glass has taken up a great deal too much time — which, after all, is not uncommon: when people get before a glass, they are very likely to linger there longer than they ought.

But I need not go on describing any more about the cottage, — nobody wants an inventory of its furniture, and I am neither an auctioneer nor a bailiff's keeper. I have said Rory's father was a mason. Now his mother was a widow — argal (as the gravedigger hath it), his father was dead. Poor O'More, after laying stones all his life, at last had a stone laid over him; and Rory, with filial piety, carved a crucifix upon it, surmounted by the letters I. H. S. and underneath this inscription: —

“Pray for the sowl of Rory O'More; Requiescat in pace.”

Rory O'More

This inscription was Rory's first effort in sepulchral sculpture, and, from his inexperience in the art, it presented a ludicrous appearance: for, from the importance Rory attached to his father's soul—or, as he had it, *sowl*—he wished to make the word particularly conspicuous; but, in doing this, he cut the letters so large that he did not leave himself room to finish the word, and it became divided—the word *requiescat* became also divided: the inscription, therefore, stood as follows:—



You were thus called on to pray for the SOW in one corner while the CAT was conspicuous in the other.

Such was Rory's first attempt in this way, and though the work has often made others smile, poor Rory's tears had moistened every letter of it, and this humble tombstone was garlanded with as much affection as the more costly ones of modern Père La-Chaise: and though there were none who could read who did not laugh at the absurdity, yet they regarded

Rory's feelings too much to let him be a witness of such mirth. Indeed Rory would have resented with indignation the attempt to make the grave of his father the subject of laughter; for in no country is the hallowed reverence for father and mother more observed than in Ireland.

Besides, Rory was not a little proud of his name. He was taught to believe there was good blood in his veins, and that he was descended from the O'Mores of Leinster. Then, an old schoolmaster in the district, whose pupil Rory had been, was constantly recounting to him, the glorious deeds of his progenitors — or, as he called them, his “owld anshint anshisthers in the owld anshint times,” — and how he should never disgrace himself by doing a *dirty turn*. “Not that I ever seen the laste sign iv it in you, *ma bouchal*, — but there's no knowin'. And sure the divil's busy wid us sometimes, and dales in timtayshins, and lays snares for us, all as one as you'd snare a hare or ketch sparrows in a thrap; and who can tell the minit that he might be layin' salt on your tail on-knownst to you, if you wornt smart? — and therefore be always mindful of your anshisthers, that wor of the highest blood in Ireland, and in one of the highest places in it too, Dunamaise — I mane the rock of Dunamaise, and no less. And there is where Rory O'More, king of Leinsther, lived in glory time out o' mind; and the Lords of the Pale darn't touch him — and pale enough he made them often, I go bail; — and there he was, — like an aigle on his rock, and the dirty English afeard o' their lives to go within miles iv him, and he shut up in his castle as stout as a ram.”

In such rhodomontade used Phelim O'Flanagan to flourish away, and delight the ears of Rory and Mary, and the widow's no less. Phelim was a great char-

acter: he wore a scratch wig that had been built somewhere about the year One, and from its appearance might justify the notion that Phelim's wig-box was a dripping-pan. He had a pair of spectacles, which held their place upon his nose by taking a strong grip of it, producing thereby a snuffling pronunciation, increased by his taking of snuff: indeed, so closely was his proboscis embraced by this primitive pair of spectacles, that he could not have his pinch of snuff without taking them off, as they completely blockaded the passage. They were always stuck low down on his nose, so that he could see over them when he wished it, and this he did for all distant objects; while for reading he was obliged to throw his head back to bring his eyes to bear through the glasses; and this, forcing the rear of his wig downwards on the collar of his coat, shoved it forward on his forehead, and stripped the back of his pate: in the former case, his eyes were as round as an owl's; and in the other, closed nearly into the expression of disdain, or at least of great consequence. His coat was of grey frieze, and his nether garment of buckskin, equalling the polish of his wig, and surpassing that of his shoes, which indeed were not polished, except on Sunday, or such occasions as the priest of the parish was expected to pay his school a visit, — and then the polish was produced by the brogues being *greased*, so that the resemblance to the wig was more perfect. Stockings he had, after a sort; that is to say, he had woollen cases for his legs, but there were not any feet to them; they were stuffed into the shoe to make believe, and the deceit was tolerably well executed in front, where Phelim had them under his eye; but, like Achilles, he was vulnerable in the heel — indeed, worse off than that renowned hero, for he had only one heel unprotected,

while poor Phelim had both. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Phelim had a shirt — you saw he had; but towards the latter end of the week, from the closely-buttoned coat, and the ambuscade of a spotted handkerchief round his neck, there was ground for suspicion that the shirt was under the process of washing, that it might be ready for service on Sunday; when, at mass, Phelim's shirt was always at its freshest.

There was a paramount reason, to be sure, why Phelim sported a clean shirt in chapel on Sunday: he officiated as clerk during the service, — or, as it would be said amongst the peasantry, he “sarved mass;” and in such a post of honour, personal decency is indispensable. In this service he was assisted by a couple of boys, who were the head of his school, and enjoyed great immunities in consequence. In the first place, they were supposed, from virtue of the dignity to which they were advanced, to understand more Latin than any of the rest of the boys; and from the necessity of their being decently clad, they were of course the sons of the most comfortable farmers in the district, who could afford the luxury of shoes and stockings to their children, to enable them to act as *acolytes*. The boys themselves seemed to like the thing well enough, as their frequent passing and re-passing behind the priest at the altar, with various genuflexions, gave them a position of importance before the neighbours that was gratifying; and they seemed to be equally pleased up to one point, and to proceed in perfect harmony until the ringing of a little bell, and that was the signal for a fight between them: — when I say fight, I do not mean that they boxed each other before (or rather behind) the priest, but to all intents and purposes there was a struggle who should get the bell, as that seemed the grand

triumph of the day ; and the little bell certainly had a busy time of it, for the boy that had it seemed endued with a prodigious accession of devotion ; and as he bent himself to the very earth, he rattled the bell till it seemed choking with its superabundant vibration ; while the Christianity of his brother acolyte seemed to suffer in proportion to the piety of his rival, for he did not bow half so low, and was looking with a sidelong eye and sulky mouth at his victorious coadjutor.

As for Phelim, his post of honour was robing and unrobing the priest before the altar ; for in the humble little chapel where all this was wont to occur there was no vestry — the priest was habited in his vestments in the presence of his congregation. But Phelim's grand triumph seemed to be, his assisting his clergy in sprinkling the flock with holy water. This was done by means of a large sprinkling-brush, which the priest dipped from time to time in a vessel of holy water which Phelim held, and waving it to the right and left, cast it over the multitude. For this purpose, at a certain period, the little gate of a small area railed round the altar was opened, and forth stepped the priest, followed by Phelim bearing the holy water. Now it happened that the vessel which held it was no other than a bucket. I do not mean this irreverently, for holy water would be as holy in a bucket as in a golden urn ; but, God forgive me ! I could not help thinking it rather queer to see Phelim bearing this great bucket of water, with a countenance indicative of the utmost pride and importance, following the priest, who advanced through the crowd, that opened and bowed before him as his reverence ever and anon turned round, popped his sprinkling-brush into the water, and slashed it about right and left over his flock, that courted the shower,

and were the happier the more they were wet. Poor people! if it made them happy, where was the harm of it? A man is not considered unworthy of the blessings of the constitution of Great Britain by getting wet to the skin in the pelting rain of the equinox; and I cannot, nor ever could, see, why a few drops of holy water should exclude him. But hang philosophy! what has it to do with a novel?

Phelim, like a great many other hedge-schoolmasters, held his rank in the Church of Rome from his being able to mumble some scraps of Latin, which being the only language his Sable Majesty does not understand, is therefore the one selected for the celebration of the mass. How a prince of his importance could be so deficient in his education, may well create surprise, particularly as he is so constant an inmate of our universities.

Phelim's Latin, to be sure, could scarcely "shame the d—l," though certainly it might have puzzled him. It was a barbarous jargon, and but for knowing the phrases he meant to say, no one could comprehend him. *Spiritu tuo*, was from his mouth, "Sperchew chew ô," and so on. Nevertheless, it was not in chapel alone that Phelim sported his Latin — nor in his school either, where, for an additional twopence a-week, he inducted his scholars into the mysteries of the classics (and mysteries might they well be called), — but even in his social intercourse, he was fond of playing the pedant and astonishing the vulgar; and as poaching piscators throw medicated crumbs into the waters where they fish, so Phelim flung about his morsels of Latin to catch *his* gudgeons. Derivations were his fort; and after elucidating something in that line, he always said, "Derry wather," and took snuff with an air of sublimity. Or, if he overcame an antagonist in an argument, which was seldom the

case, because few dared to engage with him, — but, when any individual was rash enough to encounter Phelim, he always slaughtered him with big words, and instead of addressing his opponent, he would turn to the company present and say, “Now, I’ll make yiz all sensible to a demonstheration;” and then, after he had held them suspended in wonder for a few minutes at the jumble of hard words which neither he nor they understood, he would look round the circle with a patronising air, saying, “You persave — Q. E. D. what *was* to be demonstherated !”

This always finished the argument in the letter, but not in the spirit; for Phelim, though he secured silence, did not produce persuasion: his adversary often kept his own opinion, but kept it a secret too, *as long as Phelim was present*; “for how,” as they themselves said when his back was turned, “could it be expected for them to argufy with him when he took to *discoorsin’* them out o’ their common sense? — and the hoighth o’ fine language it sartainly was — *but sure it would n’t stand to raison.*” How many a speech in higher places is worthy of the same commentary!

Perhaps I have lingered too long in detailing these peculiarities of Phelim; but he was such an original, that a sketch of him was too great a temptation to be resisted; besides, as he is about to appear immediately, I wished the reader to have some idea of the sort of person he was.

The evening was closing as Phelim O’Flanagan strolled up the *boreen* leading to the widow O’More’s cottage. On reaching the house he saw the widow sitting at the door knitting.

“God save you, Mrs. O’More!” said Phelim.

“God save you kindly!” answered the widow.

“Faith, then, it’s yourself is the industherous

woman, Mrs. O'More, for it is working you are airly and late : and to think of your being at the needles now, and the evenin' closin' in !”

“ Oh, I don't call this work,” said the widow : “ it is only jist to have something to do, and not be lost with idleness, that I 'm keepin' my hands goin'.”

“ And your eyes too, 'faith — and God spare them to you.”

“ Amin, dear,” said the widow.

“ And where is the *colleen*, that she is n't helpin' you ?”

“ Oh, she 's jist gone beyant the meadow there, to cut nettles for the chickens — she 'll be in in a minit. Won't you sit down, Mr. O'Flanagan? — you 'd betther dhraw a sate.”

“ I 'm taller standin', Mrs. O'More, — thank you all the same, ma'am. And where would Rory be ?”

“ Why, indeed, the Scholar wint out shootin', and Rory wint wid him. — It 's fond of the sport he is, Mr. O'Flanagan, as you know.”

“ Thru for you, ma'am ; it 's hard if I would n't, when I sot over him for five years and betther ; and hard it was to keep him undher ! for he was always fond o' sport.”

“ But not the taste o' vice in him, Phelim dear,” said the mother.

“ No, no, Mrs. O'More, by no manes — nothing but heart and fun in him ; but not the sign o' mischief. And why would n't he like to go a start with the young gintleman a-shootin' ? — the dog and the gun is tempting to man ever since the days o' Vargil himself, who says with great beauty and discrimination, *Arma virumque cano* : which manes, ‘ Arms, men, and dogs,’ which is three things that always goes together since the world began.”

“ Think o' that now !” said the widow : “ and so Vargo used to go shootin' !”

Rory O'More

"Not exactly, Mrs. O'More, my dear: besides the man's name was not Vargo, but *Vargil*. Vargo, Mrs. O'More, manes the Vargin."

"God forgi' me!" said the widow; "is it the blessed Vargin I said wint shootin'?" and she crossed herself.

"No, Mrs. O'More, my dear — by no manes. Vargo manes only vargin; which is not blessed, without you join it with something else. But Vargil was the man's name; he was a great Roman pote."

"Oh, the darlin'!" said the widow; "and was he a Roman?"

"Not as you mane it, Mrs. O'More, my dear; he was not a good Catholic — and more 's the pity, and a sore loss to him! But he did n't know betther, for they were lost in darkness in them days, and had not the knowledge of uz. But whin I say he was a Roman, I mane he was of that famous nation — (and tarin' fellows they wor!) — *Romani populi*, as we say, his nativity being cast in Mantua, which is a famous port of that counthry, you persaive, Mrs. O'More."

Here Mrs. O'More dropped her ball of worsted: and Phelim, not wishing a word of his harangue to be lost, waited till the widow was reseated and in a state of attention again.

"Mantua, I say, Mrs. O'More, a famous port of the *Romani populi* — the port of Mantua — which retains to this day the honour of Vargil's nativity bein' cast in that same place, you persaive, Mrs. O'More."

"Yis, yis, Mr. O'Flanagan, I'm mindin' you, sir. Oh, what a power o' larnin' you have! Well, well, but it's wondherful! — and sure I never heerd afore of any one bein' born in a portmantia."

"Oh! ho, ho, ho! Mrs. O'More! No, my dear

ma'am," said Phelim, laughing, "I did n't say he was born in a portmantia: I said the port of Mantua, which was a territorial possession, or domain, as I may say, of the *Romani populi*, where Vargil had his nativity cast, — that is to say, was born."

"Dear, dear! what knowledge you have, Mr. O'Flanagan! — and no wondher you 'd laugh at me! But sure, no wondher at the same time, when I thought you wor talkin' of a portmantia, that I *would* wondher at a child bein' sent into the world in that manner."

"Quite nath'ral, Mrs. O'More, my dear — quite nath'ral," said Phelim.

"But can you tell me ——"

"To be sure I can," said Phelim: "what is it?"

"I mane, *would* you tell me, Mr. O'Flanagan, is that the place portmantias comes from?"

"Why, indeed, Mrs. O'More, it is likely, from the derrywation, that it is: but, you see, these is small thrifles o' history that is not worth the while o' great min to notice; and by raison of that same we are left to our own conjunctures in sitch matthers."

"Dear, dear! Well — but, sir, did that gintleman you wor talkin' about go a shootin' — that Mr. Varjuice?" —

"Vargil, Mrs. O'More — Var-gil," said Phelim, with authority.

"I beg his pard'n and yours, sir."

"No offence, Mrs. O'More. Why, ma'am, as for goin shootin', he did not — and for various raisons: guns was scarce in thim times, and gunpowdher was not in vogue, but was, by all accounts, attributed to Friar Bacon posteriorly."

"Oh, the dirty divils!" said the widow, "to fry their bacon with gunpowdher — that bates all I ever heard."

Phelim could not help laughing outright at the widow's mistake, and was about to explain, but she was a little annoyed at being laughed at, and Rory O'More and the Scholar, as he was called, having returned at the moment, she took the opportunity of retiring into the house, and left Phelim and his explanation and the sportsmen altogether.

CHAPTER II

SHOWING HOW A JOURNEY MAY BE PERFORMED ON
A GRIDIRON WITHOUT GOING AS FAR AS ST.
LAURENCE

THE arrival of Rory O'More and the Scholar having put an end to the colloquy of the widow and Phelim O'Flanagan, the reader may as well be informed, during the pause, who the person is already designated under the title of "the Scholar."

It was some weeks before the opening of our story that Rory O'More had gone to Dublin, for the transaction of some business connected with the lease of the little farm of the widow — if the few acres she held might be dignified with that name. There was only some very subordinate person on the spot to whom any communication on the subject could be made, for the agent, following the example of the lord of the soil, was an absentee from the property as well as his employer ; — the landlord residing principally in London, though deriving most of his income from Ireland, and the agent living in Dublin, making half-yearly visits to the tenantry, who never saw his face until he came to ask them for their rents. As it happened that it was in the six months' interregnum that the widow wished to arrange about her lease, she sent her son to Dublin for the purpose — "For what's the use," said she, "of talking to that fellow that's down here, who can

never give you a straight answer, but goes on with his goster, and says he'll write about it, and will have word for you next time; and so keeps you goin' hither and thither, and all the time the thing is just where it was before, and never comes to any thing? — So Rory, dear, in God's name go off yourself and see the agint in Dublin, and get the rights o' the thing out o' his own mouth." So Rory set out for Dublin, not without plenty of cautions from his mother to take care of himself in the town, for she heard it was "the dickens' own place; and I'm towld they're sich rogues there, that if you sleep with your mouth open, they'll stale the teeth out o' your head."

"Faix, and maybe they'd find me like a weasel asleep;" answered Rory — "asleep with my eyes open: and if they have such a fancy for my teeth, maybe, it's in the shape of a bite they'd get them." For Rory had no small notion of his own sagacity.

The wonders of Dublin gave Rory, on his return, wide field for descanting upon, and made his hearers wonder in turn. But this is not the time nor place to touch on such matters. Suffice it here to say, Rory transacted his business in Dublin satisfactorily; and having done so, he mounted his outside place on one of the coaches from town, and found himself beside a slight, pale, but rather handsome young gentleman, perfectly free from any thing of that repulsive bearing which sometimes too forcibly marks the distinction between the ranks of parties that may chance to meet in such promiscuous society as that which a public conveyance huddles together. He was perfectly accommodating to his fellow-travellers while they were shaking themselves down into their places, and on the journey he conversed freely with Rory on such subjects as the passing occurrences of the road

suggested. This unaffected conduct won him ready esteem and liking from his humble neighbour, as in such cases it never fails to do: but its effect was heightened by the contrast which another passenger afforded, who seemed to consider it a great degradation to have a person in Rory's condition placed beside him; and he spoke in an offensive tone of remark to the person seated at the other side, and quite loud enough to be heard, of the assurance of the lower orders, and how hard it was to make low fellows understand how to keep their distance. To all this, Rory, with a great deal of tact, never made any reply, and to a casual observer would have seemed not to notice it; but to the searching eye of his pale companion, there was the quick and momentary quiver of indignation on the peasant's lip, and the compression of brow that denotes pain and anger, the more acute from their being concealed. But an occasion soon offered for this insolent and ill-bred fellow to make an open aggression upon Rory, which our hero returned with interest. After one of the stoppages on the road for refreshment, the passengers resumed their places, and the last to make his re-appearance was this bashaw. On getting up to his seat, he said, "Where's my coat?"

To this no one made any answer, and the question was soon repeated in a louder tone: "Where's my coat?"

"Your coat, is it, sir?" said the coachman.

"Yes — my coat; do you know any thing of it?"

"No, sir," said the coachman: "maybe you took it into the house with you."

"No, I did not: I left it on the coach. — And by the bye," said he, looking at Rory, "you were the only person who did not quit the coach — did *you* take it?"

"Take *what?*" said Rory, with a peculiar emphasis and intonation on the *what*.

"My coat," said the other, with extreme effrontery.

"I've a coat o' my own," said Rory, with great composure.

"That's not an answer to my question," said the other.

"I think you ought to be glad to get so quiet an answer," said Rory.

"I think so too," said the pale traveller.

"I did not address my conversation to you, sir," said the swaggering gentleman.

"If you did, sir, you should have been lying in the middle of the road, now," was the taunting rejoinder.

At this moment, a waiter made his appearance at the door of the inn, bearing the missing coat on his arm; and handing it up to the owner, he said, "You left this behind you in the parlour, sir."

The effect was what any one must anticipate: indignant eyes were turned on all sides upon the person making so wanton an aggression, and he himself seemed to stagger under the evidence against him. He scarcely knew what to do. After much stammering, and hemming and hawing, he took the coat from the waiter, and turning to Rory, said, "I see — I forgot — I thought that I left it on the coach; — but — a ——— I see 't was a mistake."

"Oh, make no apologies," said Rory; "we were both under a mistake."

"How both?" said the Don.

"Why, sir," said Rory, "you mistuk me for a thief, and I mistuk you for a gentleman."

The swaggerer could not rally against the laugh this bitter repartee made against him, and he was effectually silenced for the rest of the journey.

Indeed, the conversation soon slackened on all

sides, for it began to rain; and it may be remarked, that under such circumstances travellers wrap up their minds and bodies at the same time; and once a man draws his nose inside the collar of his great-coat, it must be something much above the average of stage-coach pleasantries which will make him poke it out again — and spirits invariably fall as umbrellas rise.

But neither great-coats nor umbrellas were long proof against the torrents that soon fell, for these were not the days of Macintosh and India rubber.

Have you ever remarked, that on a sudden dash of rain the coachman immediately begins to whip his horses? So it was on the present occasion; and the more it rained, the faster he drove. Splash they went through thick and thin, as if velocity could have done them any good; and the rain, one might have thought, was vying with the coachman, — for the faster he drove, the faster it seemed to rain.

At last the passengers seated on the top began to feel their seats invaded by the flood that deluged the roof of the coach, just as they entered a town where there was change of horses to be made. The moment the coach stopped, Rory O'More jumped off, and said to the coachman, "I'll be back with you before you go; — but don't start before I come:" and away he ran down the town.

"Faix, that's a sure way of being back before I go!" said the driver: "but you'd better not delay, my buck, or it's behind I'll lave you."

While change was being made, the passengers endeavoured to procure wads of straw to sit upon, for the wet became more and more inconvenient; and at last all was ready for starting, and Rory had not yet returned. The horn was blown, and the coachman's patience was just worn out, when Rory hove in sight,

splashing his way through the middle of the street, flourishing two gridirons over his head.

"Here I am," said he, panting and nearly exhausted: "'faith, I'd a brave run for it!"

"Why, thin, what the dickens do you want here with gridirons?" said the coachman.

"Oh, never mind," said Rory; "jist give me a wisp o' sthraw, and God bless you," said he to one of the helpers who was standing by; and having got it, he scrambled up the coach, and said to his pale friend, "Now, sir, we'll be comfortable."

"I don't see much likelihood of it," said his fellow-traveller.

"Why, look what I've got for you," said Rory.

"Oh, that straw will soon be sopped with rain, and then we'll be as badly off as before."

"But it's not on sthraw I'm depindin'," said Rory; "look at this!" and he brandished one of the gridirons.

"I have heard of stopping the tide with a pitchfork," said the traveller, smiling, "but never of keeping out rain with a gridiron."

"'Faith, thin, I'll show you how to do that same," said Rory. "Here — sit up — clap this gridiron *undber* you, and you'll be *undber wather* no longer. Stop, sir, stay a minit — don't sit down on the bare bars, and be makin' a beefstake o' yourself; here's a wisp o' sthraw to put betune you and the cowl'd iron — and not a dhryer sate in all Ireland than the same gridiron."

The young traveller obeyed, and while he admired the ingenuity, could not help laughing at the whimsicality, of the contrivance.

"You see I've another for myself," said Rory, seating himself in a similar manner on his second gridiron: "and now," added he, "as far as the sates is consarned, it may rain till doomsday."

Away went the coach again; and for some time after resuming the journey, the young traveller was revolving the oddity of the foregoing incident in his mind, and led by his train of thought to the consideration of national characteristics, he came to the conclusion that an Irishman was the only man under the sun who could have hit upon so strange an expedient for relieving them from their difficulty. He was struck not only by the originality of the design and the promptness of the execution, but also by the good-nature of his companion in thinking of him on the occasion. After these conclusions had passed through his own mind, he turned to Rory, and said,

“What was it made you think of a gridiron?”

“Why, thin, I’ll tell you,” said Rory. “I promised my mother to bring a present to the priest from Dublin, and I could not make up my mind rightly what to get all the time I was there. I thought of a pair o’ top-boots; for indeed, his reverence’s is none of the best, and only you *know* them to be top-boots, you would not *take* them to be top-boots, bekase the bottoms has been put in so often that the tops is wore out intirely, and is no more like top-boots than my brogues. So I wint to a shop in Dublin, and picked out the purtiest pair o’ top-boots I could see;—whin I say purty, I don’t mane a flourishin’ ‘taarin’ pair but sitch as was fit for a priest, a respectable pair o’ boots;—and with that, I pulled out my good money to pay for thim, whin jist at that minit, remembering the thricks o’ the town, I bethought o’ myself, and says I, ‘I suppose these are the right thing?’ says I to the man. ‘You can thry them,’ says he.—‘How can I thry them?’ says I.—‘Pull them on you,’ says he.—‘Throth, an’ I’d be sorry,’ says I, ‘to take sitch a liberty with thim,’ says I.—‘Why, are n’t you goin’ to ware thim?’ says he.—‘Is it me?’ says

I. 'Me ware top-boots? Do you think it's takin' lave of my sinses I am?' says I. — 'Then what do you want to buy them for?' says he. — 'For his reverence, Father Kinshela,' says I. 'Are they the right sort for him?' — 'How should I know?' says he. — 'You 're a purty boot-maker,' says I, 'not to know how to make a priest's boot!' — 'How do I know his size?' says he. — 'Oh, don't be comin' off that-a-way,' says I. 'There's no sitch great differ betune priests and other min!'"

"I think you are very right there," said the pale traveller.

"To be sure, sir," said Rory; "and it was only jist a *come off* for his own ignorance. — 'Tell me his size,' says the fellow, 'and I'll fit him.' — 'He's betune five and six fut,' says I. — 'Most men are,' says he, laughin' at me. He was an impidint fellow. — 'It's not the five, nor six, but his *two* feet I want to know the size of,' says he. So I perceived he was jeerin' me, and says I, 'Why, thin, you disrespectful vagabone o' the world, you Dublin jackeen! do you mane to insinivate that Father Kinshela ever wint barefuted in his life, that I could know the size of his fut,' says I! and with that I threw the boots in his face. 'Take that,' says I, 'you dirty thief o' the world! you impidint vagabone of the world! you ignorant citizen o' the world!' And with that I left the place."

The traveller laughed outright at the absurdity of Rory's expectation that well-fitting boots for all persons were to be made by intuition.

"Faith, I thought it would plaze you," said Rory. "Don't you think I sarved him right?"

"You astonished him, I dare say."

"I'll engage I did. Wanting to humbug me that way, taking me for a nath'ral bekase I come from the counthry!"

“Oh, I am not sure of that,” said the traveller. “It is their usual practice to take measure of their customers.”

“Is it, thin?”

“It really is.”

“See that, now!” said Rory, with an air of triumph. “You would think that they wor cleverer in the town than in the country; and they ought to be so, by all accounts; — but in the regard of what I towld you, you see, we ’re before them intirely.”

“How so?” said the traveller.

“Arrah! bekase they never throuble people in the country at all with takin’ their measure; but you jist go to a fair, and bring your fut along with you, and somebody else dh rives a cartful o’ brogues into the place, and there you sarve yourself; and so the man gets his money and you get your shoes, and every one’s plazed. Now, isn’t that betther than sitch botches as thim in Dublin, that must have the measure, and keep you waitin’? while in the country there’s no delay in life, but it’s jist down with your money and off with your brogues!”

“On with your brogues, you mean?” said the traveller.

“No, indeed, now!” said Rory; “you’re out there. Sure we would n’t be so wasteful as to put on a bran new pair o’ brogues to go lickin’ the road home? no, in throth; we keep them for the next dance we’re goin’ to, or maybe to go to chapel of a Sunday.”

“And if you don’t put them on, how can you tell they fit you?”

“Oh, they’re all alike!”

“But what would you do, when you wanted to go to your dance, if you found your brogues were too small?”

"Oh, that niver happens. They're all fine aisy shoes."

"Well, but if they prove too easy?"

"That's aisy cured," said Rory: "stuff a thrifle o' hay into them, like the Mullingar heifers."

"Mullingar heifers!" said the traveller, rather surprised by the oddity of the expression.

"Yes, sir," said Rory; "did you niver hear of the Mullingar heifers?"

"Never."

"Why, you see, sir, the women in Westmeath, they say, is thick in the legs, God help them, the craythurs! and so there's a saying again thim, 'You're beef to the heels, like a Mullingar heifer.'"

"Oh! I perceive."

"Yes, sir, and it's all on account of what I towld you about the hay."

"How?" said the traveller.

"Why, there's an owld joke you may take a turn out of, if you like, whin you see a girl that's thick in the fetlock — you call afther her and say, 'Young woman!' She turns round, and then says you, 'I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I think you're used to wear hay in your shoes.' Thin, if she's innocent, she'll ask 'Why?' — and thin you'll say, 'Bekase the calves has run down your legs to get at it.'"

"I see," said the stranger! "that is, if she's innocent."

"Yis, sir — simple I mane; but that seldom happens, for they're commonly up to you, and 'cute enough."

"Now, in case she's not innocent, as you say?" said the traveller.

"'Faith! maybe it's a sharp answer you'll get thin, or none. It's as like as not she may say,

'Thank 'ee, young man, *my calf* does n't like hay, and so your welkim to it *yourself*.'

"But all this time," said the traveller, "you have not told me of your reasons for getting the grid-irons."

"Oh! wait a bit," said Rory; "sure it 's that I'm comin' to. Where 's this I was?"

"You were running down the Mullingar girls' legs," said the traveller.

"I see you're sharp at an answer yourself, sir," said Rory. "But what I mane is, where did I lave off tellin' you about the present for the priest? — was n't it at the bootmaker's shop? — yes, that was it. Well, sir, on laving the shop, as soon as I kem to myself after the fellow's impidince, I begun to think what was the next best thing I could get for his reverence; and with that, while I was thinkin' about it, I seen a very respectable owld gintleman goin' by, with the most beautiful stick in his hand I ever set my eyes on, and a goolden head to it that was worth its weight in goold; and it gev him such an iligant look altogether, that says I to myself, 'It 's the very thing for Father Kinshela, if I could get sitch another.' And so I wint lookin' about me every shop I seen as I wint by, and at last, in a sthreet they cal Dame Sthreet — and, by the same token, I did n't know why they called it Dame Sthreet till I ax'd; and I was towld they called it Dame Sthreet bekase the ladies were so fond o' walkin' there; — and lovely craythurs they wor! and I can't b'lieve that the town is such an onwholesome place to live in, for most o' the ladies I seen there had the most beautiful rosy cheeks I ever clapt my eyes upon — and the beautiful rowlin' eyes o' them! Well, it was in Dame Sthreet, as I was sayin', that I kem to a shop where there was a power o' sticks, and so

I wint in and looked at thim ; and a man in the place kem to me and ax'd me if I wanted a cane? 'No,' says I, 'I don't want a cane; it's a stick I want,' says I. 'A cane, you *mane*,' says he. 'No,' says I; 'it's a stick' — for I was detarmined to have no cane, but to stick to the stick. 'Here's a nate one,' says he. 'I don't want a *nate* one,' says I, 'but a responsible one,' says I, 'Faith!' says he, 'if an Irishman's stick was responsible, it would have a great dale to answer for' — and he laughed a power. I did n't know myself what he meant, but that's what he said."

"It was because you asked for a responsible stick," said the traveller.

"And why would n't I," said Rory, "when it was for his reverence I wanted it? Why would n't he have a nice-lookin', respectable,¹ responsible stick?"

"Certainly," said the traveller.

"Well, I picked out one that looked to my likin' — a good substantial stick, with an ivory top to it — for I seen that the goold-headed ones was so dear that I could n't come up to them; and so says I, 'Give me a howld o' that,' says I — and I tuk a grip iv it. I never was so surprised in my life. I thought to get a good, brave handful of a solid stick, but, my dear, it was well it did n't fly out o' my hand a'most, it was so light. 'Phew!' says I, 'what sort of a stick is this?' 'I tell you it's not a stick, but a cane,' says he. 'Faith! I b'lieve you,' says I. 'You see how good and light it is,' says he. 'Think o' that, sir! — to call a stick good and light — as if there could be any good in life in a stick that was n't heavy, and could sthreck a good blow! 'Is it jokin' you are?' says I. 'Don't you feel it yourself?' says he.

¹ Responsible is always applied by the Irish peasantry in the sense of respectable.

'Throth, I can hardly feel it at all,' says I. 'Sure that 's the beauty of it,' says he. 'Think o' the ignorant vagabone! — to call a stick a beauty that was as light a'most as a bulrush! 'And so you can hardly feel it!' says he, grinnin'. 'Yis, indeed,' says I; 'and what 's worse, I don't think I could make any one else feel it either.' 'Oh! you want a stick to bate people with!' says he. 'To be sure,' says I; 'sure that 's the use of a stick.' 'To knock the sinses out o' people!' says he, grinnin' again. 'Sartinly,' says I, 'if they 're saucy' — lookin hard at him at the same time, 'Well, these is only walkin'-sticks,' says he. 'Throth, you may say *runnin'*-sticks,' says I, 'for you dare n't stand before any one with sich a *thraneen* as that in your fist.' 'Well, pick out the heaviest o' them you plaze,' says he; 'take your choice.' So I wint pokin' and rummagin' among thim, and, if you believe me, there was n't a stick in their whole shop worth a kick in the shins — divil a one!"

"But why did you require such a heavy stick for the priest?"

"Bekase there is not a man in the parish wants it more," said Rory.

"Is he so quarrelsome, then?" asked the traveller.

"No, but the greatest o' pacemakers," said Rory.

"Then what does he want the heavy stick for?"

"For wallopin' his flock, to be sure," said Rory.

"Walloping!" said the traveller, choking with laughter.

"Oh! you may laugh," said Rory; "but, 'pon my sowl! you would n't laugh if you wor undher his hand, for he has a brave heavy one, God bless him and spare him to us!"

"And what is all this walloping for?"

"Why, sir, whin we have a bit of a fight, for fun,

or the regular faction one, at the fair, his reverence sometimes hears of it, and comes av coorse."

"Good God!" said the traveller in real astonishment, "does the priest join the battle?"

"No, no, no, sir! I see you're quite a sstranger in the country. The priest join it! — Oh! by no manes. But he comes and stops it; and, av coorse, the only way he can stop it is, to ride into thim, and wallop thim all round before him, and dispars thim — scather thim like chaff before the wind; and it's the best o' sticks he requires for that same."

"But might he not have his heavy stick on purpose for that service, and make use of a lighter one on other occasions?"

"As for that matther, sir," said Rory, "there's no knowin' the minit he might want it, for he is often necessiated to have recoorse to it. It might be, going through the village, the public-house is too full, and in he goes and dhrives them out. Oh! it would delight your heart to see the style he clears a public-house in, in no time!"

"But would n't his speaking to them answer the purpose as well?"

"Oh no! he does n't like to throw away his dis-coorse on thim; and why should he? — he keeps that for the blessed althar on Sunday, which is a fitter place for it: besides, he does not like to be sevaré on us."

"Severe!" said the traveller in surprise; "why, have n't you said that he thrashes you round on all occasions?"

"Yis, sir; but what o' that? — sure that's nothin' to his tongue — his words is like swords or razhors, I may say: we're used to a lick of a stick every day, but not to sich language as his reverence sometimes murthers us with whin we displaze him. Oh! it's

terrible, so it is, to have the weight of his tongue on you! Throth! I'd rather let him bate me from this till to-morrow, than have one angry word from him."

"I see, then, he must have a heavy stick," said the traveller.

"To be sure he must, sir, at all times; and that was the raison I was so particular in the shop; and afther spendin' over an hour — would you b'lieve it? — divil a stick I could get in the place fit for a child, much less a man — all poor contimptible things; and so the man I was talkin' to says to me at last, 'It's odd that in all these sticks there is not one to plaze you.' 'You know nothin' about it,' says I. 'You'd betther be off, and take up no more o' my time,' says he. 'As for your time,' says I, 'I'd be sorry to idle anybody; but in the regard of knowin' a stick, I'll give up to no man,' says I. 'Look at that!' says I, howldin' up my own purty bit o' blackthorn I had in my fist. 'Would you compare your owld batther'd stick,' says he, — (there *was* a few chips out of it, for it is an owld friend, as you may see), — 'would you compare it,' says he, 'to this?' — howldin' up one of his bulrushes. 'By gor,' says I, 'if you like to thry a turn with me, I'll let you know which is the best!' says I. 'You know nothin' about it,' says he — 'this is the best o' sugar canes.' 'By my sowl, thin!' says I, 'you'll get no sugar out o' this, I promise you! — but at the same time, the divil a sweeter bit o' timber in the wide world than the same blackthorn — and if you'd like to taste it you may thry.' 'No,' says he; 'I'm no happy cure,' — (or somethin' he said about cure). 'Thin if you're not aisy to cure,' says I, 'you'd betther not fight;' which is thrué — and some men is unwholesome, and must n't fight by raison of it — and, indeed, it's a

great loss to a man who has n't flesh that's aisy to hale."

"I'm sure of it," said the traveller. "But about the gridiron?"

"Sure I'm tellin' you about it," said Rory; "only I'm not come to it yet. You see," continued he, "I was so disgusted with them shopkeepers in Dublin, that my heart was fairly broke with their ignorance, and I seen they knew nothin' at all about what I wanted, and so I came away without any thing for his reverence, though it was on my mind all this day on the road; and comin' through the last town in the middle o' the rain, I thought of a gridiron."

"A very natural thing to think of in a shower o' rain," said the traveller.

"No, 't was n't the rain made me think of it—I think it was God put a gridiron in my heart, seein' that it was a present for the priest I intended; and when I thought of it, it came into my head, afther, that it would be a fine thing to sit on, for to keep one out of the rain, that was ruinatin' my cordheroys on the top o' the coach; so I kept my eye out as we dhrove along up the sthreet, and sure enough what should I see at a shop half way down the town but a gridiron hanging up at the door! and so I went back to get it."

"But is n't a gridiron an odd present?—has n't his reverence one already?"

"He had, sir, before it was bruk,—but that's what I remembered, for I happened to be up at his place one day, sittin' in the kitchen, when Molly was brillin' some mate an it for his reverence; and while she jist turned about to get a pinch o' salt to shake over it, the dog that was in the place made a dart at the gridiron on the fire, and threwn it down, and up he whips the mate, before one of us could stop him.



Molly and the Preests Day.

With that Molly whips up the gridiron, and says she, 'Bad luck to you, you disrespectful baste! would nothin' sarve you but the priest's dinner?' and she made a crack o' the gridiron at him. 'As you have the mate, you shall have the gridiron too,' says she; and with that she gave him such a rap on the head with it that the bars flew out of it, and his head went through it, and away he pulled it out of her hands, and ran off with the gridiron hangin' round his neck like a necklace — and he went mad a'most with it; for though a kettle to a dog's tail is nath'ral, a gridiron round his neck is very surprisin' to him; and away he tattered over the counthry, till there was n't a taste o' the gridiron left together."

"So you thought of supplying its place?" said the traveller.

"Yes, sir," said Rory. "I don't think I could do better."

"But what did you get two for?" said the traveller.

"Why, sir, when I thought of how good a sate it would make, I thought of you at the same time."

"That was very kind of you," said the traveller, "more particularly as I have done nothing to deserve such attention."

"You'll excuse me there, sir, if you plaze," said Rory, "you behaved to me, sir, like a gintleman, and the word of civility is never thrown away."

"Every gentleman, I hope," said the traveller, "would do the same."

"Every *rare* gintleman, certainly," said Rory, — "but there's many o' them that *calls* themselves gintlemen that does n't *do* the like, and it's the stiff word they have for us, and the hard word maybe — and they think good clothes makes all the differ, jist as if a man had n't a heart undher a frieze coat."

"I'm sorry to hear it," said the traveller; "but I hope such conduct is not common."

"Throth there's more of it than there ought to be," said Rory. "But thim that is the conthrairy is never losers by it — and so by me and you, sir, — and sure it's a dirty dog I'd be, to see the gintleman beside me sittin' in wet, that gave me a share of his paraplew, and the civil word, that is worth more — for the hardest rain only wets the body, but the hard word cuts the heart."

"I have reason to be obliged to you," said the traveller, "and I assure you I am so; but I should like to know what you'll do with the second gridiron."

"Oh, I'll engage I'll find use for it," said Rory.

"Why, indeed," said the traveller, "from the example you have given of your readiness of invention, I should not doubt that you will, — for certainly, you have made, on the present occasion, a most original application of the utensil."

"'Faith, I daar say," said Rory, "we are the first mortials wor ever on a gridiron."

"Since the days of Saint Laurence," said the traveller.

"Why, used Saint Larrance, God bless him! sit on a gridiron?" said Rory.

"No," said the traveller; "but he was broiled upon one."

"Oh the thieves o' the world to brile him! — and did they ate him afther, sir?"

"No, no," said the traveller, — "they *only* broiled him. But I thought you good Catholics all knew about the martyrs?"

"And so we do, sir, mostly; — but I never heerd of Saint Larrance afore; or if I did, I'm disremembered of it."

“But you *do* know about most of them, you say?”

“Oh! sartinly, sir. Sure I often heerd how Saint Stephen was hunted up and down; which is the *raison* we begin to hunt always on Saint Stephen's Day.”

“You forget there too,” said the traveller: “Saint Stephen was stoned.”

“To be sure, sir, — sure I know he was: did n't I say they run afther him throwin' stones at him, the blackguards! till they killed him — huntin' him for his life? — Oh, thin but was n't it a cruel thing to be a saint in thim haythen times, to be runnin' the world over, the poor marchers, as they might well be called?”

“Yes,” said the traveller; “those were days of trial to the saints.”

“'Faith, I go bail they never gave them any thrial at all,” said Rory, “but jist murdered them without judge or jury, the vagabones! — though, indeed, for the matther o' that, neither judge nor jury will do a man much good while there 's false witnesses to be had to swear what they 're paid for, and maybe the jury and the judge only too ready to b'lieve them; and maybe a boy is hanged in their own minds before he's put on his thrial at all, unless he has a good friend in some great man who does n't choose to let him die.”

“Is it possible,” asked the traveller, “that they manage matters here in this way?”

“To be sure they do, sir; — and why would n't a gintleman take care of his people if it was plazin' to him?”

“It is the laws and not the gentleman should be held in respect,” said the traveller: “the poor man's life should never depend upon the rich man's pleasure.”

CHAPTER III

A PEEP INTO IRELAND FORTY YEARS AGO. — HINTS FOR CHARGING JURIES. — EVERY LANDLORD HIS OWN LAWGIVER. — PRIDE OF BIRTH. — A JOCLAR PRINCE ON FOOT, AND A POPULAR PEER ON HORSEBACK

A TRAIN of musing, on the traveller's part, rapidly succeeded his last remark; and as he went jolting along unconsciously over the wretched road, he was mentally floundering through the deep ruts of political speculation, and looking forward, through the warm haze which a young imagination flings round its objects, to that happier time when Ireland should enjoy a loftier position than that implied by what Rory O'More had said. But, alas! instead of this brilliant advent, blood and crime, and all the fiercer passions that degrade human nature, making man more like a demon than a human being, were the futurity which Ireland was doomed to experience; and while the enthusiasm of the young traveller looked forward to the heights where his imagination enthroned his country's fortunes, he overlooked and saw not the valley of blood that lay between.

And forty years (almost half a century) have passed away since the young enthusiast indulged in his vision, and still is Ireland the theme of fierce discussion.

It was Rory O'More's remark upon the nature of judicial trials in Ireland that had started the traveller on his train of musing. An Irishman by birth, he had long been absent from his native land, and was not aware of its internal details; and that such a state of feudality as that implied by Rory's observation could exist in Ireland, while England enjoyed the fullest measure of her constitution, might well surprise him: — but so it was.

The period to which this relates was 1797, when distrust, political prejudice, and religious rancour, were the terrible triumvirate that assumed dominion over men's minds. In such a state of things, the temple of justice could scarcely be called a sanctuary, and shelter was to be found rather beneath the mantle of personal influence than under the ermine of the judge. Even to this day, in Ireland, feudal influence is in existence; but forty years ago, it superseded the laws of the land.

So much was this the case, that it is worth recording an anecdote of the period which is fact: the names it is unnecessary to give.

A certain instance of brutal assault, causing loss of life, had occurred, so aggravated in its character, that the case almost amounted to murder, and the offender, who stood his trial for the offence, it was expected, would be sentenced to transportation, should he escape the forfeiture of his life to the law. The evidence on his trial was clear and convincing, and all attempts at defence had failed, and the persons assembled in the court anticipated a verdict of guilty on the heaviest counts in the indictment. The prosecution and defence had closed, and the judge had nearly summed up the evidence, and was charging the jury directly against the prisoner, when a bustle was perceived in the body of the court. The judge

ordered the crier to command silence, and that officer obeyed his commands without producing any effect. The judge was about to direct a second and more peremptory command for silence, when a note was handed up to the bench, and the judge himself, instead of issuing his command for silence, became silent himself, and perused the note with great attention. He pursued his charge to the jury no further, but sent up a small slip of paper to the foreman, who forthwith held some whispered counsel with his brother jurors; and when their heads, that had been huddled together in consultation, separated, and they resumed their former positions, the judge then continued his address to them thus, —

“ I have endeavoured to point out to you, gentlemen of the jury, the doubts of this case, but I do not think it necessary to proceed any further; — I have such confidence in your discrimination and good sense, that I now leave the case entirely in your hands: — if you are of opinion that *what you have been put in possession of* in the prisoner's favour counterbalances the facts sworn to against him, you will of course acquit him — and any doubts you have, I need not tell you should be thrown into the scale of mercy. It is the proud pre-eminence, gentlemen, of our criminal laws — laws, gentlemen, which are part and parcel of the glorious constitution that is the wonder and the envy of surrounding nations, that a prisoner is to have the benefit of every doubt; and therefore, if you think proper, of course you will find the prisoner NOT guilty.”

“ Certainly, my lord,” said the foreman of the jury, “ we are of your lordship's opinion, and we say NOT GUILTY.”

The fact was, the great man of the district where the crime had been committed, whose serf the pris-

oner was, had sent up his *compliments* to the judge and jury, stating the prisoner to be a *most useful* person to him, and that he would feel *extremely obliged* if they would acquit him. This ruffian was a sort of bold, sporting, dare-devil character, whose services in breaking-in dogs, and attending his master and his parties on wild mountain-shooting and fishing excursions, were invaluable to the squire, and human life, which this fellow had sacrificed, was nothing in the scale when weighed against the squire's diversion. This will scarcely be credited in the present day, nevertheless it is a fact.

Another occurrence of the time shows the same disregard of the law; though the case is by no means so bad, inasmuch as the man was only taken up for an offence, but was not tried — he was only rescued to save him that trouble. He had committed some offence which entitled him to a lodging in the county gaol, and was accordingly taken into custody by the proper authorities; but, as the county town was too distant to send him to at once, he was handed over to the care of a military detachment that occupied a small village in the neighbourhood. To the little barrack-yard or guard-house of this outpost he was committed; but he did not remain there long, for his mountain friends came down in great numbers and carried him off in triumph, having forced the barracks. The moment the colonel of the regiment, a detachment of which occupied the post, received intelligence of the circumstance, he marched the greater part of his men to the place, vowing he would drag the prisoner who had been committed to the care of his troops from the very heart of his mountains, and that neither man, woman, nor child should be spared who dared to protect him from capture. While the colonel, who was an

Englishman, was foaming with indignation at this contempt of all order displayed by the Irish, Mr. French waited upon him and asked him to dinner. The English colonel said, he would be most happy at any other time, but at present it was impossible; that if he could, he would neither eat, drink, nor sleep, till he had vindicated the laws.

“Pooh, pooh! my dear sir,” said Mr. French, “it is all very well to talk about the laws in England, but they know nothing about them here.”

“Then it’s time, sir, they should be taught,” said the colonel.

“Well, don’t be in a hurry, at least, my dear sir,” said Mr. French. “I assure you the poor people mean no disrespect to the laws; it is in pure ignorance they have made this mistake.”

“Mistake!” said the colonel.

“’Pon my soul! nothing more,” said Mr. French; “and if you think to make them wise at the point of the bayonet, you’ll find yourself mistaken: you’ll have the whole country in an uproar, and do no good after all; for once these fellows have given you the slip, you might as well go hunt after mountain-goats.”

“But, consistently with my duty, sir ——”

“Your duty will keep till to-morrow, colonel dear, and you’ll meet three or four other magistrates, as well as me, at my house, who will tell you the same that I have done. You’ll be wiser to-morrow, depend upon it:—so come home with me to dinner.”

The colonel, who was a man of deliberation, rode home with Mr. French, who talked him over as they went along:—“You see, my dear sir, how is it possible you should know the people as well as we do? Believe me, every landlord knows his own

tenantry best, and we make it a point here never to interfere with each other in that particular. Now, the fellow they took away from your men —— ”

“Curse them!” said the colonel.

“Keep yourself cool, my dear colonel. That fellow, for instance — now *he* is one of Blake’s men: and if Blake *wants* the fellow to be hanged, he’ll send him in to you.”

“Send him in! — why, sir, if my regiment could not keep the rascal, what chance has Mr. Blake of making him prisoner?”

“I said nothing, colonel, of making him prisoner: I said, and still say, that if Blake *wants* him to be hanged, he’ll *send him in*.”

“Do you mean to say, my good sir, that he’ll desire him to come in and be hanged?”

“Precisely.”

“And *will* he come?”

“Most undoubtedly, if Blake desires him.”

The colonel dined with Mr. French that day: the day following the regiment was marched back to head quarters, — and Blake did *not* send in his man to be hanged. So much for feudality!

But the young traveller knew not these facts, and he was awakened from the reverie in which he was indulging by the blowing of a long tin horn, announcing the arrival of the coach at a dirty little town, where it was to stop for the night. It drove up to what was called a hotel, round the door of which, though still raining heavily, a crowd of beggars stood, so thick, that the passengers could hardly press their way through them into the house; and while they were thus struggling for admittance, obstreperous prayers assailed their ears on all sides, in horrid discord and strange variety — for their complaints and their blessings became so jumbled together as to pro-

duce a ludicrous effect. There were blind and lame, broken bones, widows and orphans, &c. &c.

“Pity the blind! and may you never see——”

“To-morrow morning won't find me alive if you don't relieve——”

“The guard will give me something, your honour, if you'll only bid him——”

“Be quiet, you divil! and don't taze the gintleman! Sure he has——”

“Three fatherless childher——”

“And broke his two legs——”

“That is stone blind——”

“And met a dhreadful accident!—and sure the house fell on him, and he's lyin' undher it these three weeks without a bit to ate, but——”

“Three fatherless childher and a dissolute widow——”

“Lying on the broad of her back, with nothing on her but——”

“The small-pox, your honour!”

“For Heaven's sake! let me pass,” said the young traveller, who had a horror of the small-pox; and pressing through the crowd that environed him into the house, he entered the first room he saw, and suddenly closed the door behind him.

As soon, however, as he recovered his first alarm at the mention of the terrible disease he so much dreaded, he called for the waiter, and made inquiries for Rory. Finding he was in the house, he sent him a message to say he would be glad to see him; and on Rory making his appearance, he requested him to be seated, and asked him would he have something to drink?

Rory declined it, until the traveller said that he himself would join him in a potation after their wetting; and when Rory understood that the travel-

ler meant they should sit down together over their glasses, he accepted the offer with modest thankfulness, and expressed his acknowledgment for the honour done him by his travelling companion.

In the course of their conversation, the young traveller found, that with all the apparent simplicity of Rory, he was not deficient in intelligence; and that the oddity of the incidents in which he had described himself as being an actor, arose more from the novelty of his position in a large city, than in any inherent stupidity. He became possessed of his name also, and Rory could not help showing his pride in having one so good; for while he affected to laugh at his proud descent, it was quite clear he had a firm belief in it.

“I suppose, sir, you have heard tell of one Rory O'More in the owld times?”

“Yes; King of Leinster, you mean.”

“So they say, sir, — that he and his people before him wor kings time out o' mind, until bad fortune came to thim, and they went to the bad entirely; and the English dhruv thim out, bekaze they had a way of puttin' between people; and while they were squabblin' one with the other, the English used to come in and do them both out — like the owld story of the lawyer and the oysters. Well, when once they were dhruv out, they went witherin' and dwindlin' down by degrees; and at last they had n't a fut of land left thim, nor even a house over their heads; and so we wor reduced that way, sir.”

“Then you consider yourself the descendant of the O'More?” said the traveller.

“Throth, sir, and they say that we are the owld O'Mores, — but sure I laugh at it.”

“But would n't you be angry if any one else laughed at it?”

"I dunna but I might," said Rory, with much ingenuousness.

"And why do *you* laugh at it then?"

"Why, afther all, sir, sure it 's quare enough for a man to be talking of his great relations that *was* formerly, when at this present he is only a poor workin' man; and if I was ever so much the throe discindant of Rory O'More, sure I can't forget what I am now."

"You may be the representative of the house for all that," said the traveller.

"Oh! as for the house," said Rory, "'pon my sowl! there 's a cruel differ there betune us: the right Rory O'More lived in Dunamais — that was something like a house! and I have only a poor cabin to live in."

"But still you may be the true descendant of the right Rory, as you call him," said the traveller, who wished to probe the feelings of the peasant on this subject, and discover how far the pride of *birth* could survive loss of *station*: and he was pleased to discover (for he was himself of high descent) that ages of misfortune could not extinguish the fire of a proud race; and he more than ever felt the truth of the observation, that it is only they who have no ancestry to boast of who affect to despise it.

To such as these, or those to whom ancestral *power* as well as name has descended, — or to the many who take no pleasure in tracing to their secret sources the springs of action and feeling in the human mind and heart, — it may seem incredible that a poor peasant could retain the pride of birth when all its substantial appendages were gone: yet so it was. But it was a pride that was unobtrusive. Circumstances had modified and moulded it to the necessities of the peasant's station: he was respectful in his demeanour

to all whose position in society was better than his own, conscious though he might be of their inferior blood; and while he took off his hat to some wealthy plebeian, he never considered the blood of the O'Mores to be degraded. The fallen fortunes of his house were not a subject of *personal* regret to him; it was in a *national* point of view they were lamented. That Ireland had lost her King of Leinster he considered a misfortune; but he never for a moment regretted that he, his heir, as he believed himself to be (and, perhaps, was), was obliged to eat potatoes and salt. But of the fair fame of the O'More he was as jealous as their founder; and insult, in the remotest degree, roused the latent feelings of family pride in his bosom. Not the great Rory himself, perched on his castled crag of Dunamaise, could be more jealous of the honour of his house than his humble namesake in his thatched cabin.

The young traveller, it has been already said, took pleasure in making manifest this feeling of our hero; and in doing so, he found that Rory had a provincial as well as personal pride of ancestry. The south, Rory protested, "bet all Ireland in the regard of high blood."

"They have good blood in the north, too," said the traveller.

"Oh, they may have a thrifle of it; but it's not of the *rare* owld sort — nothing to compare with us."

"Do you forget the O'Neil?" said the traveller.

"Oh, that's good, I don't deny," said Rory — "but one swallow makes no summer."

"But I can count more than one," said the traveller; "here's Talbot, De Lacy, Fitzgerald —"

"Oh, murther! murther! sir, — sure *thim* is only invadhers, and not the owld Irish at all. You would never compare *thim* with the O'Mores, the

O'Dempsys, the O'Connells, the O'Donaghues, the O'Shaughnessys——”

“Stop, stop!” said the traveller, who did not know to what length this bead-roll of O's might extend; “you forget that the head of the Fitzgeralds is Duke of Leinster.”

“But O'More was *King* of Leinsther, sir, if you plaze.”

“Very true, Rory; but still the Geraldines are a noble race.”

“Who are *they*, sir?”

“The Fitzgeralds.”

“Oh, the Juke of Leinsther you mane, is it?”

“Yes.”

“'Faith, thin, to show you, sir, how little we think o' them down in the south, I'll tell you something that I know is a thruth, bekase I had it from O'Dempsey himself, who played the thrick an the juke, and said the thing to him, for he's a comical blade.”

“Well, what is it?”

“Why, you see, sir, O'Dempsey was comin' home from Dublin, and the money was getting *fine-drawn* with him, and he wanted to see if he had enough left to pay for the coach home; and, by dad, the change was so scarce that he was obliged to hunt it up in his pocket into the corner, like a contrary cowl, before he could lay howld of it at all; and when he did get it into the pawm of his fist, it was a'most ashamed to see the light, it looked so contimptible; and my bowld O'Dempsey seen the coach was out o' the question, or even a lift in the canal-boat, and so he put his thrust in Providence, and took a big dhrink that night to sthrentin him for the mornin'; and the next day off he set home, with a short stick in his hand and a pair o' good legs undher him; and he met

nothin' remarkable antil he came to betune Kilcock and Maynooth; and it was thin that he heerd the thramp of horses gallopin' afther him, and he turned round and seen three gintlemen comin' up in great style: one o' them, a fine full handsome man, the picthur of a gintleman, and a fine baste undher him, and the gintlemin along with him very nice too; one in particular, a smart nate-made man, with a fine bright eye and a smilin' face, and a green handkicher round his neck, and a sportin' aisy sate on his horse; and Dempsy heerd him say, as they dhrew up jist behind him, 'Look what a fine step that fellow has!' (manin' O'Dempsy; and, indeed, a claner boy is n't in all Ireland than himself, and can walk with any man). So when they came up to him, the small gintleman said, 'God save you!' 'God save you kindly, sir!' says O'Dempsy. 'You don't let the grass grow undher your feet, my man,' says the gintleman. 'Nor *corn* neither, sir,' says Dempsy. 'So I see by the free step you have,' says the gintleman, laughin'; and the others laughed too, the full gintleman in particular; and says he, 'Well, Ned, you got your answer.'

"Now the minit that O'Dempsy heerd the word 'Ned,' and it bein' in the neighbourhood of Cartown, which is the Juke o' Leinsther's place, the thought jumped into his head that it was Lord Edward Fitzjaral' was in it; for he always heerd he was small, and handsome, and merry, and that the juke his brother was a fine-lookin' man; and so with that he made cock-sure in his own mind that the full gintleman was the Juke o' Leinsther, and the little one Lord Edward. So hearin' that Lord Edward liked a joke, O'Dempsy never let on to suspect who they wor, and they walked along beside him, and had a great dale o' discourse and jokin', and the answers

passin' betune them as fast as hops. At last says the juke (for it was himself), 'You're a very merry fellow,' says he; 'where do you come from?' 'From Dublin, sir,' says O'Dempsey. 'Oh, I know that by the road you're goin',' says the juke; 'but I mane, where is your place?' 'Faith and I have no place,' says O'Dempsey: 'I wish I had.' 'That's a touch at you,' says the juke to the third gintleman, whoever he was. 'But where are you goin' to?' says the juke. 'I'm goin' home, sir,' says O'Dempsey. 'And where are you when you're at home?' says the juke. 'Faith, I'm at home every where,' says O'Dempsey.

"Well, Lord Edward laughed at his brother, seein' he could n't force a sthrait answer out of O'Dempsey. 'Will you tell me thin,' says the juke, 'which are you — Uisther, Leinsther, Munsther, or Connaught?' 'Leinsther, sirs,' says O'Dempsey, though it was a lie he was tellin'; but it was on purpose to have a laugh agin the juke, for he was layin' a thrap for him all the time. 'You don't spake like a Leinsther man,' says the juke. 'Oh, the tongue is very desaitful sometimes,' says O'Dempsey.

"Lord Edward laughed at his brother agin, and said, he'd make no hand of him. 'By gor,' says Lord Edward, 'that fellow would bate Counsellor Curran!' 'Well, I'll thry him once more,' says the juke; and with that, says he to O'Dempsey, 'What's your name?' Now that was all O'Dempsey wanted, for to nick him; and so says he, 'My name is O'Shaughnessy, sir.' 'I've cotch you now,' says the juke: 'you can't be a Leinsther man, with that name.' 'Faith, I see you're too able for me, sir,' says O'Dempsey, laading him on. 'Well, Mr. O'Shaughnessy,' says the juke, 'it's somewhere out of Munsther you come.' 'No, 'faith, sir,' says O'Dempsey, 'I am a Leinsther man, in airnest; but I

see you could n't be desaiyed about the name, and so I'll tell you the thruth, and nothin' but the thruth, about it. I am a Leinsther man, but I wint to live in Munsther, and I was obleeged to change my name, bekaze they had no respect for me there with the one I had.' 'And what *was* your name?' says the juke. 'My name was Fitzjarl', sir,' says O'Dempsey; 'but they thought me only an upstart down in Munsther, so I changed it into O'Shaughnessy.' With that the juke and Lord Edward laughed out hearty, and the third gintleman says to the juke, 'I think *you've* got *your* hit now.' Well, sir, the juke pulled a guinea out of his pocket, and put it into O'Dempsey's hand, and says to him, laughin', 'Take that, you merry rascal, and dhrink my health!' 'Long life to *your* grace!' says O'Dempsey, taking off his hat, '*you deserve to be an O'Shaughnessy!*' 'More power to you, Paddy!' says Lord Edward as they put spurs to their horses; and away they powdhered down the road, laughin' like mad."

The young traveller enjoyed Rory's anecdote excessively and scarcely knew which to admire most, — the impudent waggery of Rory's friend, or the good humour of the Duke of Leinster and Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

After much praise of the latter, and some other strange odds and ends from Rory, the travellers separated for the night.

CHAPTER IV

JOURNEY CONTINUED. — DESULTORY COACH CONVERSATION, IN WHICH THE LIBERTY OF “THE PRESS” IS DISCUSSED, AND THE THISTLE DECLARED TO BE NOT INDIGENOUS TO IRELAND. — ARGUMENTS AND COACHES LIABLE TO BREAK DOWN. — HINTS FOR KEEPING HOUNDS, ETC. ETC.

ON the following morning the coach resumed its journey, and Rory and the stranger still continued fellow-travellers.

The insolent aggressor upon Rory, as well as the passenger who sat beside him, did not appear; but their places were occupied by a person to whom Rory touched his hat as he took his seat, and another who seemed to be his companion. The latter was decidedly a Scotchman; what the other might be, it was not so easy to decide — perhaps North of England.

He addressed Rory and expressed surprise at seeing him.

“Throth, and it’s jist as little I expected to see you, Mr. Scrubbs,” said Rory.

“I was up here on a little business,” said Scrubbs.

“That’s what you’re always up to, Mr. Scrubbs,” answered Rory.

“And *you*’re just as ready for fun, Rory. I suppose it was *that* brought *you* here?”

“No, indeed, sir, — it was the coach brought me here yestherday.”

“Ay, ay, — there you are at your answers! — I suppose it was in Dublin, then, you would be?”

“No, indeed, I *would* n't be if I could help it.”

“Well, but you were there?”

“Yes, I was.”

“And what business had you in Dublin?”

“About the lease of the place below.”

“Did n't I tell you I'd see about that when the agent came down?”

“Why, you wor seein' about it so long that I thought it might be out o' sight at last, and so I wint myself to the head agent, and settled it at wanst.”

Scrubbs did not seem well pleased at this information; and silence having ensued in consequence, Rory took from his pocket a newspaper and began to read. For some time Scrubbs cast suspicious glances at the paper, till at last, when Rory turned over its front page and discovered the title of “The Press,” Scrubbs could no longer remain silent.

“I wonder you 're not ashamed,” said Scrubbs.

“Of what?” said Rory.

“To read that paper.”

“'Faith, I'd be more ashamed if I could n't read it!” said Rory.

“Why, it's all sedition, and treason, and blasphemy.”

“What's blasphemy?” said Rory.

“'T is a word,” said the young traveller, “that some people always join to treason and sedition.”

Scrubbs gave a look askance at the last speaker; but seeing he was a gentleman and rather better dressed than himself, he made no observation to him, but said in continuance to Rory, — “I always thought you were of the peaceable and well-disposed class, O'More, and I'm sorry to see you read that desperate paper.”

"'Faith, it's very desperate, sure enough, if it be throe what they say here, that bank-notes will be soon worth nothin', and won't bring a penny a pound in a snuff-shop."

"What's that but treason, I'd like to know?" said Scrubbs; — "endeavouring to undermine the government?"

"Sairtainly," said the Scotchman, "it is varra bad to destroy the cawnfidence in pooblic croydit."

"I dar say, sir," said Rory to the Scotchman, "*you* would rather have bank-notes than golden guineas?"

"I did na say that," said the Scotchman drily; "but bank-notes are a suffeecient security."

"And they say here," said Rory, "that we ought n't to dhrink tay nor coffee, nor take snuff, nor smoke tabacky, nor dhrink whisky."

"And what do you think of that?" said Scrubbs.

"'Faith, I think thim that has no money will follow their advice," said Rory.

"Ay! but look at the villainous intention — to injure the revenue, or produce a rebellion."

"You think, then," said the traveller, "that people must either smell snuff or gunpowder, whether they will or no?"

"I know, sir, they'll have gunpowder enough if it goes to that. We have plenty of loyal men to put down sedition, both militia and yeomanry."

"Which you can't trust," said the traveller.

"Do you doubt their loyalty, sir?" said Scrubbs, waxing rather angry.

"It would seem the government does," said the traveller, "for whole regiments of yeomanry have been disbanded this year."

This was a bitter truth to Scrubbs, who not being

able to deny the fact, returned to the charge upon "The Press."

"As for that vile paper, they would do right to serve it as 'The Northern Star' was served the other day, when the Donegal militia, God bless them! broke open their office, burnt their papers, and broke their printing-presses."

"What noble and constitutional work for soldiers to be employed upon!" said the traveller. "I do not wonder, when the cloth is so degraded, that high-minded gentlemen, such as the Duke of Leinster, Lord O'Neil, and Colonel Conolly, resign their regiments."

This was another bitter fact to which Scrubbs was unable to reply; so, leaving the field in possession of the enemy, he addressed his Scotch friend on some fresh subject, and thus evaded the discussion.

The traveller with Rory, and Scrubbs with the Scotchman, now kept themselves distinct, and the day was passing away slowly enough, the monotony of the road only broken by some occasional remark between Scrubbs and his friend, or the young traveller and Rory: — seeming to observe each other with mutual distrust, a restraint was put upon general conversation, and it was only some passing observation on the surrounding scenery that either party would venture to indulge in.

The day was more than half spent, when they were driving through a fine tract of country, which called forth the Scotchman's admiration.

"A fine kintra, this, Mr. Scrubbs," said he.

"Yes," said Scrubbs, "'t is a good sort of country, but not fit to compare with England."

Rory looked indignantly at him, but said nothing.

"I dinna ken about England," said the Scotchman; "but this kintra puts me varra much in mind o' my ain."

"Your kinthry, do you say?" said Rory with what heroines call "ineffable contempt."

"Yes, my kintra."

"Oh, do you hear this!!" said Rory to the young traveller. "He is comparin' this country to his!! — Why, tare an' ouns! sir," said Rory to the Scotchman; "sure you would n't be comparin' this lovely fine country to Scotland — or sayin' it was like it?"

"Yes, but I would, though," said the Scotchman pertinaciously.

"Why, by the seven blessed candles, you have n't seen a *thistle* for the last tin miles!" said Rory.

The young traveller laughed at Rory's illustration, and the silence and disunion of the two parties increased.

Thus the day wore on uncomfortably enough, and the evening began to close, when a premature stop was put to their journey by the breaking down of the coach.

Fortunately for the passengers, the accident was not one that placed them in any danger. Some of them were *nearly* thrown off, and a lady passenger who was inside screamed, of course; and the more she was assured that there was no danger, the louder she screamed. In the mean while, the passengers jumped off; and the extreme amount of damage to them was, that they could proceed no further by the coach on their journey as one of the wheels was broken.

Now, whenever an accident of this kind occurs which is manifestly so had as to be beyond retrieving, it may be remarked that every one looks at it in all possible ways — under it, and over it, and round it, just as if looking at it could do any good. So were the passengers congregated round the wheel of the coach, all making their remarks.

"It was the nave," said one.

"No, — the spokes," said another.

"Oh dear, no, — the tire," added a third.

"Most provoking!"

"Scandalous!" said Scrubbs; "like every thing else in this country! The proprietors ought to be prosecuted for having a coach in such a condition."

"Murther, murther!" said the coachman, who lost his temper at last when the honour of his coach was concerned: "do you hear this! just as if an accident never happened to a coach before."

"When people pay their money," said Scrubbs, "they have a right to complain."

"Sairtainly," said the Scotchman. "In fac, I thenk the money should be refunded."

"Arrah! listen to him!" said Rory aside to the stranger.

"How far is the coach from the end of the journey?" said the lady.

"'Pon my word, ma'am," said Rory, "the coach is at the end of its journey for this day, any how."

"And what are we to do?" said the lady.

"I'd adveyse," said the Scotchman, "that we should get poost-chaises, and chorge them to the coach propreytors."

"'Faith, that's a fine plan, *if you could get them*," said Rory.

"Then what *are* we to do?" said the lady, again.

"If you'd be quiet the laste taste, ma'am, if you plaze," said the coachman, "we'll conthrive some conthrivance by-and-by."

"Why, the night is falling," said the lady.

"It's time for it," said Rory.

"My God!" said the lady, "what odd answers these people give one!"

The horses became restless, for the wheelers, pull-

ing, and finding so much resistance, began to kick, and their example set the leaders going: the coachman and Rory ran to their heads.

"Bad luck to you, you fools!" said Rory to the horses; "sure, it's glad, and not sorry, you ought to be, that the dhrag is off o' you; be quite! you gar-rans, will you!" and he forced them at last into some obedience. "I tell you what you'll do now," said he to the coachman: "jist take off the horses, — they'll be quite enough here, grazing by the side o' the gripe;¹ and you get on one o' them, and pelt away into the town, and come out agin wid a fresh coach."

"Throth, and it's the best plan, I b'lieve," said the coachman, "afther all."

"And must *we* stay here?" said the lady.

"Barrin' you walk, ma'am."

"And how far might it be to walk?"

"'Faith, I don't rightly know," said the coachman.

"You're a feyne driver," said the Scotchman, "not to know the distance on your ain road."

"I know it well enough whin I'm dhriven," said the coachman; "but how should I know how far it is to walk?"

"Why, you stupid rascal!" said the Scotchman, about to make an elaborate argument to show the coachman the bull he had made, — but he was interrupted by Rory.

"Arrah! never mind his prate, Hoolaghan; do what I bid you, — away wid you into town!"

"Indeed, I think 't is the best thing you can do," said the young traveller.

"And must *we* stay here? Why 't is growing dark already, and we may be murdered while you are away."

"Divil a one 'ill take the throuble to murder you —

¹ The ditch.

don't be in the laste a'fear'd!" said Rory. "Up wid you now on the grey, Hoolaghan, your sowl, and powdher away like shot!"

"What's that he's saying, sir, about powder and shot?" said the lady in alarm.

"He's only giving directions to the coachman, madam," said the young traveller.

"But he said powder and shot! sir: — is there any danger?"

"None in the least, I assure you, madam."

"The horses 'ill stay quite enough while you're gone," said Rory; "here, gi' me your fut — I'll lift you on the baste." And so saying, Hoolaghan placed his left foot in Rory's right hand; and thus aided, he sprang astride of one of the coach-horses.

"There now," said Rory, "you're up! and away wid you! Jist be into the town in no time, and back in less. 'That's the cut! says Cutty, when he cut his mother's throat.'"

"What's that he's saying, sir, about cutting throats?" said the lady.

"Nothing, madam, I assure you, you need be alarmed at," said the traveller.

"Indeed, you need not make yourself onaisy, ma'am, in the laste," said Rory, after he had placed Hoolaghan on horseback. "It will be all over with you soon now."

The lady shuddered at the phrase, but spoke not.

"And now, sir," said Rory to his fellow-traveller, "it's time we should be thinkin' of ourselves: there's no use you should be loitherin' here until the other coach comes back; for though it's some miles from the town, where, I suppose, you were goin' to, it's not far from this where I must turn off to my own place, which lies across the counthry, about two miles or thereaway; and if you, sir, would n't think it be-

nathe you to come to a poor man's house, sure it's proud I'd be to give your honour a bed; and though it may not be as good as you're used to, still maybe 't will be better than stoppin' here by the roadside."

The traveller expressed his thanks to Rory for the kindness of his offer, but said that perhaps he could as well walk to the town. To this Rory objected, suggesting the probability of the traveller's losing his way, as he could only be his guide as far as the point where he had to turn towards his own home; besides many other arguments urged on Rory's part with so much heart and cordiality, that he prevailed on his fellow-traveller to accept his proffered hospitality. Selecting a small portmanteau from the luggage, the traveller was about to throw it over his shoulder, when Rory laid hold of it, and insisted on carrying it for him.

"You've your own luggage to carry!" said the traveller.

"Sure, mine is nothin' more than a small bundle — no weight in life."

"And your gridirons, Rory?"

"By the powers! I was near forgettin' *thim*," said Rory; "but sure, *thim* itself is no weight, and I can carry *thim* all!"

"Stay a moment," said the traveller, whose gallantry forbade that he should leave the lady of the party, alarmed as she was, in such a situation, and apparently not regularly protected, without the offer of his services. He approached the coach, into which the lady had retired to avoid the dew that was now falling heavily, and made his offer with becoming courtesy.

"I'm much obliged to you, sir," said she, "but I have my husband here."

"Thank you, sir," said a miserable-looking little

man, who had not uttered a word before ; “ I am this lady’s husband.” — He did not dare to say, “ This lady’s my wife.”

The traveller made his bow, and he and his guide, leaving the forlorn coach-passengers on the road, proceeded at a smart pace towards the cottage of Rory O'More.

“ Those people, I think, are likely to remain a good while before assistance can reach them,” said the traveller.

“ 'Faith, I'm thinkin' myself they'll have a good long wait of it,” said Rory ; “ and in throth I'm not sorry for some of thim.”

“ Don't you pity that unfortunate woman ? ”

“ Sorra much ! ” said Rory ; “ the screechin' fool, with her shoutin' about her throat bein' cut ! — though, indeed, if it was cut itself, it would n't be much matther, for all the sinse I heard her spake. Throat cut, indeed ! as if the whole counthry was murtherers and moroders. In throth the counthry would be quite (quiet) enough if they'd let us be quite ; but it's gallin' and *aggravatin'* us they are at every hand's turn, and puttin' the martial law on us, and callin' us bad names, and abusin' our blessed religion.”

“ And are the people much dissatisfied at this state of things ? ”

“ Why, I don't see how they could be plazed, sir ! And sure, my heart warmed to you whin you gave that dirty Scrubbs his answer to-day : 'faith, he' got his fairin' any how from you ! he had no chance at all with you, sir. Oh, when you silenced him, sure it was butther to my bones ! ”

“ By the by, who is that person ? ” said the traveller.

“ He is a fellow that lives not far from this, sir ; — they call him the Collecthor.”

“ Collector of what ? ”

“Of every thing, 'faith. He collects tithes for the parson, and rints for the agint, and taxes and cess, and all to that; and so he goes by the name of the Collecthor.”

“He's not an Irishman?”

“No, thank God, he's not! Though, indeed, there's some of the Irish bad enough to their own or worse than s thrangers maybe; but I say, thank God, bekaze there's one blackguard the less belongs to us.”

“Has he been long here?”

“Not to say very long indeed, considherin' all he has done for himself in the time. I remember, whin he came among us first, it was with some horses — a sort of low stable-helper, a kind of a hanger-on about some officers that was in the town, and thin he was badly off enough. He had n't as much clothes on him as would scour a spit; and his flesh, the little he had of it, hangin' about him as if it did n't fit him. But he went to church the first Sunday he was here, and, as Prodestants is scarce, he was welkim to the parson; and so that he might not disgrace the congregation, the parson gev him some dacent clothes: and thin he got him to do odd jobs for him, one way or another; and so he made himself plazin' somehow to the parson, and got on one step afther another. And the parson noticed him to the squire, and thin this squire gave him a lift, for he it was got him to be collecthor; and now he has a mighty snug house, and a nate farm nigh hand to the parson, though the first place he slep' in, not along ago, whin he came to the town beyant, was in the hayloft of the inn, for they would n't dirty the barrack-stables with him.”

“Then the parson is his patron?”

“Not only the parson, but the magisthrits about the place as well, for they know that Squire Ransford notices him.”

“How did he get into the squire's good graces?”

“There was a cast-off lady of the squire's that was throublesome to him, and so he gev some soft discourse, and hard cash too, I b'lieve, to Scrubbs, to make an honest woman of her, and take her off his hands; and so he did; and now you 'll see her goin' in her jantin' car, if you plaze, along wid that mane-spirited dog that tuk another man's lavings, marchin' into church every Sunday as bowld as brass, and wid as many ribands on her as would set up a thravellin' pedlar.”

“And what does the parson say to all this? Does he countenance the affair?”

“Arrah, what can he do, sir?” said Rory. “Sure, *he* can't help if she was unproper; and is n't it better she'd go to her duty than stay away, bad as she is? And sure, if she was a sinner, that's the greater the raison why he'd be glad to help her in mendin' her ways; and sure, as she has n't the luck to be a Roman, it's well for her she's even a Prodestant!”

“That's a very charitable view of the matter on your part,” said the traveller.

“Oh, by dad, sir! you must n't be too hard on the parson, for he's a dacent man enough. If all the Prodestants was as quite (quiet) as him, we'd never fall out wid thim, for he's a nice aisy man, and is good friends wid Father Kinshela, and both o' thim dines together wid the squire whin he's here. And you know, sir, that's hearty!”

“Very, indeed,” said the traveller. “I'm glad to hear it.”

“Scrubbs himself is a nasty fellow; and his *lady* is a *dab*, and nothin' else: but sure the parson can't help that, and I would n't expect of him to be too particular on thim, for sure he must be glad to get a Prodestant at all in his church, where they are so scarce.

Throth, it must be cowld work there, in a big ramblin' church in the winther, wid so few in it, to be sayin' prayers!"

"You seem to like the parson, I think?" said the traveller.

"Oh, I don't mislike him, sir, for he's civil-spoken, and a hearty man, and he likes huntin' and shootin', and divarshin of all sorts."

"But do you think that becoming in a clergyman?"

"Oh, you're too hard on the clargy, sir; — why would n't they be merry? — sure Father Kinshela himself sometimes takes a dart afther the dogs, whin the squire is down here, as well as the parson."

"Squire Ransford, then, lives here a good deal?"

"Not a good dale, sir, — only by times whin he comes down to take a start huntin' or shootin', and thin he brings down a power o' company wid him; but unless at that time, the place is like a wildherness, only an ould woman and a couple o' maids to mind the house, and a stable-helper left, or somethin' that way, to watch the place."

"A single stable-helper! Did n't you tell me he keeps a pack of hounds?"

"Yis, sir; but he does n't keep up the dogs unless whin he's here himself."

"How does he manage, then?"

"Why, he gives one couple o' dogs to one tenant, and another couple to another, and so on in that way, while he is n't in the place; and whin he comes back, he gathers thim in again; and so he is n't at the expense of keepin' up the kennel while he's away."

"What a shabby fellow," said the traveller.

"Oh! not to say shabby, sir."

"Why, what else can you call quartering his dogs on his poor tenantry?"

"Oh, for all that he's not shabby; — for whin *he*

is down here, the company is never out of his house ; and they say there's lashings and lavings of every thing in it, and the claret flyin' about the place as common as beer, and no stint to any one, I'm towld."

"That's mere wastefulness and rioting, and cannot in my opinion redeem his shabbiness, for I cannot call it any thing else. Can he not feel that when the poor people feed his sporting-dogs, the fruit of their labour is invaded to contribute to his pleasure?"

"Why, if you go the rights o' the thing, what your honour says is throe enough ; but we would n't be too sharp in looking at what a gintleman would do, — and, indeed, I don't mislike it myself, as far as that goes, for the couple o' dogs that is left with me I do have a great deal of fun with."

"How?"

"Huntin' rabbits, sir."

"They must be nice dogs after that!"

"Divil a harm it does thim! — sure it comes nath'ral to the craythurs, and would be cruel to stint them of their divarshin."

"And do you all hunt rabbits with the dogs left to your care?"

"Every one of us."

"Then the pack can't be worth a farthing."

"Why, indeed, I don't deny they run a little wild now and thin ; but sure what would be the use of a whipper-in if the dogs worn't a little fractious?"

Rory continued his discourse with the stranger as they proceeded on their road, giving him various information respecting the squire, and the collector, and the parson, in all of which, though Rory did not so intend it, his hearer found deep cause of disapproval of their conduct. Their conversation was now interrupted by the deep baying of dogs ; and Rory answered

the sound by a cheering whoop, and the calling of the dogs by their names.

"There they are, sir!" said he; "you see we're jist at home."

As he spoke they turned into the little *boreen* already noticed, and two hounds came rushing wildly up the lane and jumped upon Rory with all the testimonials of canine recognition.

"Down, Rattler, you divil, down! — you'll tear the coat av my back. Murder! Sweetlips, don't be kissin' me — down, you brutes!" And he drove the animals from him, whose furious caresses were more than agreeable. "Poor things!" said he to the stranger in a kindly tone, "sure, thin, it's pleasant even to have a dog to welkim one home."

"More than a dog, Rory dear," said a sweet voice from amid the darkness; and the next instant a girl ran up to Rory, and throwing her arms round his neck, kissed him over and over again. He returned her embrace with affection, and said, "How is the mother?"

"Hearty, thank God," said the girl.

"And yourself, Mary dear?"

"Oh, what would ail me? — But tell me, what sort of a place is Dublin? — and how did you like it? — and did you get me the riband?"

"It's my sisther, sir," said Rory to his guest, paying no attention to the numerous questions of Mary, who now, for the first time observing the stranger, dropped a short curtsy to him, and said in a subdued voice, "Your sarvant, sir."

"Run on, Mary dear, and tell the mother we're comin';" said Rory, accompanying his words with a significant pinch on Mary's elbow, which meant, "Make the place look as dacent as possible."

Mary ran hastily forward, fully understanding

Rory's telegraphic communication; and when the travellers reached the cottage, they found the mother and Mary in that peculiar state of action which in the polite world is called "hurry-scurry;" and the dragging of chairs and stools, cramming of things into corners, and slapping about with the ends of aprons, testified their anxiety to receive so unusual a visitor with proper honour.

When they entered, the widow first received her son with the strongest evidence of a mother's affection, kissing him tenderly; and with the reverential appeal to Heaven in which the Irish peasantry so much indulge, she said, "God bless you, alanna, you're welkim home!" She then turned to the stranger, and in that soft accent of her country which so well expresses the gentlest emotions of human nature, she said, in tones that would have almost conveyed her meaning without words, "You're kindly welkim, sir."

The stranger expressed his thanks; but, notwithstanding the manifest commotion which his arrival occasioned, he was too polite to seem to notice it, and did not, as a vulgar person always does, overload the people with requests not to trouble themselves *on his account*.

He quietly took a seat; and Rory, with instinctive good breeding, took another, and continued to discourse with his guest. Now and then, to be sure, he could not help casting his eyes towards his mother, who was busy in all sorts of preparation, and asking, "Can I help you, mother dear?" But the answer always was, —

"No, alanna. Sure you're tired afther your journey; and Mary and myself will do every thing; and sure it's glad we are to have you, and proud that the gintleman is come with you, and only hopes he'll put

up with what we can do: but sure, if the entertainment is poor, the welkim is hearty, any how."

The stranger assured her of his sense of her kindness.

"If we knew of your comin', sir, sure we could have had a couple of chickens ready; and if the gintleman would wait a bit, sure it is n't too late yet, and can have a rashir and egg in the mane time."

"My dear ma'am," said the stranger, "pray don't think of chickens to-night: the fact is, I'm very hungry, and I don't know a better thing than a dish of rashers and eggs, which has the great advantage, besides, of being got ready sooner."

Rashers and eggs were accordingly got ready immediately; and while the mother was engaged in the culinary department, Mary spread a coarse but white cloth upon the table, and taking down from a cleanly-scoured dresser some plates of coarse delf, arranged the table for the supper. This the hungry travellers discussed with good appetite and much relish; and after many relays of the savoury viands had vanished rapidly before them, a black bottle of whiskey was produced, and some hot punch being made, Rory's guest protested he had eaten one of the best suppers he ever made in his life.

Rory and his mother and sister were lavish in their compliments to the stranger on being so easily pleased, and uttered a profusion of wishes that they had better to offer. This by their guest was pronounced impossible; and when at last the stranger retired to bed, they parted for the night with the highest opinion of each other, — he in admiration of their hospitality, and they of his condescension.

Rory then, with his mother and sister, drew round the fire, and, relieved from the presence of a stranger, indulged in that affectionate family gossip which



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always is the result when one of the circle has returned from a temporary absence. Rory sat on a chair in the middle, his sister on a low stool beside him, with one hand resting on his knee, and her pretty eyes raised to his, in open wonder, only to be exceeded by the more open wonder of her mouth, as Rory told something of what he had seen in Dublin. The widow, on the other side, seated in a low easy chair of platted straw, looked upon her son with manifest pleasure; and while she led Rory into a digression, by asking him how he managed "the little business" about the lease, Mary filled up the interval very agreeably by looking with ecstasy at the roll of riband which her brother brought her. This was a great delight to Mary: — it was no pedlar's trash, — no common thing bought at a booth in a fair, — but a real downright metropolitan riband, "brought all the way from Dublin to herself." Was n't she happy? And maybe she did n't think how she'd astonish them next Sunday at chapel!

Rory told them how he met the stranger he brought home, and of the accident which led to it, and praised him to the skies for his liberality and gentlemanly conduct, — swore he was of the right sort, and said, he was one for whom a poor man ought to lay down his life. Such was Rory's opinion of the stranger he had met, and who was introduced to the reader in the first chapter under the title of the "Scholar." How he acquired this title will be subsequently seen.

The trio talked on until the embers on the hearth were quite burnt out, and it was at an advanced hour in the morning that they separated and retired to their slumbers, which were sound, because their lives were healthful and innocent.

CHAPTER V

WHISKY VERSUS SMALL-POX. — GHIBBERISH VERSUS FRENCH. — A SECRET WITH TWO HANDLES TO IT, WHICH OUR HERO AND HIS SISTER LAY HOLD OF

THE next morning the Widow O'More and her son and daughter arose refreshed and light-hearted, but not so their guest : he awoke with the burning thirst, intense headache, and deadening sensation of sickness, which are the precursors of fever. It was early, and from the silence that reigned in the cottage he concluded no one had yet risen. He endeavoured to sleep, but the effort was vain : he fell but into a confused dozing, filled with broken images, confused recollections, and wild imaginings, from which he started but with an increased sensation of illness upon him ; and even when the inhabitants of the cottage rose they came not near him, wishing to leave him undisturbed after his fatigue. At length, on his hearing Rory's voice, he exerted his so as to make himself heard ; and when Rory entered, he perceived, from the heavy eye and altered countenance of the stranger, that he was unwell.

“ God be good to us ! what 's the matther with you, sir ? ” said Rory.

“ I 'm ill, very ill, O'More, ” said the stranger languidly.

“ Well, don' disturb yourself, sir, and you 'll be betther by and by, plaze God ! ”

"I'm afraid I've caught the small-pox," said the stranger.

"I hope not, sir: don't be thinkin' o' sich things. Sure, how would you get the small-pox?"

"From a beggar in the crowd here last night, when we alighted at the inn. I remember shuddering at the mention of the disease when she spoke of it; and I fear I am infected with what I dread more than any thing under the sun."¹

"I had better bring my mother to you, sir," said Rory, "for she is very knowledgeable in sickness, and undherstands the *aribs*" (herbs); and with these words he left the room, leaving the poor sick stranger utterly at a loss to know what her knowledge of the *Arabs*, as he took Rory's word to be, could have to do with his illness.

When Rory returned with his mother, she asked the stranger (for so we shall yet continue to call him) how he felt. He told in what manner he was suffering, and she replied by proposing to him to take a glass of whisky. The very name of the thing produced nausea to the sick man, who refused the offer with a shudder.

"See how you thrimble, sir!" said she. "Indeed, if you b'lieve me, a good big dhrop o' whiskey is the best thing you could take."

"Don't mention it, I beg of you. I fear it is the small-pox I have caught."

"Plaze God, I hope not!" said the widow: "but if it is, not a finer thing in the world than a dhrop of whisky to dhrive it out from your heart."

Thus she continued to urge the taking of ardent spirits, which, to this hour, in the commencement of

¹ He must have caught the disease earlier, as the infection of small-pox does not exhibit itself so soon; young gentlemen are not expected to be too learned in such matters.

every sickness amongst the Irish peasantry, is considered the one thing needful, and for the reason the widow assigned in this case, namely, to "dhrive it out from the heart." The heart is by them considered the vulnerable point in sickness as well as in love; so much so indeed, that no matter what disease they labour under, it is always called an "impression on the heart." So well understood does this seem to be amongst them, that even the part affected is not necessary to be named, and the word "heart" is omitted altogether; and if you ask "What's the matter with such-a-one?" the answer is sure to be, "He's got an impression."

"Mrs. O'More," said the stranger, "I am certain it is the small-pox; and while I may yet be moved, pray let me be conveyed to the neighbouring town, to the inn, and let not your house be visited with the disease and the contagion."

"Oh, God forbid that I'd do the like, sir, and turn the sick sthranger outside my doors whin it's most he wanted the caring for — and in an inn too! Oh, what would become of you at all in sich a place, where I would n't have a sick dog, much less a gintleman, behowldin' to! Make yourself aisy, sir; and if it's as bad as you think, we'll take care o' you, niver fear."

"I don't fear," said the stranger, affected by the widow's kindness; "but it is not right that you should have this horrid disease under your roof, and all for a stranger."

"Keep your mind aisy, dear, do!" said the widow, — "sure we're all poor craythers, God help us! — and if we did not help one another in our want and throuble, it's the dark and blake world it would be! — and what would we be Chrishtans for at all, if we had n't charity in our hearts? I beg your pardon, sir,

for sayin' charity to a gintleman — but sure it's not charity I mane at all, only tindherness and compassion. And as for the sickness being undher our roof, my childher, God be praised! is over the small-pox — iv it be it — and had it light, — as well as myself: so make your mind aisy, dear, and dhrive t out from your heart with the whiskey. Well, well! don't shake your poor head that way; I won't ax you to take it till you like it yourself: but whin there is an impression, there's nothin' like dhrivin' it out. So I'll lave you, sir, for a while — and see if you can sleep; and I'll come in again by and by; and if you want any thing in the mane time, you can jist thump on the flure with the chair — I have put it convay-nient to your hand: — and the sooner you can bring yourself to take the sper'ts, the better. Well, well! I'll say no more — only it's the finest thing in the world, with a clove o' garlic, for worms or fayver, to throw out the venom." And so, muttering praises on her favourite panacea, she left the room.

The illness of the stranger increased during the day, and in the evening he began to speak incoherently. The Widow O'More now thought it probably was the small-pox with which her guest was visited, and began to take the most approved measures that were in those days established for the cure of that terrible disease; — that is to say, she stopped every crevice of the room whereby air could be admitted, opened the door as seldom as possible, and heaped all the clothes she could on the patient, and gave him *hot* drinks to allay the raging thirst that consumed him. Not content with heaping bed-clothes over the unhappy sufferer, she got a red cloth cloak and wrapped it tightly round his body; it being in those days considered that a wrapper of red cloth was of great virtue.

Let the reader, then, imagine the wretched plight the poor stranger was reduced to, and what chance of recovery he had from such treatment. The fever increased fearfully, and he soon became quite delirious. During his ravings he imagined the bed in which he lay to be a tent; for, with national hospitality, he had been placed in the best bed in the house, with the flaring calico curtains before mentioned.

"Why is this tent square?" said he.

"Whisht, whisht, dear," said the widow soothingly.

"But why is it square? — And look here," said he, seizing the curtain, — "why is not this white? why is my tent red? — or is it the blood of the enemy upon it?"

"God help the crayther!" said the widow.

Rory now entered the room; and the stranger started up in the bed and said, "*Qui vive?*"

"Sir?" said Rory, rather astonished.

"*Ab! c'est mon caporal,*" pursued the sick man. "*Caporal, nous avons vaincu les Anglais! — voilà leur sang;*" and he shook the curtains fiercely.

"Humour him, dear," said the widow to Rory; "the crayther's ravin': purtend you know all about it — that's the best way to soother him."

"Sure I dunna what he's sayin' — he's muttherin' ghibberish there."

"Well, do you mutther ghibberish too," said the widow, and left the room.

"*Repondez vite, caporal,*" said the invalid.

"Hullabaloo!" shouted Rory.

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*"

"Hullabaloo!" cried Rory again.

"*Vous êtes étranger,*" said the poor sufferer; "*tremblez! esclave, tremblez! rendez-vous!*" and he jumped up in bed — "*rendez au drapeau tricolor!*"

"A dhrop o' what?" said Rory.

“*Vive le drapeau tricolor!*” cried De Lacy.

Rory left the room, and told his mother he believed “the poor gentleman was callin’ for a *dhrop* o’ something.” She entered with more hot drink, and asked the sick man to swallow; “It ’ill do you good, dear,” said she.

“Is there any thing you ’d like betther, sir?” said Rory; “and if it ’s to be had I ’ll get it for you.”

The stranger seemed to be recalled from his raving a moment by the sounds of another language upon his ears; and looking wildly again at Rory and his mother, and the bed, he said, “This is not my tent — who are you? — where am I?” — and he flung the bed-clothes down from him; — then seeing the red cloak wrapped round him, he said fiercely, “Take this accursed cloth from off me, — I ’m no slave of the English tyrants; — where’s my blue uniform?”

“Lie down, dear, lie down,” said the widow.

“Never!” said the sick man, — “we ’ll never lie down under tyranny!” and he attempted to jump from the bed.

“Rory dear, howld him,” said the widow, — “howld him, or he ’ll be out; and if he catches cowl, he’s lost.”

Rory now by force held down the sufferer, who struggled violently for a while, but, becoming exhausted, sank back on the bed and groaned aloud. “Ah! I see what my fate is, — I ’m a prisoner in the hands of the accursed English!”

For some time he now lay quieter, and Mary was left to watch in his chamber while Rory was absent for some drugs his mother sent him for to the neighbouring village. During her sojourn in the room, Mary often heard the stranger lamenting his fate in a plaintive tone, and calling on a female name in

passionate accents. In this state for some days the patient continued; his paroxysms of raving being but varieties of lamenting his fate as a prisoner, calling for his blue uniform, and invoking a female name. From the nature of all this raving, Rory and Mary drew each their own conclusions. Rory, from his knowledge of the stranger's bearing and opinions before he fell sick, and from the tone of his subsequent delirium, suspected he was an officer in the French army; and Mary, from his frequent calling on a female name, had no doubt he was in love. Now, to the end of time, Mary could never have guessed at the stranger's profession, nor Rory at the state of his heart: but these are the delicate shades of difference that exist between the mind of man and woman. The sympathies of the former are alive to turmoil and strife; those of the latter, to the gentle workings of our nature: the finer feelings of a woman vibrate with magic quickness to the smallest indications of affection; while man, like the war-horse of the Psalmist, "smelleth the battle afar off."

Both Rory and Mary were right in their conclusions: the sick stranger *was* an officer in the French service, and also was in love.

With respect to the love affair, the tangled business may go tangling on, as the more tangled such affairs become the better; but of the stranger's name and purposes it is time the reader should be informed.

CHAPTER VI

IN WHICH A GENTLEMAN WRITES A LETTER AS
LONG AS A LADY'S

HORACE DE LACY was the stranger's name. Descended from the noble race of De Lacy, one of the original conquerors of Ireland, he inherited all the fire and courage of his ancestors; but now, the descendant of the enslaver became the champion of liberty, and panted with as burning a zeal for the regeneration of his country as his ancestors had done for her subjugation, for Ireland was now his native land, and the remark so often made in the chronicles of England, that the descendants of English settlers in Ireland became more fierce in their rebellion than the natives themselves, was about to be once more verified in the person of Horace De Lacy.

Though an Irishman by birth, he had for some years been resident in France. There he imbibed all the fierce enthusiasm to which the epoch of the French revolution gave birth, and the aspirations for universal liberty which fired his young heart were first directed to his native land. As early as 1794, communications were carried forward between the disaffected in Ireland and the French executive: and Doctor Jackson, one of the agents at that period, was discovered, and would have been hanged, but that he escaped the ignominious death by swallowing poison in the dock, where he died in the face of his

accusers and his judges. The death of Jackson produced a great sensation in Ireland. It made the rapacious and intolerant faction that *then* ruled the country, more insolent; and those who cursed their rule and endeavoured to overthrow it, more cautious.

The result was fearful. Wrong was heaped upon wrong by the oppressor; — suffered in hopelessness, but *remembered*, by the oppressed. Each new aggression on the one side produced a debt of hatred on the other, and the account was carried on with compound interest.

In 1797, another communication was opened between the disaffected in Ireland and the executive of the French government, and De Lacy was one of the agents. He was an officer in the French army, and volunteered to undertake the dangerous duty of visiting Ireland and England, with a view of ascertaining the probable likelihood of success in a revolutionary movement in the one country, and the state of feeling as regarded a desire of revolution in the other.

In France, at that period, it is singular the total ignorance that existed with relation to the state of the united dominions of Great Britain. Repeatedly as they had been assured of the certainty of co-operation in a descent upon Ireland, and the futility of any such attempt upon England, nevertheless the absurd scheme was entertained of letting loose some French desperadoes in England, and carrying on a system of *Chouannerie* in that country.

The most active and intelligent of the Irish emissaries, Theobald Wolfe Tone, then resident at Paris, had repeatedly assured the French executive that such a plan was worse than hopeless, but still they were not convinced; and General Clarke, then minister of war, because he bore an Irish name, and was of Irish descent, thinking he must know something of the

matter, though he never had set foot in the country, helped to strengthen them in this belief, and notwithstanding all the assurances and arguments of Tone, Clarke would not be satisfied of the truth of such statements without having an emissary of his own to visit the country and report upon it.

De Lacy was the person who volunteered this service; and, crossing the Channel in the boat of a smuggler, who knew the coast well, and was in constant habit of communication with both England and Ireland, — but particularly the latter, — he had been for some time in London and through the English provinces before he visited Ireland. There he had but recently arrived when Rory O'More met him as a travelling companion; and of the events of his journey since, the reader is in possession.

What impressions his observations in England produced may be seen by the following letter, which was forwarded to France by a sailor on board a vessel which traded between Dublin and France, under Swedish colours, and under the particular patronage of Lord —, then high in the government of Ireland, and the most vindictive enemy of the liberal party.

It may be asked, why did Lord — permit, much less patronise, this proceeding? It was because the vessel was chartered by a certain merchant to whom he was indebted in large loans of money; and the accommodation thus afforded was partly paid by the exclusive permission of trading with France thus granted by Lord —, whose influence in Ireland was then so paramount, that a word from him was sufficient to guarantee the safety of his friend's ship, by the willing blindness of the commissioners of customs, who always treated this make-believe Swedish vessel with the most exemplary indulgence. Certain intelligence from France, too, was procured

in this way: but while the noble lord and his party thus obtained information, they little dreamed that the same channel was used for the transmission of intelligence between their enemies.

In the packet of information that follows, the reader must not be startled at its high-sounding style: the tone of the period was extravagant, particularly in France; and De Lacy was of that age and of that profession which delights in flourishes whether of trumpets or words. The packet was addressed to a certain "Citizen Madgett" at Paris, well known in those days to the Irish republican party, and to whom General Clarke had desired De Lacy's communications to be made. Its contents ran thus: —

"You know with what feelings I left France. I rejoiced there, in common with my fellows, in the triumph that right had achieved over wrong; in the majesty of human nature overcoming the kings that would have enslaved her; in the brilliant era of retribution and resuscitation that more than redeemed the tyranny and suffering that gave it birth. You know how I hoped, in the warmth of my head and heart, that the rest of mankind should share in the blessings we had so dearly purchased with our blood, and that man, freed from the thralldom of ages, should form but one family; that the prejudices and distinctions of countries should be forgotten, and regenerated mankind, as one nation, kneel, Peruvian-like, to the newly-risen sun of their freedom.

"But this glorious dream has been disturbed since I left you. I visited England with the view of kindling on a thousand altars the fire of liberty that I bore with me from liberty's own temple: but the moral as well as the natural atmosphere of England is damp and chilly, compared with the country of the

vine, and I found myself a disappointed enthusiast, with few or none to share in my raptures. My hymn of liberty was not half so cheering to me as the clank of John Bull's chains to his own ears (and long enough they are); and a priest of liberty, like any other priest, cuts a very contemptible figure without a congregation.

“So, after some little time, seeing the state of affairs stand thus, I began to look about me with more observation. ‘Perhaps,’ said I to myself, ‘John Bull is like his own flint-stones, with fire enough in him, only you must strike him hard;’ and so I laid myself out for observation, and was on the alert for every grievance.

“I was baffled in making any great advances towards my object, and after some time fruitlessly spent, it struck me that the capital city of a kingdom is not the place to judge of the real state of a country, or measure the feelings of the people. ‘Here,’ said I, ‘in London, where peers have their palaces, and merchants their mansions: where wasteful wealth and lavish luxury deprave the whole community, and blinding the citizen to the real state of things, make him believe, because he is a sharer in the plunder they are wasting, that he is a gainer by their extravagance; — here is not the place to hope for the altar of freedom, and the rights of regenerated man to be respected. The Londoner will endure the abuses of his time because he enjoys from them a temporary benefit, and even upholds the very tyranny of which he himself will be the last to suffer. But to be the last in suffering is considered a wondrous gain in our contemptible natures. How like men are to children in such matters! I remember, at school, how the timid boys hung back from a cup of medicine, or the cold-bath, or punishment, and the wretch who was last

drenched with rhubarb, shoved into the river, or flogged, thought himself a clever fellow, and enjoyed a sort of *per centage* on the suffering that had gone before him. So is it,' thought I, 'with the Londoner: but I will go into the country, and there, in the interior of England, observe the canker that is at her heart; and while I observe the disease, I will inculcate the remedy.'

"With this view I quitted the capital and visited a village. The lord of the soil (one of the magnificent English baronets) I knew was in the capital at the time, and from his neglected and forsaken tenantry I might hope to hear the murmurs of dissatisfaction and the desire of redress. But in this I was disappointed. I wished to see what extent of domain the aristocrat appropriated to his own enjoyment (when he was at home), and walked towards 'the Honor,' as it is called, in expectation of seeing the shutters closed, and grass growing through the avenues. I leaped a fence, and proceeded through a rich field and a piece of beautiful plantation, until I was accosted by a well-dressed peasant, who asked me, somewhat sturdily, what brought me there. I told him I was going to look over the grounds and see the house. He asked me, had I got leave, and how did I get in? On telling him how, he said that crossing the fence was not permitted, and suggested my going back. I said, if the family were at home, I would not have taken the liberty to intrude; but in their absence there could be no offence. 'Sir Richard is quite as particular when he is away,' was the answer. 'Is he so very churlish,' said I, 'as to object to a gentleman crossing his domain when he is away, and when his privacy cannot be invaded?' 'Oh, whether he's here or not, is no odds,' replied the man; 'for strangers running in and out of the park would spoil

it just as much, whether Sir Richard be here or no.' 'Then he keeps up his park at all times?' said I. 'To be sure, sir, he do,' said the man, looking at me as if he did not know whether I was a rogue or a simpleton. 'And may I not be permitted to walk through the park?' 'Why, sir, if you get leave of Mr. Lowndes, or Mr. Banks, or the steward, or the agent, or ——' And on he went, telling me how many people could give me leave, till I interrupted him by saying, 'Why, you have a large establishment here.' 'Oh, yes, sir,' said he; 'it's all the same, like, whether Sir Richard be here or no — except that there's not the company at the house.' 'And who may you be?' I inquired. 'One of the keepers, sir.' 'Well,' said I, 'as I have not time to ask any of the people you have named, perhaps you would be so obliging,' — and all the time I kept a telegraphic fumbling of my right hand in my waistcoat pocket, — 'you would be so obliging as to show me up to the house,' and as I finished my query, I slid a half-crown backwards and forwards between my forefinger and thumb. 'Why, sir,' said the keeper, 'as I sees you're a gen'lman,' — and he looked, not at me, but at the half-crown, — 'I cawn't see no objections;' and a transfer of my money and his civility at once was effected.

"My guide led me through a splendid park towards the house: no grass growing through the walks, as I anticipated, — but beautifully kept, as if the lord of the soil were present. We reached the house: no closed shutters, but half-open windows, and the curtains from within, caught by the breeze, peeping out to visit the roses that were peeping in to meet them — a sort of flirtation between the elegancies of the interior and exterior.

"On entering the house, I found myself in a

square hall, lined throughout with oak. The ceiling was low and divided by richly-carved octagonal framework into compartments; the polished floor was also inlaid after the same pattern, and the wainscot elaborately panelled and covered with curious carving. Old suits of armour, cross-bows, bills, partisans, two-handed swords, and other weapons, were distributed around the apartment; and an enormous blood-hound lay stretched upon the floor, basking in the sun, and seemed a suitable tenant of this domestic armoury. I strolled through room after room, and an air of habitual wealth prevailed throughout.

“There was an old library, with pieces of buhl furniture, and old ebony seats and chairs, with large down cushions, where one might luxuriate in learning. And this delightful old room looked out on an antique-looking garden, whose closely-cut grass-plots were like velvets, and divided by high hedge-rows of yew, cropt as smooth as a wall. Then a large cedar spread his dusky branches so close to the windows as to exclude some portion of the light, and produce that *demi-jour* so suitable to a place of study. There were pictures throughout the house, principally portraits, of which the English are so fond — some of them very good, sufficiently so to be valuable as works of art. Holbein and Vandyke had immortalised some of the former owners of the Honor; and there they hung in goodly succession, holding a place on the walls of the *château* they had successively been masters of. The seal of Time was on all this evidence; — here from sire to son had plenty been transmitted, and wealth and comfort were hereditary. There was, withal, such an air of peace and tranquillity about the old place, that it was quite soothing: you could hear through the open casements the rustling of the flowers in the garden, as the warm breeze

whispered through them and wafted their fragrance into the library. Could one, at such a moment, think hopefully of revolution? — where so much comfort existed, there also would exist the love of repose. I confess I was overcome by the influence of all I had seen, and convinced that Tone is quite right. On quitting the Honor, however, I considered that though the aristocracy might revel in such enjoyments as these, the great mass of the people would be willing to invade a repose that was purchased at the price of their labour and taxation, and a system where the many were sacrificed to the few. 'It is not in Allenby Honor I must look,' thought I, 'but in the village.'

"Here, after days of observation, I confess I think the hope of revolutionising England quite absurd. The comforts of the people are generally such, that men with less caution than the English would not risk the loss of them in the hope of speculative blessings. Their houses are well built, and so beautifully clean! — but not merely clean — a love of *embellishment* is to be seen: trailing plants perhaps festoon their windows round a bit of trellis, a white curtain peeping from within; there is a neat paling round the house, and flowers within this fence; — the cultivation of flowers in the little gardens of the lower orders, bespeaks a country in contentment. Then the better class of dwelling, with its paved walk leading up from the outer gate through evergreens, and its bright brass knocker and bell-pull, and white steps, that seem as if they had been washed the minute before; the windows so clean, with their Venetian blinds inside and fresh paint without: in short, I could not enumerate a twentieth part of these trifling evidences that go to prove the ease and prosperity of these people.

“Their domestic arrangements keep pace with this outward show. They are universally well found in the essential comforts of life; — they have good beds, are well clothed and well fed. I saw an old fellow yesterday evening driving his water-cart to the river, and he was as fat and rosy as an alderman: the cart and the water-barrel upon it were nicely painted, and as the little donkey drew it along, the old fellow trudged beside it, comforting himself with the support of a stick. Fancy a peasant with a walking-stick! — do you think that fellow would turn rebel? — never!

“On a little green beside the village, some boys were playing at cricket: they had their bats and ball — poverty cannot be here when peasants can buy the materials of play for their children. Then the children seemed so careful! — the coats and hats they had taken off during their exercise were piled in a heap at a distance, and when their game was finished, they dressed themselves with such regularity! — and with what good clothes they were provided!

“This is not the country for revolution! — such is my firm conviction. There are some in England who hail with rapture the dawn of liberty, and wish that its splendour may lighten all nations; but that number is comparatively small, and I cannot wonder at it, after all I have seen. Believe me, there are few men in England like Horne Tooke. By the by, I must tell you a capital thing he said the other day. The conversation ran upon definitions, and some one said it would be very hard to define what was treason. ‘Not at all,’ said Horne Tooke: ‘it is nothing but *reason* with a *t* to it.’ — Was n’t it capital?

“To conclude, — Tone is right. I repeat it, no hopes can be entertained of revolutionising England.

“I go to Ireland next week; and from all I can

learn here, matters promise better for us *there*. I carry this letter with me to Dublin, whence I shall transmit it to you by our *Swedish* friend. You shall hear from me again, immediately that I have made my observations.

“H. D. L.”

Now, bating the flourishes about freedom and regenerated mankind, there is much good sense and shrewd observation in this letter. It will be perceived, that however great his revolutionary enthusiasm, it did not carry him away into the folly of believing in impossibilities: he saw, and said, that England could *not* be revolutionised, for her people enjoyed too many comforts to throw them away in a civil war. This temperate tone is noticed to the reader, to show that De Lacy was a trusty agent in the cause he undertook; that, uninfluenced by his preconceived notions, and in the very teeth of his wishes, he saw England was beyond the reach of revolutionary influence, and pointed out the reasons why. Let the reader mark the calm and judicious observation of the man, for in due time *another* letter of his will appear, describing the state of Ireland; and the influence of that letter will be the greater by remembering the foregoing one, and bearing in mind that the same man, exercising the same observation, and with the same desire to ascertain the *real* probability of success in a revolutionary movement, is the writer. The wishes and hopes of the republican were utterly overthrown by the security and prosperity of England, but he found in the misery and misrule of Ireland the ready materials for a country's convulsion.

CHAPTER VII

A MAN OF LAW AND PHYSIC

“He was a man to all the country *dear!*”

DE LACY'S fever continued to rage, and his raving to proceed in their usual course. Two things were in his favour, his fury at the red cloth obliged the Widow O'More to give up *that* hope of recovering her patient; and all her ingenuity could not induce him to take whisky, even in the most diluted form. Sometimes, when the poor sufferer had been calling for drink for some time, the cunning prescriber would enter with a vessel of liquid containing a portion of the favourite medicine, and hoping that the anxiety for any alleviation of thirst would make him swallow it without examination, she would say — “Now, dear, here 't is for you. Dhrink it up at once, — dhrink it up *big!*”

Poor De Lacy would seize the vessel with avidity, and make a rush with open mouth upon it; but the moment the presence of whisky was apparent, he would refuse it. In mere charity, at last, though without any hope of doing him good, the widow made him some plain two-milk whey, and this he swallowed with that fierce desire for drink that the thirst of fever or the Desert only knows.

Rory procured the drugs his mother ordered at the village, and brought them back to her with all the speed that might be. What they were it is needless

to know, and perhaps the Faculty might or might not be benefited by the knowledge; but as vaccination has triumphed over the terrible plague that then scourged mankind, it is unnecessary to seek what were the nostrums the widow employed in her medical capacity.

“Who do you think did I meet at M’Garry’s to-day, whin I wint there for the physic?” said Rory on his return.

“Arrah, who thin?” said his mother.

“Sweeny!”

“Is it Sweeny?”

“Divil a less!”

“I wondher he is n’t ashamed to go the place, the dirty scut! His father was a ’pottekerry, and he must turn attorney; and instead of follyin’ his dacent father’s business before him, and attindin’ to the ’pottekerryin’, it’s the ’turneyin’ he must be after—bad luck to him!—and instead of doin’ people good, and curin’ them of any thing might come over thim, he’s doin’ thim all the harm he can, and laving them without any thing over them,—not as much as a blanket, much less a house. His father used to cure ’ructions,¹ but he’s risin’ them: and, as I said before, I wondher he’s not ashamed to go into the owld shop, for it ought to remind him that he might be a dacent ’pottekerry, instead of a *skrewging* ’turney, as he is: and more betoken, the dirty little ’turney to set up to be a gintleman, and for that same to change his blessed and holy religion, and turn prod’stant! Oh, the little vagabone!”

Now it will be seen the widow wound up her philippic against Sweeny by placing the heaviest offence the last; — “He turned prod’stant;” — this was the great crime in the widow’s eyes, and indeed

¹ Ruction signifies a breaking out, a disturbance.

in those of most of the people of her class. Sweeny might have robbed all Ireland, and suffered less in their opinion than by the fact of his going to church. Poor Ireland!—the great question of a man's vice or virtue, fitness or unfitness, talent or stupidity, wisdom or folly, treason or loyalty, was answered in those days by the fact of whether he went to a protestant church or a catholic chapel. The two sects disliked each other equally; but the protestant born and bred was not half so much loathed as the apostate who renounced the faith of his fathers for “the flesh-pots of Egypt;” and the Roman catholics were the more jealous of this defection, because they never had any converts from the protestants in return, and for the best reason in the world,—*there was nothing to be made by it.*

Now it was by a process of consecutive reasoning that Sweeny had renounced physick and popery, and assumed the attorney and ascendancy. He gave up the healing art because he saw his father could make nothing of it. How could he? When a population is so poor as not to be able to afford the necessaries of life, they cannot be expected to command the remedies against death: if they cannot buy bread, they will hardly buy physick. So Sweeny the younger turned his attention towards the law, which is an amusement that those who *have* something to lose deal in, and therefore belongs more to the richer classes,—or, as *they* call themselves, the *better* classes.

Now as these better (*alias* richer) classes in Ireland were on the side of the protestants, Sweeny thought that conforming to the church as by law established would be a move in his favour, and accordingly he (to use the words of a paragraph in one of the government papers of the day) “renounced the

errors of the church of Rome, and embraced those of the church of England."

He had lived long enough with his father to pick up a few words of apothecary Latin, and these he mixed with a vile jargon of his own, which he imposed on people for medical knowledge; and although as ignorant as a horse in every way, he had the impudence to enact the amateur doctor, and gave advice gratis in physic to his clients in law. This dabbling in doctoring permitted him to indulge in a ruling propensity of his nature, which was, curiosity: while he played the doctor, he could play the inquisitor; and by his joint possession of cunning and impudence, it is surprising how he used to ferret out intelligence. He seldom ventured on giving prescriptions of his own, and to avoid this, he always recommended some patent medicine, a supply of which he kept by him to furnish to his friends, and he charged them a handsome profit on the same. He would say,—

"My dear ma'am, don't be going to that dreadful M'Garry! You'll ruin your health—your precious health! you can't depend upon his drugs at all: he has n't them pure—how could he, poor creature! I would give you a recipe if his drugs could be depended upon; but they positively cannot. Suppose now, my dear ma'am,—suppose your little nerves got out of order, and I wished to give you something of an *alluviating* nature, I might wish to exhibit a small dose of *hippopotamus*, and most likely he, not having the article in his *cornucopia*, might give you *vox populi*. Now only fancy your swallowing *vox populi* instead of *hippopotamus*! There's no knowing what the consequence might be; perhaps utter prostitution—prostitution of strength I mean:—only fancy! I tell you, M'Garry is dangerous; besides, M'Garry keeps the Post-office,—and how can a

man mind the post and his profession? — or, as the Squire most fassyetiously said the other day, ‘How can he be at his two posts at once?’ Ha, ha! Very good — was n’t it? Capital, *I* think. But, to be serious, M’Garry’s dangerous; he’d better throw his physic to the dogs, as the Bard of Devon says, for ’t is fit for no one else. You had better let me send you a little box of pills, and a bottle of that thing I sent you before; they are *patent* medicines, and must be good. You liked the last — did n’t you? Tastes rather *strong*, you say; so much the better — make you strong: very nice though. It is an *expensive* medicine, *rather*; but what o’ that in comparison to your precious health? Better than being poisoned with *vox populi*.”

Thus would this impudent and ignorant vagabond talk his vile rubbish to the fools who would let him send them his patent medicines, and charge them in his bill.

When Sweeny saw Rory O'More getting drugs at M’Garry’s, he asked him who was ill. Rory, not liking him, and aware of his prying nature, wished for reasons of his own that he should not know for whom they were intended, as he thought it possible the animal might pay a visit to the cottage on the plea of giving advice, and see the stranger, and what would be worse, *hear* him raving too; and Rory’s surmises as to the profession of his guest made him anxious that this should not be. He accordingly evaded all the questions of the medical attorney as well as he could, and left him without giving him any information on the subject. But this was quite enough to excite Sweeny’s suspicion, and set his curiosity craving; and so he rode out the next day to pay Rory’s home a visit, and ferret out the mystery. On arriving at the house, he hung his horse’s bridle-

reins over a hook near the door, and bolted into the cottage at once. Rory, his mother, and sister, were all there; therefore, it was a plain case that none of the family were ill.

“Good morrow, widow,” said Sweeny in his politest manner, — “glad to see you well, ma’am, — and you, Mary O'More — well and hearty; — all well, I see, — glad of it. I was afraid some one was sick — saw Rory getting drugs yesterday — just dropt in as I was coming by, to see could I offer any advice: who's sick?”

“Thank you, Mr. Sweeny, I'm obleeged,” said the widow coldly; “I just wanted a thrifle o' physic, and so Rory wint for it:” and she bustled about, evidently having no inclination to enter into conversation with him, and letting him see that such *was* her intention: but Sweeny was not to be put off so.

“Can I do any thing in the way of advice, Mrs. O'More?”

“Yis, indeed, Mr. Sweeny, you can; and I think I'll be going over to you, to ask about a little bit o' law soon, for I'm having an alteration made in my lase.”

“Yes, yes, — certainly — law business — certainly — always ready, Mrs. O'More: but I mean in the medical way, — you know I'm skilful in that way, Mrs. O'More, — and as there's some one sick here, if I can be of any use, I'll be most happy — most happy, Mrs. O'More.”

The widow saw there was no evading the attorney, and so she said a traveller had been going the road, and was taken ill, and they took him in and put him to bed; but “it would n't signify, plase God! and he'd be well enough in a day or two.”

“If I can be of any use, I'll see him with pleasure.”

“Thank you, sir, but I gave him something my-

self that I know will do him good — obleeged to you all the same.”

“Is he poor?” said Sweeny.

“I never asked him that,” said the widow reproachfully.

“Of course — of course; — but then I mean, you might guess.”

“Guess!” said Rory, who had been eyeing Sweeny all this time with a sidelong glance of contempt, — “Guess! — why, thin tare an ouns! do you think the man’s a riddle or a *conundberum*, that we’d be guessin’ at him?”

All the time this conversation was going on, Sweeny kept rolling his little grey eyes about him; and at last he spied De Lacy’s portmanteau, and approaching it directly, and laying hold of it, he said, “This is the traveller’s portmanteau, I suppose?”

“Well, and what if it is?” said Rory.

“Oh, nothing — nothing,” said Sweeny, who had turned it over and over to look for a name or initials; but there were none: “no harm in my asking, I hope?”

“Nor no good, either,” said Rory.

“Only, by this portmanteau, the traveller is a gentleman, I perceive.”

“Well, he’s not the worse of that,” said Rory.

“Any thing I can do for the gentleman, I’ll be most happy,” said Sweeny, who always laid a *gentleman* under obligation if he could.

“Thank you, sir, but he’s very comfortable here, I can tell you, and sha’n’t want for any thing,” said the widow.

“I’ve no doubt of that, Mrs. O’More; but if I could see him, perhaps I might be able to give some little advice. Is he in that room?” said Sweeny, pointing as he spoke.

"He's asleep, and must n't be disturbed," said Rory.

Just at that moment De Lacy's raving took a noisy turn, and he became audible to Sweeny.

"There," said Sweeny, "he's awake, — now you can let me go in;" and he was advancing to the door, when Rory stepped between, and said the patient should n't be disturbed, at the same time he turned towards his mother, and made a grimace, as much as to say, "Sweeny must not be admitted." The widow grinned, and blinked her eyes, as much as to say, "He shall not." — "You see, Mr. Sweeny," said she, "the poor gintleman's ravin', and does n't like sstrangers."

"Raving! — ho, ho! — fever — dangerous, Mrs. O'More, — take care, take care."

"I've taken every care, sir."

"But fever, Mrs. O'More; — have you given him *feverescing* drinks?"

"He has all he wants."

"You should write to his friends, and tell them; — may die, you know; — I'll write to them, if you like."

"And charge six-and-eightpence for it," said Rory aside.

"Do you know his name?"

"No," said Rory very short; "*we* did n't ax him any impid'nt questions."

"Rory, my man, don't be unreasonable, — don't be in a passion; — maybe a person of consequence — his friends in a state of suspense. He's raving: now all you have to do is to open his valise and examine his papers, and find out who he is. I'll do it for you, if you like."

Rory's rage now burst its bounds. The prying impertinence of Sweeny he bore so long as it merely

amounted to his personal annoyance; but when he made the last proposition, Rory opened upon him furiously.

"Why, thin, do you take me for such a mane-sperited dog, that while a sick man was on his back, I'd turn spy and thief, and brake open his portmantle and hunt for his saycrets?"

"My dear Rory ——!"

"Don't dear me! — *Dear*, indeed, — 'faith! it's *chape* you howld me, if you think I'd do sitch a dirty turn, — to bethray the man undher my roof; — you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"But it's a common practice!"

"A common 'turney's practice maybe, — or a common thief's practice."

"Hillo, Rory!"

"Oh, to the divil I pitch you and your hillo! — I say, a common thief's practice, again, — to break locks or cut open bags, and pimp and spy; — faugh on the man would do the like! Throth, if I thought there was one ddrop o' blood in my body would consent to it, I'd open my veins till it was out. Oh, murther, murther, — to hear of sitch a scheming turn! If I done such a rogue's thrick, I'd howld myself disgraced to the end of my days, and think myself only fit company for Judas."

Sweeny was dumb-founded before the torrent of Rory's honest indignation, and was about to make some shuffling reply, when Mary O'More entered the cottage, she having left it a moment before, and said, "Run, run, Mr. Sweeny! there's your horse has got his head out of the bridle, and is run into the field."

Now it was Mary herself who had loosened the bridle from the beast, and let him escape, for the purpose of getting rid of their troublesome visitor.

Sweeny cut short his discourse, and darted from the house, pursuing his horse into the field, where he arrived in time to see him rolling over in great glee, much to the benefit of a new saddle.

Sweeny shouted, "murder!" and it was some time before the horse could be caught, even with the assistance of Rory. When he was secured, the saddle was discovered to have been split by the horse's tumbles; and when Sweeny got into his seat and turned homewards, he saw Mary O'More showing her white teeth in a most undisguised laugh at the result of her trick, which Rory rejoiced in equally.

After De Lacy had suffered under dangerous fever for some time, the eruption made its appearance, and he was soon out of danger. He had no other aid in his illness than that of the widow's simple remedies, which, backed by a good constitution, carried him through, and now quiet and patience were all that he required.

As soon as he recovered his senses, it was some time before he could perfectly understand how he came to be in Rory O'More's cottage; but a few words from his kind host gradually gave the key to memory, and he was enabled to recall the circumstances that preceded his illness. After this he was for some time silent, and then he asked what was the day of the month. On being told, he knit his brow, and seemed to undergo some feelings of disappointment, to which an expression of great anxiety succeeded.

"O'More," said he at last, "shut the door. Come close to me; I want to ask you a question, and I charge you, as you hope for salvation, to answer me truly. I know I have been out of my senses, and I suppose I talked a great deal while I

was so. Now tell me honestly, did any thing remarkable strike you in my raving?"

"Yes, there did, sir," said Rory, smiling at De Lacy, and looking straight into his eyes with that honest look that honesty alone can give.

There was a soothing influence to De Lacy in the expression of that smile and look, and a peculiar intelligence in them, that showed him Rory knew the drift of his question, by having fathomed the circumstances of his situation.

"I'm sure you guess what I am," said De Lacy.

"Shouldher arms, — whoo!" said Rory, laughing.

De Lacy smiled faintly at Rory's mode of illustrating his knowledge.

"You are right," said De Lacy, "and you know I'm not a soldier of King George."

Rory sang in a low tone, —

"Viva la, the *French* is coming —
Viva la, our friends is throe;
Viva la, the *French* is coming —
What will the poor yeomen do?"

De Lacy nodded assent, and smiled, and, after a short pause, said, "You're a sharp fellow, O'More."

"I've been blunt enough with you, sir."

"Honest as the sun," said De Lacy. "Now tell me, do the women know any thing about this?"

"Not a taste; they suspect you no more nor the child unborn: only, Mary says ——"

"What?" said De Lacy, rather alarmed.

"That you're in love, sir, — beggin' your pardon."

"Oh! that's all. Well, she's right too. Why, you're a sharp family altogether."

"Divil a much sharpness in that," says Rory: "sure whin there's the laste taste o' love goin', the wind o' the word is enough for a woman. Oh! let

them alone for findin' out the soft side of a man's heart! — the greatest fool o' them all is wise enough in such matthers."

"O'More," said De Lacy, after another pause, "you 're a United Irishman."

Rory smiled. "Now it's your turn to be sharp," said he.

"You *are* a United man, then?" said De Lacy.

"To the core of my heart," replied Rory with energy.

"Then my mind's at ease," said De Lacy; and he held out his hand to O'More, who gave his in return, and De Lacy shook it warmly.

"God be praised, sir!" said Rory: "but how does that set your mind at aise?"

"Because you can fulfil a mission for me, Rory, that otherwise must have failed; — that is, if you'll undertake it."

"Undhertake it! — I'd go to the four corners of the earth in a good cause."

"You're a brave fellow!" said De Lacy.

"But will you tell me, sir," said Rory, "is the French comin' in *airnest* to help us?"

"No doubt of it, Rory, — and *you* shall be the joyful messenger of their coming, by doing the errand I wish for."

"Oh! but that'll be the proud day for me, your honour!"

"Well, then, there's no time to lose. I asked you the day of the month a few minutes ago, and my heart sank within me when you told me the date; to-morrow I am bound by promise to be in the town of —, where an agent from France is waiting, who bears intelligence to Ireland. It is impossible for me to go; — now will you undertake the duty, Rory?"

“With all the veins o’ my heart!” said Rory, “and be proud into the bargain.”

“Go, then,” said De Lacy, “to the town of —, and there on the quay there’s a public-house.”

“Faith, there is, — and more,” said Rory.

“The public-house I mean bears a very odd sign.”

“I’ll be bound I know it,” said Rory, whose national impatience would not wait for De Lacy’s directions; “I’ll engage it’s the Cow and the Wheelbarrow.”

“No,” said De Lacy, who could not help smiling at the oddness of the combination in Rory’s anticipated sign, “it is not; but one quite as queer: the Cat and Bagpipes.”

“Oh, that’s a common sign,” said Rory.

“There are a great many very queer things common in Ireland,” said De Lacy, who even in his present weakened state could not resist his habitual love of remark. “You are well acquainted, I see, with the town,” he continued.

“Indeed, and I’m not,” said Rory; “I never was there but wanst, and that happened to be on the quay, by the same token, where I remarked the Cow and the Wheelbarrow, for it’s a sign I never seen afore, and is mighty noticeable.”

“But that is *not* the sign of the house you are to go to, remember.”

“Oh, by no manes, sir; the Cat and Bagpipes is my mark.”

“Yes! and there about the hour of six in the evening you will see a party of three men.”

“But if there’s two parties of three?” said Rory.

“You can distinguish our friends by contriving, in the most natural way you can, — I mean, so as not to excite observation from any one but those who will understand and answer your signal, — to say, *One*,

two, three, in their hearing; and if those whom I expect you to meet should be there, you will be spoken to by them, and then you must introduce into whatever you say to them these words, *They were very fine ducks*. They will then leave the public-house, and you may trust yourself to follow wherever they lead."

"Now, how am I to make sure that they are right?" said Rory.

"You have my word for their being trusty," said De Lacy.

"Oh, sir, sure it's not your word I'd be doubting; but I mane, how am I to make sure that it *is* the right men *I* spake to?"

"Their noticing your remark will be sufficient; but, as a further assurance, they can return you the United man's signal and grip. Give me your hand," said De Lacy, and he clasped the extended palm of Rory.

"That's the grip," said Rory, "sure enough. Why, thin, how did you come by that, sir?" said Rory; "tare alive! are the French United Irishmen?"

"Not exactly," said De Lacy, smiling; "but the chosen know your signs. Now I've told you all that's requisite for your mission: when you give these signs, they whom you'll meet will tell you what is requisite for me to know, and you can bring me back the intelligence."

"I've no time to lose," said Rory; "I must be off to-morrow by the dawn."

"Will your mother or sister suspect any thing from your absence?"

"Why, sir, the thruth is, neither mother nor sister ever questioned me about my incomin's or outgoin's; though they have, av course, observed I was not always reg'lar, and women is sharp enough in sitch matters; but they suspect something is going on in

the country; how could they help it? but they know it is in a good cause, and that *they* have no business to meddle with it, and so the fewer questions they ask, they think it is the better. They know men must do what becomes men; and though the mother and sister loves me as well as ever a son or a brother was loved in this wide world, they would rather see me do what a man ought to do, and die, than skulk and live under disgrace."

De Lacy was touched by this simple expression of the chivalrous feeling which existed throughout this humble family, and, after Rory assuring him he would do his mission, and telling him to "*keep never minding*" to the mother, he took his instructions once more, and recommended De Lacy to go to sleep.

It was evening; so Rory bade his guest good-night. "You won't see me again till after I come back; make yourself aisy, sir. The thing will be done, depend upon that: above all, say nothing to the mother; she'll ask *me* no questions, and I'll tell her no lies." With this wise saying, Rory left De Lacy, who soon slept, from the fatigue which the excitement he had just gone through produced.

CHAPTER VIII

“BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES”

IT was in the grey of a fine autumnal morning, about a fortnight previously to the scene and time just recorded, that a swift lugger was seen dashing the spray from her beautiful bows as she sailed through a fleet of stately men-of-war that lay in the Texel. The lugger made for the shore, and when close in, dropped her anchor; and her small boat being lowered from her stern, three men entered it, and it was pulled swiftly to the beach. To one who knew not that a craft like the lugger required a numerous crew, it might have been supposed, when those three men left her side, that every living thing had departed from her; for the stillness which prevailed within her was profound. There she lay on the placid water, quiet as the element she floated on, without a sign or a sound to indicate that she was the den of many a daring ruffian.

About noon, the boat reapproached the lugger, with two additional persons, and after hailing her, and remaining a few minutes under her quarter, again pushed off, and made for the centre of the fleet, where the flag of Admiral De Winter floated from the mast of the *Vryheid*, — a splendid seventy-four.

Three persons from the boat went up the side of the admiral's ship, two of whom were admitted to the admiral's cabin; the third, the commander of the lugger, waited on the deck until those he brought from

the shore should command his presence below. And these two were persons whose names are well known in the eventful history of the period, and on their heads was the price of blood, — Theobald Wolfe Tone, and Lewines : the former, an exile for some time from his country ; and the other, more recently an envoy from the executive of the disaffected party in Ireland. Tone had obtained rank in the French army, and was at this moment on the *état major* of the armament destined for the invasion of the kingdom of Great Britain ; though at what point that invasion might take place was not as yet decided ; — it being matter of dispute whether the expedition should land on the English coast, or in Ireland ; whether it should strike at the vitals of Great Britain, or assail her from the extremities.

General Hoche, who was only second in fame to Bonaparte, was anxious to do something brilliant, while the fame of his rival's Italian campaigns made Europe ring with wonder ; and as the prevalence of contrary winds had prevented the expedition sailing for some weeks for Ireland, he made the daring proposal of landing in Lincolnshire, and marching direct on London. A year before, his expedition, which sailed from Brest for Ireland, was utterly defeated by contrary winds ; and as the same element seemed, as usual, to interpose a providential barrier between England and her foes, he, with that impatient thought so characteristic of genius, suggested the idea that as the wind did not blow in favour of the course they wanted to steer, they should make it subservient to another purpose, descend on the most open quarter, and trust to the fortune of war ; for he burned that some great achievement of his should prevent his name being overshadowed by the freshly-springing laurels of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Against this preposterous notion of carrying England by a *coup de main*, Tone had always argued strenuously; but he found such a singular ignorance of the state of England, as well as Ireland, to exist amongst the French, that it was with great difficulty he could make General Hoche listen to a word against his newly-conceived expedition. It was, therefore, with great pleasure he had the letter of De Lacy, bearing so strongly on this point, put into his hands that morning by the commander of the lugger, and he lost no time in laying it before the authorities in command of the expedition, to dissuade them from a course that he knew could be no other than ruinous.

When he and Lewines entered the cabin of the admiral, General Hoche and Daendells were looking over a map of England; and Admiral De Winter, with his second in command, Admiral Storey, were examining charts of the British Channel and the North Sea.

"You see I've not given it up yet," said Hoche vivaciously to Tone.

"I perceive you have not, general," said the latter; "but I think *this* will decide you:" and he presented to him the letter of De Lacy.

Hoche pounced upon it, and began to devour its contents. He passed rapidly on, till, stopping suddenly, he asked, "Who is this from?"

Tone informed him it was from an agent of General Clarke, who had been commissioned to inquire into the truth of all the statements Tone had made to the Directory.

"I remember," said Hoche; and he resumed his reading.

A conversation ensued in the mean time between the admirals and the Irish emissaries, until it was interrupted by Hoche exclaiming impatiently, "*Que*

diable! What have carved ceilings and handsome apartments to do with the matter? His oak ceiling is only good for burning! What nonsense!" And he threw down the letter contemptuously.

"Pray, go on, general," said Tone. "There is a good deal of detail, certainly, in the communication; but if the writer has been careful and elaborate in his observations, it is only fair to read them all to arrive at a just estimate of his judgment."

Hoche continued the reading of the letter, and as he proceeded, his face became more thoughtful, he read with deeper attention; and when he had finished the perusal, he laid down the letter in silence, as if he had not the heart to say, "I must give up my expedition," although he felt it was hopeless.

"You see, general," said Tone, "the expedition to Ireland is the only thing."

"Whenever it can sail there," said Hoche.

"That may be a month," said Daendells.

"Or to-morrow," said Tone.

"This south-westerly wind is blowing as if it had set in for it," said the admiral, shaking his head, as if he doubted Tone's hopeful anticipation.

"The troops have been now embarked nearly a month," said General Daendells, "and though amply provisioned for the *probable* necessities of the expedition, it is impossible their stores can last much longer; and whenever they become exhausted, I doubt how far our government would deem it prudent to advance further supplies."

"General Daendells," said Hoche, "it has appeared to me, lately, that the Batavian republic seems to have a jealousy that her army should be led by a general of France in an affair that promises so much glory, and I should not wonder that much further delay in the sailing of the expedition might prevent

this noble undertaking altogether. Now, I would not for the glory of Cæsar that my personal fame should interfere with the great cause of universal freedom; and if you think that your legislative assembly would be more willing to pursue this enterprise if it were under the command of one of its own generals, I will withdraw my pretensions to the command, and give all the chance of the glory to you."

"You are a noble fellow," said Daendells, extending his hand to Hoche; "there may be some truth in what you say, and I shall never forget this act of generosity on your part, for none can deny that you, from your efforts made, and disappointments endured, in this cause, deserve to reap all the laurels that may be mine in the result. This is the greatest of your conquests,—you have triumphed over your ambition!"

Tone was affected almost to tears — he could scarcely speak; but, struggling with his emotion, he said, "General, my country will never forget this noble conduct on your part. We knew how brave you are, but we did not know how generous!"

"Who brought this letter?" said Hoche, wishing to turn the conversation.

"De Welskein, the smuggler," said Tone; "and he wishes to know whether he may promise speedy aid to the sufferers in Ireland, for they are beginning to be impatient of it."

"The moment the wind permits, they shall have succour," said Daendells. "Is it not so, admiral?" said he to De Winter.

"Certainly," answered the admiral. "Is the smuggler on board?" added he, addressing Tone.

"Yes, admiral."

"Then I wish to speak to him;" and the smuggler was ordered into the admiral's presence.

De Welskein was a Frenchman, though bearing a Dutch name: he was one of the many desperate characters that the French revolution produced. A fellow of loose habits and desperate fortunes, he took to smuggling, as the readiest mode of indulging the one and repairing the other: he had also a love of *finesse*, and a spirit of intrigue, that this sort of life enabled him to indulge in; and he was the most active of the agents in carrying on intelligence between France and Ireland at that period; — not that he cared for the Irish, not that he had a moral sensibility within him to desire the liberation of the veriest slave, — but that it gave him an opportunity to smuggle and intrigue. Many a turbulent spirit in Ireland who longed for an outbreak of rebellion, and who looked to France for aid, courted Monsieur De Welskein as emissary from the land of promise, and he made them, through this hold upon them, more ready instruments in his smuggling speculations.

Deficient though De Welskein was in any moral appreciation of the beauty of freedom, he babbled in the jargon of his time about it, and shouted "*Vive la liberté!*" because his *liberté* meant the absence of all restraint, human or divine; and he had a sort of confused notion that a revolution was glorious, and that it was the business of the *grande nation* to revolutionise the world in general, but Ireland in particular, because it gave him a good opportunity for smuggling brandy and tobacco.

There was a species of melodramatic fancy about the fellow too — a propensity for romance and adventure, that his connection with Ireland gratified. Besides, it indulged his vanity, as, in his present situation, Monsieur Eugene St. Foix De Welskein was no small personage in his own opinion: he rhodomontaded about the *fate of empires* and the

destinies of nations, as if he were a sucking Jupiter, or one of the French Directory.

His names too were a source of rejoicing to him : Eugene St. Foix. The former he inherited from his father ; the latter was the maiden name of his mother, who was a washerwoman. De Welskein he did not much like ; so that his companions, when they wished to vex him, called him by his surname, while in moments of friendship they addressed him as Eugene ; but when they courted him, the heroic title of St. Foix was the one they preferred. To be sure, they sometimes called him, behind his back *Sans Foi* ; but in his presence he was fond of having his courage celebrated under the name of *Sans Peur* : so that *St. Foix sans peur* was a flattering address sometimes made to him : — but though St. Foix was certainly *sans peur*, he was not *sans reproche*.

When De Welskein entered the cabin, Admiral De Winter asked him, had he seen the English fleet ?

He answered, that he had passed them in the night.

“Then you could not count the number of their ships ?” said the admiral.

“I was sufficiently near in the morning to see them,” said the smuggler, “and I think they are eighteen sail.”

“Eighteen ! — are you sure ?”

“I think, eighteen ; I ’m almost sure.”

“Frigates, or line-of-battle ?”

“Most line-of-battle.”

“I see he has observed them,” said the admiral, “for I could perceive, even from the harbour, with a glass, that they were all line-of-battle : — but I could only make out fifteen ; they must have been reinforced. Some of their ships were in mutiny at the Nore ; perhaps the mutiny has been suppressed, and that accounts for the increase of numbers.”

"That's unlucky," said Tone.

"How unlucky, sir?" said Storey.

"As long as our fleet had a superiority, there was a chance we could force our passage; but ——"

"Sir," said Storey, "you mistake very much if you think we would shrink from contending with an equal, or even superior number of the enemy. I wish for nothing better than to be broadside to broadside with them."

This was the bravado of the man who, in about a month after, deserted De Winter in his engagement with that identical fleet, and literally *ran away* with his division of the Dutch force from the enemy he vaunted himself so eager to engage. — So much for braggarts!

"Pardon me, admiral," said Tone; "I hope neither you nor Admiral De Winter" — and he bowed deferentially to that gallant officer, as if it were to him rather than to Storey he apologised — "I hope you do not suppose me so unworthy as to undervalue the bravery of the Dutch navy, at the same time that I consider it a matter of importance we should reach Ireland without an engagement, as by that means our force will be undiminished; and I wish that the army landed should be as large as possible, for the affair will be the sooner decided, and thus an effusion of blood will be spared, — and I wish from my heart that in my poor country as little blood as possible may be shed."

"Bah!" said Hoche; "*you can't make omelettes without breaking of eggs.*"

"Adjutant-general," said De Winter to Tone, "I do not misapprehend you: there is no denying that the English are a brave enemy, and Admiral Duncan is a gallant and able officer. I shall not *seek* an encounter with him until I land your expedition, — but I shall certainly not *shun* it."

Thus spoke the man of true courage, who fought his ships gallantly in the subsequent action, even after the defection of the braggart who deserted him.

Tone tapped General Hoche on the shoulder, and led him apart for a few words in private, the door being open that led to the stern gallery, they walked forth, and Tone began an energetic address, requesting the general to dissuade the admiral as much as possible from an engagement with the English fleet. "Let the troops be landed in Ireland," said he: "on the land you are invincible, as the English are on the seas. Fate seems to have given to them the dominion of the ocean. Mark me — my words are prophetic — so sure as this fleet shall engage the English, so surely shall it be beaten!"

"De Winter is an able officer," said Hoche.

"He is," said Tone, "and a brave man, I am certain, from his moderate manner; while I doubt very much the courage of that flourishing gentleman. But have we not the example of repeated engagements to show us that Great Britain is an overmatch for every nation on the seas? and it makes my blood boil to think that while her fleets are freely manned by Irishmen, the land that gives them birth groans beneath her oppression. Ireland helps to gather laurels for Britain's brows, but not a leaf of the chaplet is given to her; she shares in winning the victories that enrich and aggrandise the Queen of the Ocean, but is allowed no portion of the fame or the prosperity."

"Be not thus agitated," said Hoche soothingly, touched by the fierce enthusiasm with which Tone uttered the latter part of his address: "when once this armament lands in Ireland, there is an end of Great Britain's domination."

"Ay, *when* it lands," said Tone, with a voice in which impatience and hopelessness were strangely

blended. "Oh!" said he, stretching out his hands to the expanse of sea and sky before him — "Oh! ye elements — ye mysterious agents of Heaven! why do ye interpose your potent shield of air and foam between England and her foes? You blasted the Armada of Spain; I saw you scatter the ships of France at Bantry; and now this gallant fleet, with fifteen thousand chosen men, who burn for the liberation of my country, is chained here by an adverse wind for a whole month! Ireland, my country, I fear you are doomed!"

His hands dropped to his side, his head sank on his chest, and he stood with his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Rally, man — rally!" said Hoche, slapping him on the shoulder: "why, adjutant-general, I have never seen you thus before!"

"Whenever I think of the fate of that unhappy country, it breaks my heart! But I've done: — only, for God's sake, General Hoche, dissuade them from a sea-fight; we are ruined if they attempt it."

Hoche and Tone now re-entered the cabin. They found De Winter and Daendells giving instructions to the smuggler. De Winter desired him to put himself in the way of the English fleet, and give them some false information. It was planned that De Welskein should pass the English squadron in the night, and towards morning sail back again, as if he came up Channel, and tell the English admiral that he saw a French fleet at the Channel's mouth; this might give him an idea that the Brest fleet had got out to sea, which would serve to divide his attention, and possibly draw him farther off the coast, and leave a passage from the Texel more open, in case the wind should change so as to favour such a movement.

General Daendells told him to assure the Irish of speedy succour, for that fifteen thousand men were

embarked for that service, and only waited a fair wind to sail. A few lines to De Lacy, from Hoche, was all the writing the smuggler bore, and he left the ship on his mission.

Such were the plans that were proposed; such were the promises made. What was the result?

The wind continued foul a fortnight longer; in all, six weeks. The provisions for so large a number of troops, as well as seamen, became exhausted; the troops were relanded; the expedition to Ireland was given up,—and England again was spared the danger of a formidable invasion into a disaffected portion of her kingdom.

The night the troops were disembarked, Tone went to his tent with a heavy heart: the next morning he saw the pennants of the fleet turned towards England.

The breeze which the day before would have made his blood dance, had he felt it on the deck of the *Vryheid*, now only made his heart sick; he stood on the beach like one possessed. After remaining motionless for some minutes, he stamped fiercely, clenched his teeth, struck his forehead with his hand, and walked rapidly away; but ere he descended a slight declivity that shut out the bay, he turned round and cast a look of despair towards his country.

Thus ended the second expedition undertaken for the invasion of Ireland: and the gallant Hoche, within a month after, was no more—cut off in his prime of manhood and career of glory by the hand of the assassin!¹

And what was the fate of the fleet?

Admiral De Winter, the October following, sailed from the *Texel*, met the English squadron under

¹ Hoche's life was attempted more than once. His death was attributed to slow poison.

Admiral Duncan, and fought like a hero;— but Storey deserted him. De Winter, nevertheless, maintained a fierce engagement against superior numbers: but the prophecy of Tone was fulfilled; after a well-contested fight, the Dutch struck their colours, and the flag of England again floated triumphantly over the seas.

CHAPTER IX

THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW

“ I saw a young damsel, — ’t was Noreen ; —
Her ringlets did carelessly flow.
Oh ! how I adore you, *ma vourneen*,
Ma colleen dhas crutheen na mbho.”

RORY O'MORE left his cottage at an early hour the morning after his conversation with De Lacy. For a few miles he followed the by-road that led from his house, and then struck into a path through some fields, for the purpose of making the high-road which was the direct way to the place of his destination.

As he was walking briskly on, looking neither to the right nor the left, but quite absorbed in the contemplation of the business he had undertaken, his attention was suddenly arrested by hearing one of those quaint and sportive melodies of his country, sung by a sweet voice. Rory paused ; — he recognised the tones that had so often made his heart thrill with pleasure, — and running up the gentle hill before him, he beheld, as he topped the summit on the other side of the hillock, seated under the shade of a hawthorn hedge, a beautiful peasant girl, whose song proceeded merrily, while she was milking her cows.

Kathleen Regan was sitting with her back towards the point whence Rory approached ; so that he was enabled, unperceived by her, to gaze with pleasure on her sweet figure, and listen to her sportive song.

Rory O'More

There 's a lad that I know ; and I know that he
 Speaks softly to me.
The cushla-ma-chree !
 He 's the pride of my heart, and he loves me well ;
 But who the lad is, I 'm not going to tell.

He 's as straight as a rush, and as bright as the stream
 That around it doth gleam, —
 Oh ! of him how I dream !
 I 'm as high as his shoulder — the way that I know
 Is, he caught me one day, just my measure to show.

He whisper'd a question one day in my ear :
 When he breathed it, oh dear !
 How I trembled with fear !
 What the question he ask'd was, I need not confess :
 But the answer I gave to the question was, " Yes."

His eyes they are bright, and they looked so kind
 When I was inclined
 To speak my mind !
 And his breath is *so* sweet — oh, the rose's is less !
 And how I found it out, — why I leave you to guess.

The scene was one to excite the imagination and charm the senses of one less keen to such pleasures than Rory. He could catch the soft scent of the morning breath of the cows, vying in fragrance with the woodbine that was peeping through the hedge ; at the same time that he could hear the sweet voice of the girl he loved, and see her bright ringlets curl down her graceful neck and beautifully-rounded shoulders.

He watched her for some moments in silent admiration, and then stealing softly behind her and suddenly uttering " Wow ! " the girl started, and in her moment of surprise Rory caught her in his arms and snatched a kiss. A hearty box on his ear followed the salute, with the exclamation of, —

" You divil ! how dar you ! "

"I lave you to guess," said Rory, laughing.

"You 're mighty impident, so you are, Rory."

"Arrah! how could I help it, Kathleen darlin'?" said Rory with a look of admiration that would have softened the anger of even a more cruel beauty than Kathleen; — a look that appealed more strongly to the self-love of the woman than the liberty taken had startled her modesty.

"You 're very impident, so you are," said Kathleen, settling her hair, that had been tossed into a most becoming confusion over her face in the struggle.

"You often towld me that before," said Rory.

"It does not do you much good, thin," said Kathleen. "You *hear* me, but you don't *heed* me."

"Why, if you go to that, how can I help myself? Sure you might as well keep the ducks from the wather, or the bees from the flowers, as my heart from you, Kathleen."

"Now, Rory, lave off!"

"By this light, Kathleen!"

"Now don't be goin' on, Rory!"

"There 's not a girl ——"

"Now, don't be makin' a fool o' yourself and me too," said Kathleen.

"If makin' you my own would be to make a fool of you, thin it 's a fool I 'd make you, sure enough," said Rory.

"Rory," said Kathleen rather sadly, "don't be talkin' this way to me, — it 's good for neither of us."

"Kathleen darling!" said Rory, "what 's the matther with you?" and he approached her, and gently took her hand.

"Nothing," said she, "nothing, — only it 's foolishness."

"Don't call honest love, foolishness, Kathleen dear. Sure, why would we have hearts in our bodies if we did n't love? Sure, our hearts would be no use at all without we wor fond of one another. Arrah! what's the matther with you, Kathleen?"

"I must go home, Rory; — let me go, Rory dear," said she with a touching tone of sadness on the *dear*, as she strove to disengage from her waist, the hand that Rory had stolen round it.

"No, I won't let you go, Kathleen, *ma vourneen*," said Rory, with passion and pathos, as he held her closer in his embrace. "Now or never, Kathleen, I must have your answer. You are the girl that is, and ever was, in the very core of my heart, and I'll never love another but yourself. Don't be afraid that I'll change; I'm young, but I'm throe: the blessed sun that sees us both this minit is not thruer; and he's a witness to what I say to you now, Kathleen *asthore*, that you are the pulse o' my heart, and I'll never rest aisy till you 're my wife."

Kathleen could not speak. She trembled while Rory made his last address to her; her lip quivered as he proceeded; two big tear-drops sprang to her eyes, and hung on their long dark lashes, when he called her "pulse of his heart;" but when he named the holy name of wife, she fell upon his neck and burst into a violent flood of tears.

Rory felt this was a proof of his being beloved; but 't was not the way in which, from Kathleen's sportive nature, he thought it likely she would accept a husband to whom there was no objection; and while he soothed the sobbing of the agitated girl, he wondered what could be the cause of her violent emotion. When she became calm, he said, "Kathleen dear, don't be vexed with me if I took you too sudden: — you know I'm none of the coolest, and so forgive me,

jewel! I'll say no more to you now;— only give me an answer at your own good time, my darling."

Kathleen wiped the tears from her eyes, and said, "No, Rory dear: you've been plain with me, and I'll be plain with you. As for myself——" she looked up in his eyes, and their soft and confiding expression, and the gentle pressure of the hand that accompanied the look, told more than the words could have done which her maiden modesty forbade her utter.

"You love me, then?" said Rory with delighted energy; and he pressed her to his heart while she yielded her lips to the pressure of a kiss which the fire of pure love had refined from the dross of passion.

"Oh, Rory, — but my brother Shan?"

"Well, what o' that?" said Rory.

"Oh, you know, — you know," said Kathleen mournfully.

"Yis, Mary did n't take to him; but sure that's no rayson."

"Oh! you don't know him!"

"We've been rather cool, to be sure, since, but I never put coolness between me and him; and if my sisher could n't like him, sure that's no rayson to put between you and me."

"Oh, Rory, Shan is very dark; and I'm afeard."

"But why should *he* prevent our comin' together? Sure is n't there your mother?"

"Oh, but she's afeard of him, and ——"

"But how do you know he would make objections?"

The poor girl blushed scarlet as she said, "Why, to tell you the thruth, Rory, and it's no matther now that you know it, afther what's passed between us this morning; but Shan suspected I liked you, and he

warned me agen it, and swore a bitter oath, that if ever I'd think of you, he'd ——”

“What?” said Rory.

“Curse me,” said Kathleen; and she shuddered as she said it.

“God forgive him!” said Rory solemnly. “But never mind, Kathleen; I'll meet him, and I'll spake him fair, and tell him the thruth. And when I spake to him like a man, he can't be less of a man, and he would n't be of so dark a heart to keep spite agen me because my sisther did n't love him.”

“It's the kind and generous heart you have, Rory; but I'm afeard it would be no use: at all events, don't be in a hurry about it; wait a bit, and maybe when he comes across some other girl that will wane his heart from the owld love, he may be aisier about it; but at this present, Rory dear, don't purtend that you love me, nor let on what you said to me this morning.”

“It's hard to hide what's in the heart,” said Rory; “for even if the tongue does n't bethray you, it may peep out of your eyes.”

“But we sha'n't meet often,” said Kathleen; “so there will be the less danger of that.”

“That's hard too,” said Rory. “But, Kathleen, will you ——” he could not finish the sentence, but Kathleen caught his meaning, and said, —

“You could n't say the words, Rory, — you were going to say, will I be thrue to you? Oh, Rory dear! I have given you my heart, because I could n't help it, and I trust to you that you have given me yours; and, oh! don't take it away from me! I must hide my love for a time. I'll hide it as a miser would hide his gold; and oh, Rory! don't let me find the treasure gone when I may venture to show it to the day.”

“Kathleen darling! while there’s life in my heart, it is you are the queen of it.”

“Go, now,” said Kathleen; “go, — don’t stay longer here; I would n’t have you seen for the king’s ransom.”

“May the heavens bless and keep you!” said Rory; “one more kiss, my own — own girl;” and clasping her in his arms, they bade each other farewell.

Rory hurried on with a rapid step that accorded with the tumult of his feelings, and was soon lost to Kathleen’s sight. She looked after him while he remained within view, and then resumed her occupation; but it was in silence. The sportive song had ceased — the light-heartedness of the girl had passed away even with the consciousness of a deeper pleasure. Her task ended, she took up her pail, and went her way homewards, but not with the elastic step with which she had trodden the wild flowers on her outgoing.

When Rory gained the high road, he pursued his way mechanically towards the place of his destination, without a thought of the immediate business he had in hand. His brain was in a whirl, and his heart in a blaze; and love and Kathleen Regan were the objects of his thoughts, and not conspiracies and his mysterious guest.

His approach to the town, however, reminded him of the object of his mission, and he proceeded at the appointed hour to the public-house indicated by De Lacy. It was market-day in the town, so that the public-house was more crowded than on ordinary occasions; and Rory, when he entered, saw many persons engaged in drinking porter and whiskey, but mostly the latter. He cast his eyes about to see if such a group as he was instructed to look for was there, and more than one party of three was present; he therefore had to exercise his sagacity in selecting

which of the groups was the one to test by his signal, —and he was not long in deciding. It was at the further end of the room, where a small square window admitted as much light as could find its way through some panes of greenish glass, with bulls' eyes in the middle of them, covered with dust, that three men were seated at a dirty table where a congregation of flies were finishing a pot of porter. The aspect of one of the men struck Rory to be "outlandish," as he would have said himself, and the quick and restless twinkle of his dark eye spoke of a more southern climate. To this group Rory approached, and looking round, as it were to see where he should sit, he asked permission of the party to take share of their box—for the room was divided into such compartments. They made room for him; and he, taking up the empty quart-pot on whose dregs the flies were regaling, knocked loudly with it on the table and started the buzzing nuisances from their banquet, and being driven from their pewter palace, they alighted on the various little pools and meandering streams of various liquids that stood upon the filthy table, which seemed to be left to them as a sort of patrimony, as the fallen dates are to the wanderers in the East. The tender-hearted *stbreeel* who was the Hebe of the house would not have robbed the poor flies of their feast for the world, by wiping the table. Charity is a great virtue!

This dirty handmaiden came in answer to Rory's thumping of the quart-pot on the board.

"Loose were her tresses seen,
Her zone unbound."

Her foot was unsandalled, too; in short, she was, as Rory remarked to his neighbour beside him, "loose and careless, like the leg of a pot."

"What do yizz want?" says Hebe.

"Something to dhrink," says Rory.

"Is it a pot, a pint, or a crapper?" says Hebe.

"I'll jist take the cobwebs out o' my throat with a pint first," says Rory.

"I'll sarve you immadiently," says Hebe, who took up the quart, and to save time she threw out the dregs of the liquor it had contained on the floor, and then held it up inverted in a most graceful manner, that it might drain itself clean for the next customer; so that her course might be tracked up and down the room by the drippings of the various vessels, and thus she, "did her *spiriting* gently, dropping odours, dropping wine," ale, and sper'ts.

She returned soon with a pint of porter to Rory, who took out a shilling to pay for it. "I'll throuble you for the change, my dear," said he.

Off she went again to get the change, and, after some time, again returned, bearing two quarts of porter in one hand, and a jug of punch hanging between the fore-finger and thumb of the other, while a small roll of tobacco and a parcel of halfpence were clutched in the remaining fingers. The liquids and the tobacco she deposited before a party that sat in a box opposite to Rory, and then, advancing to him, she flopped the halfpence down on the table before him, and putting her hand to her mouth, pulled out of it a piece of tin which she was pleased to call sixpence, and sticking it on the top of the halfpence, she said, "There 's your change, sir."

"It 's a tinker you have to make change for you, I b'lieve," said Rory.

"How is it a tinker?" said the damsel.

"Oh, I would n't take that piece of tin from you for the world," said Rory; "you might want it to stop a hole in a saucepan, and maybe it 's coming afther me you 'd be for it."

"I'd be long sorry to folly you," said the damsel, saucily, and turning away.

"See, young woman," said Rory — "don't be in sitch a hurry if you plaze — I gave you a good hog,¹ and I'll throuble you for a good taisther."

"I have n't a betther to give you, sir — barrin' halfpence."

"Well I'm nowadays proud, so the halfpence will do for me; good copper is betther than bad silver, any day."

The state of the silver currency in Ireland at this period was disgraceful — so bad, that it left the public almost at the mercy of the coiners. When the Warwickshire militia went to Ireland, many of the privates, having been workmen in Birmingham, were very smart hands at the practice, and many stories are current of their doings in this line. Amongst others, it is stated that a party of these men in a public-house offered some bad money for what they had drunk; but the publican being on his guard, as their habits in this way were becoming notorious, refused several shillings one after another. The soldier who offered them said the dealer in liquor was over-particular; but he retorted, that they were so well known for their tricks, it was necessary to be cautious. "Well," said the soldier at last, "here then, since nothing else will do;" and he threw down another coin, and a very good-looking one it was. The landlord examined it for a while, but at last it was rejected. "What!" said the soldier, "nor not *that* noither!" "No," said the landlord. So a good shilling was obliged to be produced at last, and as the party left the house, the discomfited hero was heard to say, "Well, I never know'd *one o' Tom's make* to miss before."

¹The shilling and sixpence were called by the lower orders "hog" and "tester."

The girl brought back Rory the value of the sixpence in copper—or rather, much more than its value; and then Rory commenced reckoning his change, which was the means he had decided on for throwing out his signal. So, spreading the halfpence before him, he began,—

“One, two, three—there’s some sense in good halfpence; one, two, three—jist as if I was to rob you of your tin, my good girl; one, two, three—phoo! murdher! I’m mixin’ them all.”

“Arrah will you never be done reckonin’ them!” said Hebe impatiently; “one ud think ’t was a hundred poun’ you wor countin’, let alone change of a hog. I’m thinkin’, it’s no great credit to your schoolmather you are.”

“Fair and aisy goes far in a day,” said Rory, again commencing to count his change.

“One, two, three;” and while he spoke, he looked at the dark-eyed man, in whose face he fancied he caught something of an expression of the intelligence of his meaning, and then he proceeded with his reckoning and dismissed the girl.

One of the men now addressed him and said, “You are particular in counting your change.”

“Yes, indeed I am,” said Rory, “and I’ll tell you the reason why: because I lost some money the other day by not being particular in that same, when I was buying some ducks.”

The dark-eyed man looked very sharply on Rory as he proceeded.

“To be sure, I did n’t mind the loss much, for the ducks was worth the money. *They wor very fine ducks.*”

A still keener glance from the dark-eyed man followed Rory’s last words, and he rose immediately, and left the public-house; his two companions did so

likewise, and Rory lost no time in following them. On reaching the door, he saw them standing together a few paces removed from the house, and on seeing him appear they walked down the quay until they arrived at a corner, where looking back to see that he followed, they turned up the street. Rory tracked them, and at another turn the same practice was observed by his conductors, whom he continued to follow, dodging them through many an intricate winding, until arriving at a very narrow alley, they turned for the last time, and when Rory reached the spot, he perceived them about half-way up the passage standing at the mouth of a cellar; and the moment he appeared, they all suddenly descended. He followed fast upon them, and going down a steep and broken stair, entered a low door which was closed the moment he had passed it, and he found himself in total darkness.

CHAPTER X

IN WHICH RORY HEARS AND SEES MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR, AND FINDS IN THE CONCLUSION THE TRUTH OF THE PROVERB, THAT PROVIDENCE NEVER SHUTS ONE DOOR WITHOUT OPENING ANOTHER

WHILE spots of red and green were dancing before Rory's eyes by his sudden immersion from light into darkness, a voice close beside him said, —

“Ver glaad to see you.”

“God spare you your eyesight!” said Rory; “I wish I could return the compliment to you.”

Rory heard a low laugh in another tone, and then the former voice spoke again: —

“Whaat! you no glaad to see me?”

“’Faith, I would be very glad to see you; but how can I see you in the dark?”

“Ho! ho! I see, you fonee fey low — ha ha!”

“Strek a light,” said another voice.

“Wait a minit — I’m gettin’ the tendher-box,” was the answer.

The foreign voice again said, addressing Rory,

“You air wailcome.”

“Thank you kindly,” said Rory; “give us your fist.”

“Vaut you say?”

“Give us your fist.”

"He's biddin' you shake hands wid him," said a voice that had not yet spoken; and Rory thought it was one he should know, though where he had heard it he could not remember.

"Oh!" said the foreigner, "*donnez-moi la main.*"

"No, I dunna any man," said Rory.

"Bah! shek han' wis me!" said the voice.

Rory now stretched out his hand, and encountered an extended palm which grasped his and exchanged with him the grip of the United Irishman.

This satisfied Rory all was right, and he now waited with patience for the light. The sound of a flint and steel, followed by a shower of sparks, showed that the process of illumination was going forward; the tinder soon became ignited, and the sharp sound of blowing was soon followed by the lighting of a match — and the first face that its lurid glare fell upon was that of Shan Regan.

Rory started: he was the last person he expected to meet, and certainly the last he could have wished to see in that place. A coolness for some time had existed between them, as the reader already knows; and though Rory fully intended to do all in his power to remove it, and to meet Regan for that purpose as often as he could, yet on such an occasion as the present he could have wished him absent. His presence there, it is true, showed him to be engaged in the same cause as Rory, and one at the first glance might suppose that this would have facilitated a reconciliation between them; but on closer examination we shall find this not to be the case. In all conspiracies where men are linked together in a cause whose penalty is death, private friendship is desirable amongst its members, at least in its early stages, where fidelity is essential to its existence. Personal foes may fight side by side in the same cause when

once a conspiracy arrives at its outbreak; but in its secret preparatory councils, a man recoils from the contact of any but a friend.

It was the consciousness of this fact, perhaps, that led to the ingenious construction of the plan by which the heads of the Society of United Irishmen contrived to organise a great portion of Ireland. The system was this: There was a Chief Committee of twelve; each of these twelve was the head of another twelve, but between each knot of twelve there was no acquaintance—they were totally distinct from each other; so that an extensive ramification of union existed in parties of twelve, each obeying its own superior, through whom, alone, all commands and plans were conveyed. Each knot was thus a little band of friends, and from their distinctness, the secret was the more likely to be kept. It will be seen that by this means the Head Committee organised one hundred and forty-four members, whose knots of twelve each being multiplied, gives a force of twenty thousand seven hundred and odd men, and their multiplied dozens would produce nearly two hundred and forty-nine thousand; thus, at three removes from the focus of the system, a powerful force was at a moment's command, within whose several knots private friendship as well as the common cause was a source of union and fidelity. It was only in the higher grades of the confederation that private signals existed. In the inferior classes, each dozen only knew their own circle; so that to whatever extent the system might be spread, each of the subordinate actors was intimate with no more than twelve persons, which tended at once to give greater personal security, and to prevent also a premature explosion of the conspiracy.

This brief sketch of the system is given, to account

for Rory not knowing Regan to be a United man, although living in the same district. Regan belonged to another circle; and it was from very different desires that he was of the association, and with a very different set that he was leagued. Rory became a United Irishman from other and better motives than Regan. However erroneous those motives might have been, they had their origin in a generous nature; wild notions of the independence of his country were uppermost in the mind of Rory, while the mere love of licence was the incentive to Regan. During that terrible period of Ireland's history, some of the insurgents were pure, however mistaken enthusiasts; while there were others whose love of turbulence was their only motive. Of the latter class was Regan: he had inherited from his father a comfortable farm, but his love of debasing amusements — such as cock-fighting, &c., the frequency of his visits to public-houses, and his attachment to disorderly company, had led him from the wholesome pursuits that would have made him good and prosperous, to become improvident and embarrassed.

It is strange that whenever this takes place, a man mostly becomes an idler: the very fact which should warn him of his danger, and make him exert himself the more, generally operates in the contrary way. He gives himself up as it were to ruin, and seeks in dissipation forgetfulness of the past and disregard of the future. This state of things lasts as long as there is any thing left to support him; and when all is lost, he is then fit for every sort of violence or meanness; — he must be either a beggar or a desperado.

It was in the middle stage that Regan fell in with De Welskein. They were just the men for each other: — Regan was the head of a disorderly set of fellows, who were ready and active agents in assisting

the Frenchman in his smuggling; and, in return, the brandy, and tobacco, and merry-makings of the smuggler were ample temptations and regards for Regan. The debauched orgies of the cellar, where Rory now found himself for the first time, were familiar to the unfortunate victim of idleness, bad company, and lawless desires.

Though he was often absent from home and neglected his husbandry, he still retained his farm; but his payments of rent became irregular, his farming stock grew less by degrees; a cow, a sheep, a pig, was obliged now and then to be sacrificed to supply his riotous propensities, and his poor mother and sister saw with sorrow their comforts lessening around them: but they complained not, for they dreaded the fierce temper of Shan Dhu, or Black John, as he was called. It was not only the diminution of his worldly substance they lamented, but they felt that the most respectable of their neighbours, one by one, dropped off from their acquaintance with them; and this, to the sensitive nature of the Irish peasant, cuts deeper than even want. Want, they are familiar with; they see it on every side, and they can bear it with patience: but the social virtues flourish amongst them in the midst of barrenness, like the palms in the desert.

Amongst the friendships which had decayed was that of the O'Mores. The widow loved her daughter too well to give her to a disorderly, though a comparatively wealthy peasant, as Shan Regan was when he asked Mary O'More for his wife; and Mary herself had an intuitive dislike for all that was gross, which revolted from Regan's brutal nature. Rory, though he knew him not as a friend at any period, — for the men were too unlike each other ever to have associated closely, — yet always had recognised him as an old acquaintance whenever they met; but he never

sought his company — for Rory, though as full of fun, as fond of mirth, and loving his glass, his joke, and a pretty girl, as much *as every Irishman ought to do*, yet he revered the decencies of life too much to be a drunkard, a buffoon, or a debauchee. His acquaintanceship with Regan might have gone on, as far as Rory was concerned, just the same, quite uninfluenced by his sister's refusal; but not so with the rejected one. He considered the part Mary had taken as a family affront: his pride (such as it was) was wounded more than his heart; or rather, it was his love for himself, and not for the girl, that suffered most. So he made a feud of the business, and included Rory amongst his foes. To this he was the more inclined, as he suspected Conolly, who was a sworn friend of O'More's, to be his rival.

From all these circumstances, it is no wonder that Rory was startled at seeing Regan at such a time: but as he could not help himself, he determined to affect composure, which he was the better able to accomplish, as he had time to recover from his surprise before his presence was manifest to Regan. The scene that had occurred in the morning, too, rendered him the more anxious to conciliate, and with a sincere wish to overcome the coolness that Regan had lately observed towards him, he advanced to him with open hand and greeted him kindly. It was obvious, from the expression that passed over Regan's face, that the meeting was quite as startling and disagreeable to him as it had been to Rory, who continued still, however, the offer of his hand, and repeated his words of kindly recognition. A cold reply was all that followed, though the hand was accepted: but there was no sympathy in the contact; the touch of friendship was wanting, — that touch whose sensation is so undefinable, but so well under-

stood, — that natural freemasonry which springs from and is recognised by the heart.

As soon as the light was struck, a lamp was lighted in a ship-lantern that hung from the low roof of the cellar over a coarse table round which benches of a rude construction were placed. Another person as well as Regan was present in addition to the three Rory had followed from the public-house; and this man seemed more familiar with De Welskein than any of the others, and sometimes addressed him in French. Round the cellar were some coils of rope; a couple of hammocks were hung in one corner; two or three kegs and some rolls of tobacco were stowed away under a truckle-bed in another quarter of the den; and in a rude cupboard, coarse trenchers and drinking-cans were jumbled together, with some stone jars of a foreign aspect. After some bustle, pipes and tobacco were laid on the table, the stone bottles and the drinking vessels were taken from the cupboard, and De Welskein invited Rory to sit down beside him.

“Combe, you sair — seet down — here someting for you to drink — not nastee, like pobelick-house, bote goot — ha, ha! No doretee portere, bote brandee — ver goot and nussing to pay.”

All the men sat down, and sending the stone jars from man to man, the cans were charged with brandy, slightly diluted with water from a black pitcher; pipes were lighted, smoking and drinking commenced, and while a desultory conversation was kept up among the rest of the party, De Welskein questioned Rory as to the cause of his being the messenger to him. Rory made him acquainted with De Lacy's illness, and the circumstances that led to his being his guest; in all of which communication the person who spoke French assisted in mak-

ing De Welskein and Rory intelligible to each other. This was no very easy matter sometimes; the Frenchman's English bothering Rory uncommonly, as his name did also. However, as it was necessary he should drink to the founder of the feast, he was obliged to make an offer at his name, and so he boldly took his can of grog in his hand and with his best bow said, —

“Here's to your good health, Mr. Wilkison.”

A laugh followed at Rory's expense, in which the Frenchman only half joined, for it has already been noticed that his name was matter of anxiety to him; so as soon as the laugh had subsided, he said, —

“No, no! not dat my nem; — De Welskein.”

“I beg your pardon, sir — but would you say that agin, if you plaze?”

The Frenchman now slowly and distinctly pronounced his name, giving the *w* the sound of the *v*, which it assumes in Dutch names, and repeated, — “De-Velskeen.”

“Thank you, sir,” says Rory, — “I ax your pardon, and agin I say, Here is to your good health, Mr. Devilskin.”

A roar of laughter followed this mistake of Rory's, and all swore that *that* was the best name of all the others he enjoyed: but the Frenchman did not like it, and said impatiently, using his own language, as a foreigner generally does when he becomes excited, —

“*Non, non, non, mon ami!* — Devilskeen! — *non; c'est 'Poil-de-diable!*’ — *Sacré — quel nom!* — ‘*Poil-de-diable!*’ you say not dat. — Pierre,” said he, addressing his friend who spoke French, “*faites-lui comprendre mon nom — pas De Welskein, parceque c'est trop difficile, mais St. Foix.*”

“*Ou Sans-peur,*” said Pierre.

The Frenchman nodded assent and said, "*Bon.*" The compliment appeased him.

Pierre now told Rory to address De Welskein by the favourite name of *Sans-peur*; but this was as difficult to Rory as the other, and the nearest approach he could make to it was "Scamper." This he varied sometimes into "Sampler," or "Sandpaper," as luck would have it.

While the drinking and smoking proceeded, De Welskein told Rory of the intended expedition from the Texel; and when he had given him all the verbal instruction he thought requisite, he entrusted him with the letter to De Lacy from General Hoche.

"Tare an' ouns!" said Rory; "is it the rale General Hoche?" for Hoche's name and reputation were well known in Ireland.

"*Oui,*" said De Welskein.

"What do you mane by *we*? — It's not uz at all I'm axin' about; but I want to know, is this letther from the rale general?"

"Certanlee! — *oui.*"

"Augh! what is he sayin' *we* for?" said Rory, turning to Pierre, who was grinning at Rory's mistakes and the Frenchman's impatience.

"He means, yes," said Pierre: "*oui* means yes."

"Oh! I ax your pardon, Mr. Sandpaper; — then this is the rale general's letther! Oh! to think that I'd ever see the proud day that I'd have a letther of General Hoche's in my fist!" and he kissed it with rapture.

The Frenchman cried "*Sacré!*" and laughed at his enthusiasm; and Rory proceeded, —

"And will we see the general here, Mr. Scrapper?"

"Me fraid no!" said De Welskein; and he shook his head mysteriously and made a grimace.

"What do you mane?" said Rory.

"Me fraid he die."

"Is it General Hoche die! — arrah, an' what would he die for?"

"Me tsinks he get vout you call gunstump."

"Gun — *what?*"

"He as got de gunstump in him."

"God keep us!" says Rory, — "think o' that! And where is it in him, sir?"

"Inside, into his boddee."

"Oh! murdher, my poor fellow! to have the stump of a gun stickin' in him!"

"No, no, de gun not stick in him — you mistak: it is vout I vood say, dat he has de ticklehine."

"What is it he says about ticklin'?" said Rory to Pierre, who only grinned and enjoyed the mutual mistakes of the Frenchman and the Paddy.

"*Mal à la poitrine,*" said De Welskein.

"That 's throe, 'faith," said Rory. "If he 's so bad as that, his only dipindince is in the *Padhereens*, sure enough."

Peter (or Pierre) now laughed outright at Rory's blunder, which must be explained. *Padhereens* is the name the Irish give to their beads, upon which they count the number of *Paters* (or *Pathers*) they repeat, and hence the name *Padhereens*; and Rory very naturally came to the conclusion, that if a man was at the point of death, which Rory conceived to be most likely when he had the "*stump of a gun stickin' in him,*" the best thing he could do would be to say his prayers.

De Welskein saw there was a mystification going forward; so he said to Pierre, "*Expliquez donc!*"

"What he says is," said Pierre, "that the general has a consumption."

"Ah! I forgess de *terminaison*; — gunstumpson, — yais, dat is raight! — gunstumpson."

"Oh, murdher!" said Rory: "if we had him here, we would cure him intirely."

"*Comment?*" said the Frenchman.

"Oh, it's common enough in this country, indeed," said Rory. "The finest thing in the world for consumption is goat's milk, made into whay."

"Ah, yais, — ghost's milk ver goot."

"*Goat's* milk, I say," says Rory.

"Yais, yais, I oonderstan'," said the Frenchman with great complacency: "Ghost's milk."

"'Faith it's ghost's milk he'll be takin', I'm afeard, sure enough," said Pierre, laughing at De Welskein's mistake.

"Oh, murdher!" said Rory, "and is General Hoche goin' to die? Oh, thin that is the murdher!"¹

So, Rory, in the idiom of his language, unintentionally expressed what was in fact the fate of the gallant Hoche.

A tap at the door of the cellar announced a fresh arrival; and after some signals given, the door was opened, and some other men entered, and, at short intervals after, a few girls. Some of the latter were good-looking, though with a certain expression of boldness and recklessness that Rory did not admire. Rory had enough of imagination and sentiment to render the society of the softer sex always matter of delight to him; but there was something in the manner of these girls he did not like.

"You see," said De Welskein, "de leddees mek visite to me."

"Yes, sir," said Rory, who did not know how, very well, to answer this appeal.

"But you no dreenk."

¹ This expression means "that is the pity."

"Thank you, sir, I'm doin' very well."

"You no like brandee?"

"'Faith, it's iligant stuff it is! But you know, Mr. Sandpaper, that enough is as good as a faist."

"If you no like brandee, give you wine."

Rory refused the offer; but one of the girls addressed De Welskein, and thanking him for his offer, said, "if he'd make a big jug o' the nice thing he gave them the other night?"

Pierre explained to him that some of the ladies would like negus, because they thought it genteel.

"Ah!" said the Frenchman, "yais, my dear, *certainement*, you moste have your leetle niggers: vouds you like to have some nutmarks een it?"

"What do you say, Mr. Whelpskin?" said the girl, simpering.

"Vouds you like nutmarks?"

Pierre came to the rescue. "He says, would you like to have your jug o' negus made with nutmegs? my darling."

"Any way Mr. Whelpskin plazes."

"So it's not too *wake*," says another.

"A dash o' sper'ts through it will make it livelier, sir," said the most audacious of the party. And accordingly a large jug of niggers, with nutmarks *and* the dash o' sper'ts, was made. A fiddler, in some time, made his appearance; and after the *first* jug of niggers had been demolished, a dance was set on foot. One of the ladies asked Rory to "stand up on the flure," which, of course, Rory did, and exerted himself to the utmost to do credit to his dancing-master. In short, Rory, though he did not like the party, had intuitively too much *savoir vivre* to let any repugnance he might entertain be manifested. He drank, to be sure, sparingly; and after the niggers was introduced, he took no more brandy-and-water: he

smoked an occasional pipe, and danced "like any thing," but he kept himself clear of intoxication, though he had drunk enough to produce exhilaration. Dance after dance succeeded; and Rory displayed so much elasticity of limb, that it excited the admiration even of De Welskein. One of Rory's partners seemed much taken with him; and after a certain jig they had executed, much to their mutual honour and the admiration of the beholders, the fair *danseuse* sat beside him so close, as not to admit of any doubt that she *rather* admired him. A cessation to the dancing now took place, and brandy-and-water and niggers *ad infinitum* was the order of the day — or rather the night. A song was next called for from the girl who sat beside Rory; and after a proper quantity of hemming and hawing, and protestations that she was very hoarse, she sang with a good voice, whose natural sweetness seemed to have been rendered coarse by exposure to weather, the following song: —

Oh! if all the young maidens was blackbirds and thrishes,
Oh! if all the young maidens was blackbirds and thrishes,
Oh! if all the young maidens was blackbirds and thrishes,
It's then the young men would be batin' the bushes.

Oh! if all the young maidens was ducks in the wather,
Oh! if all the young maidens was ducks in the wather,
Oh! if all the young maidens was ducks in the wather,
It's then the young men would jump in and swim afther.

Oh! if all the young maidens was birds on a mountain,
Oh! if all the young maidens was birds on a mountain,
Oh! if all the young maidens was birds on a mountain,
It's then the young men would get guns and go grousin'.

If the maidens was all throuth and salmon so lively,
If the maidens was all throuth and salmon so lively,
If the maidens was all throuth and salmon so lively,
Oh! the divil a one would ate mate on a Friday.

Loud applause followed this charming lyric, during the singing of which the damsel cast sundry sly glances at Rory, who could not mistake that she was making love to him. Rory was a handsome fellow, and was as conscious as most handsome fellows are, that there is a certain readiness on the part of the softer sex to be affected by good looks—but this rather open manifestation of it embarrassed him. To repel a woman was what his nature would not permit him to do; yet to yield to the species of temptation that was offered to him was what his heart forbade.

The revel had proceeded now for some hours, and great licence was exhibited on the part of all. Rory's partner still clung to him with a degree of seductiveness that might have influenced him at another time; but now the unholy spell was powerless. He had that morning won the plighted troth of his Kathleen, and the bare thought of being faithless to her was profanation. He thought of her sweet song, even in defiance of the scraping of the tipsy fiddler, who still stimulated the drunken party to stagger through the dance; and above the reeking steams of punch and tobacco rose the sweet odour of the breath of the cows and the morning flowers to his memory: the recollection was his salvation.

Oh! what of *earthly* influence can so fortify the heart of man against the seductions of vice as the love of a virtuous woman!

Let us pursue this scene no further: suffice it to say, their brutal revelry had so far overcome the party, that of all present, Rory O'More and his partner only were thoroughly conscious of what was going forward. When Rory saw there was none to oppose his retiring, he drew the bolt of the door to depart: his tempting partner made a last appeal to induce him to stay, and

even threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

Rory's manhood rebelled for a moment; but the thought of Kathleen came over him, and in as soothing a tone as he could command, he said — "Don't blame me; I've a sweetheart that trusts to me, and I must n't deceive the innocent girl!"

The words "innocent girl" seemed to go through the heart of the woman like a pistol-shot. She withdrew her arms from Rory's neck, and hiding her flushed face in her hands, burst into tears, and, throwing herself on a bench, sobbed as though her heart would break.

Rory looked on her with pity; but, fearing to trust himself to so softening an influence as a woman's weeping, he rushed up the broken steps of the cellar, and ran down the narrow alley until he had turned its corner. He then paused a moment, to endeavour to remember the way he had come, which had been so intricate, that under the exciting circumstances in which he had been led to the place and was leaving it, it cannot be wondered his recollection was rather misty; so, taking the turn which chance suggested when he ran from the alley, he threaded some lonely lanes, treading as stealthily as his haste would permit; — for an occasional gleam of light through a cracked shutter or the chink of a door betokened that some of the inhabitants of this ill-conditioned quarter were still watchers; and from the specimen he had seen of the company it afforded, he had no wish to encounter any more of its inmates. The sensation of a freer atmosphere than that of the confined closes he had been traversing now came upon him, and indicated the vicinity of a more open space; and facing the current of air that streamed up the lane, he soon arrived in what appeared to him to be the high street

of the town. Here all was empty, dark, and silent, except for the splashing of the rain from the spouts of the houses, and Rory was obliged again to pause, for he knew not which way to turn, as he had made his way from the alley by a route different from that by which he entered, and he was consequently in a street he had never seen before, in a town to which he was a stranger.

He stood for some minutes, unmindful of the torrent of rain that was falling, quite absorbed in the consideration of what he should do. It was late, and he doubted whether at such an hour he would be likely to get admittance to a place of abode for the night; besides, he did not know where to find it; and it struck him that the only course left him was to make the best of his way out of the town, and proceed homewards. This, to be sure, was a heavy task to impose on himself, for he had not taken any rest since he left his own house; he had traversed a considerable tract of country, and to go over the same ground again without the intervention of sleep was what even so active a fellow as Rory O'More did not relish the contemplation of. Therefore the decision he came to at last was, to leave the matter to chance;—if in his passage through the town he saw any place that promised him shelter, to ask for it; and if not, to start direct for home.

His resolve being taken, he wrapped his frieze-coat about him—for he now noticed that it did rain rather heavily—and walked at a smart pace up the length of street that lay before him. He had not proceeded far when the fall of many footsteps attracted his attention; and from the heavy and measured tread, it was plain that a party of soldiers was in his neighbourhood. He stopped and held his breath; the party was evidently getting nearer; he

had no right to be abroad at that hour, for the curfew law had been revived of late. He thought of the letter he had in his possession, and death to himself, and discovery of the plot flashed upon his imagination. To tear the letter suggested itself to him; but then, it might contain intelligence of importance: to preserve it therefore was desirable; yet to have it found, destruction. What was to be done?

Listening intently to ascertain the quarter whence the footsteps approached, he was soon sensible that the party advanced from the point towards which he was moving: therefore, trusting to the darkness of the night and the lightness of his heels, Rory turned about, and with that peculiar agility of step so characteristic of his countrymen, he ran lightly down the street. As he advanced towards the end of it, he perceived there was a wider space beyond it; and knowing the shade of the houses favoured his escape, and still hearing the footsteps following him, he dreaded that the moment he should emerge from the street into the open space, he should be seen. While this thought occurred to him, he perceived, a few steps in advance of him, a large old-fashioned projecting porch, whose clumsy columns and deep recess suggested at once the idea of concealment: so, turning sharply up two or three steps, he became enconced in the door-way, drawing himself up closely behind one of the columns.

As the footsteps advanced, Rory could hear the rattling of fire-arms mingling with the heavy tramp of the men. His anxiety was at its height when he saw the party just before the door: "Another instant," thought he, "and the danger's past!" when, to his consternation, the sudden exclamation of "*Halt!*" brought the file of men to a dead standstill within a few feet of his place of concealment.

He now thought it was all over with him: he expected to be dragged from his hiding-place every instant, brought before the military authorities, and the letter he bore about him being inevitably found, hanged at the drum-head for a rebel. He heard some mysterious mutterings of the corporal, and immediately after, the clattering of a couple of bayonets,—he fancied them already in his body. But still he remained unmolested, though the file of men yet stood before him:—Rory scarcely dared to respire.

It happened that this house, within whose porch he had taken refuge, was inhabited by the colonel of the regiment then quartered in the town. It stood at the corner of an open and irregular space, called “the Green,” where some houses were scattered round a piece of dirty grass, and geese and pigs used to promenade during the day, and the belles of the town in the evening, to hear the band play, and let the officers stare them out of countenance. The barrack lay at the upper end of the street; but the quarters were so indifferent, that the colonel preferred taking up his residence in this house, which was removed from the barrack, it is true; but, to increase his security, which the suspicious nature of the times rendered it necessary, in his opinion, to look after, he had two sentinels stationed there, conducting not only to his safety, but to his consequence, of which the colonel was not a little vain. The narrowness of the foot-way before the house would have rendered sentry-boxes inconvenient in front,—therefore they were placed round the corner; and it was while the corporal was employed in relieving the guard at the flank of the house, that the file of soldiers remained before the porch.

This was for some minutes — for every body knows

that such matters must be conducted with that system and solemnity so necessary to the good of the service.

To relieve the guard the corporal marches up one of his men to face the sentinel on duty. These two make a rattle with their firelocks and hold them in a transverse position, which looks pretty; then they advance to each other with two long strides, and stick their faces close together, to the manifest danger of flattening their noses, the corporal standing by all the time, as if to see that they should not bite each other: another slap on their firelocks to rattle them; then the new-comer goes over to the sentry-box, and the other takes his place: then the corporal utters some mysterious grumblings — such as “Haw!” “Who!” the men throw their transverse muskets upon their arms, as if they were going to nurse them: another grunt from the corporal — the relieved sentinel joins the main body, the corporal puts himself at their head, gives another mysterious growl, and tramp, tramp, they go, again to perform the same interesting and intellectual ceremony at another sentry-box, until, having finished his rounds, the corporal marches back into the guard-house twelve wet men, in lieu of twelve dry ones that he took out.

While all this “pomp and circumstance of glorious war” was going forward, Rory was in agony. No image is sufficient to express the state of excitement his impatient nature underwent during the interval which he thought an age: a bee in a bottle, a school-boy in his master’s apple-tree, or a hen on a hot grid-dle, are but faint figures of speech for the purpose. Well was it for Rory that the rain continued to fall so copiously! — the soldiers buried their faces deeply inside the collars of their coats, and cast not a glance towards the porch. Thus, the very inclemency of the night was propitious to the refugee, who was startled

once more, however, for a moment, by the return of the corporal, which caused a movement amongst the men. "They see me now," thought Rory to himself, and his heart sunk when he heard the words "Fall in."

"Oh, murdher!" thought Rory: "if they come in, I'm lost."

They did not "come in," however, and after another growl from the corporal, which was unintelligible, the blessed sound of "March!" fell on Rory's ear with something of the same sensation that the announcement of a reprieve produces on a prisoner in the condemned cell; and he saw the file execute a "right-about-face," and go the way whence they came. Every successive tramp that increased the distance between Rory and the soldiers took a ton weight off his heart, and as the receding footsteps of the men faded into distance he breathed freely again.

As soon as the silence was perfectly restored, Rory thought of emerging from his place of retreat. Had he been a person conversant with the relieving of guards, he would have guessed that some such matter must have been the cause of the scene just recorded; but living a rural life, as he did, such martial mysteries were unknown to him, and while he congratulated himself on being free from danger and contemplated a retreat, he little dreamt that at the flank of the house under whose porch he stood, a pair of sentinels were on guard. So, when there was no sound to indicate that any one save himself was on the watch (for, it being still raining, the sentries on the flank kept most religiously bound within their sentry-boxes—and small blame to them!), Rory thought he had better be off, and ventured to withdraw his body from the small space between the column and the wall into which he had miraculously jammed himself: but in

the doing of this, he was obliged, as it were, to jerk himself out, and by some unlucky chance, either in getting himself in or out, the cape of his coat caught in a bell-pull, and in the effort to free himself he felt that he was laid hold of by the shoulder, and heard at the same instant of time the sound of a bell. Those who have felt what it is to be in nervous situations will not wonder that Rory's heart jumped as he felt himself caught, and heard at the same moment a sound whose very purpose is to awake attention. And it was *such* a bell; — none of your trifling tinklers, none of your little whipper-snapper sort of bells; not like the bark of a Blenheim, but the bay of a watch-dog; not like a muffin-merchant's, but a dust-man's; not merely made to call Molly up stairs, — but one of your deep-mouthed devils, doomed to destroy the repose of half a street; — in short,

——— “a *dreadful* bell,
To fright the isle from its propriety.”

Rory stood aghast! Had the metal that composed this “infernal machine” been molten and cast down his throat, it could not have astonished him more: besides, it seemed as if it would never have done ringing. We hear great complaints in our days of bell-hangers; but those of old, to judge from the case in question, must have been prime hands, — for on it went, ding, ding, ding, as if it really had a pleasure in ringing. Whether it was the specific gravity of the monster that produced so much vivacity in the spring on which it was suspended, or the superior skill of former bell-hangers, may remain a matter of dispute to the curious; but the fact that resulted (and facts are all we have to do with) is, that ere the bell had ceased its villainous vibrations, Rory heard a window raised above his head, and the

demand of "Who's there?" in no very gracious voice.

Rory kept profoundly quiet.

"Who's there?" was again snarled out.

Rory looked up from the shelter of the porch and saw a head and a nightcap protruded from the window: he was as quiet as a mouse.

"Sentry!" was the next word Rory heard, given in a most authoritative tone.

A gust of wind and a dash of rain whirled round the corner, which must have convinced the colonel (for it was he who was calling from the window) that his voice could not have reached the sentinels in the teeth of the blast which blew his nightcap off his head and dashed it into Rory's face.

Rory was nearly knocked down, — for the smallest thing upsets us when we are alarmed.

"Sentry!" was shouted louder than before.

The soldiers answered the summons. The colonel asked who rang the bell: — the sentries did not know.

"You have been asleep!" said the colonel.

"No, your honour," said the sentry, "we could n't; the guard has been but just relieved!"

"Have you seen no one passing?"

"No, your honour, — no one passed at this side; and we marched down the other street not five minutes ago and not a living soul was in it."

"Then what could have rung the bell?"

"'T was only a mistake, sir," said Rory, whose excitement had been wound to such intensity, that his eagerness to satisfy the question overlooked the consequence to his personal safety in the sound of his voice being heard; but the instant he had spoken, he said to himself, "The d—l cut the tongue out of you, Rory!"

Fortunately the gusts of wind and splashing of rain

rendered all sounds, and the points whence they came, uncertain. Nevertheless, the colonel looked towards the porch; but seeing no one, he said to the sentry, "What's that you say about a mistake?"

"No, your honour, I don't mistake," said the sentry, who was equally uncertain with the colonel if any third person had spoken, and fancied he had been charged with making a mistake.

"Did n't you say something of a mistake?" asked the colonel in one of the pauses of the storm.

"No, your honour," said the sentry.

Just at this moment, when Rory was thinking if he had n't better make a run for it at once, he heard the bolt of the door behind him gently drawn, and the instant after, a pluck at his coat, and a whispered "Come in," made him turn round. He saw the door stand ajar, and a hand beckon him forward, at the same moment that the voice of the colonel from the window said, "See if there's any one hiding in the porch."

Rory slipped inside the hall-door, which was softly closed as the sentry walked up the steps.

"There's no one here, your honour," said the sentry.

"Push the door," said the colonel.

The sentry did so; but the door had been fastened on the inside.

CHAPTER XI

SHOWING THAT ONE HALF OF THE WORLD DOES
NOT KNOW HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES; AND
ALSO, THAT SOFT WORDS CAN BEND HARD IRON,
THOUGH THEY DO NOT BUTTER PARSNIPS

VERY much about the time that Rory O'More rushed from the cellar and endeavoured to make his way out of the town, there was an old tinker, driving an ass before him, making his way into it. From the rudely constructed *straddle* of the sorry animal, three or four rusty old kettles, and a budget containing the implements of the tinker's trade, depended; but the *straddle* was worth more than it looked good for, — for the tinker had so contrived the pannels of the lumbering affair, that a convenient space was left within for stowing away tobacco, which he bought from Monsieur De Welskein, and sold at a handsome profit to the peasantry, during his wandering among them — for they could get none so good or so cheap through the legitimate channel: besides, they were glad to give a helping hand to the old tinker, whose poverty and shrewdness commanded at once their pity and their fear.

It may seem strange to class these two feelings together — but they often exist. They say “Pity is akin to love;” — but it is equally true that “Love is related to fear:” — and thus, perhaps, a sort of collateral relationship may be established between them.

I should not have made any observation on this,

but that I do not remember seeing it remarked elsewhere, and when one advances any thing new, it is common even to oneself to be startled at it, and a desire is at once engendered to make it manifest that one has not committed an absurdity.

Now, I remember well, when a child, that I was often horrified by the presence of a certain old and disgusting beggarman; yet I constantly gave him alms. There was something in that old man I dreaded; and yet I remember, even to this day, I pitied him. To be sure, the virtue of charity had been early instilled into my mind by one who now, I trust, in heaven enjoys the reward of her goodness; and so gracious and winning is the habit of doing charity's holy offices, that even to the innocent child, on whom neither want nor reason can have impressed the value of the virtue he is taught, there is something pleasant in the timorous dropping of a halfpenny from its pure and dimpled fingers into the soiled and withered palm of age: as if Heaven had preordained that no weakness or antipathy of our nature should interfere with the sacred duty; — a duty so sacred, that even our Lord himself made its beauty the theme of a parable, and reproved the intolerant Jew with the mild precept of "Go thou and do likewise."

Solomon, for that was the tinker's name, was pitied and feared; for he seemed to be poor, and was known to be penetrating. He had a prying temper and a tenacious memory. The former led him to a knowledge of the circumstances of most of the people of all classes in the country where he made his rounds, and the latter treasured up the information. Thus the past and present were alike familiar to him; and from these, his natural acuteness was often enabled to presage the future.

Such a power, in the uncalculating community

amongst whom he moved, gave him a reputation little short of witchcraft. He was called "a mighty knowledgeable man," — and "knowledge is power;" and where did human power ever exist, that its influence has not been dreaded and its possession abused? This was fully exemplified in the case of the old tinker, — he was feared, not loved, by the peasantry; and yet, though no one liked him, there was, from a dread of offending, all the demonstrations of civility shown him that love would have procured. The tinker was quite aware of the position he held, and of its cause; and his bitterness (for he was bitter) enjoyed the triumph of forcing these pretended testimonies of affection, and he laughed at this perjury of the heart. "Hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue." How often is a smile the tribute that fear pays to power!

Nevertheless, with this dread — it may almost be said, dislike — that he inspired, he was pitied, from his apparent wretched and desolate condition. Home he had none, nor living thing with whom he held continued companionship, except the poor ass he drove, whose food was a nibble from the road-side, unless when it was bestowed by the same friendly hand that gave food to his master — for Solomon never paid for any thing except what he traded on. The love of money ruled him with a power stronger than that by which he ruled his fellow men; and though he possessed the superior acuteness that governed intelligent creatures, he was himself the senseless slave of an inanimate metal. He was a miser, — a miser in the fullest sense of the word; not loving money for the sake of what money can procure, but loving it for its own sake — worshipping the mere thing: to him a guinea was a god. To such a wretch, to starve was easier than to pay; therefore

he never tasted food except it was given to him : and even on these terms he seldom wanted, for he laid the country under contribution, from the kitchen of the squire to the peasant's pot of potatoes. With all this, he was stealthy and roguish as a fox, tortuous and treacherous as a snake — secret, cold, and greedy as the grave.

Yet, with the characteristic touch of fun that pervades every thing Irish, this hateful old miscreant had a comical name bestowed on him ; — he was called “Sawdhering Solomon,” from his profession of tinker : and this was the name he commonly went by, though sometimes it was changed for “Solomon Sly.” Neither of these names was meant, of course, to reach *his* ears ; but he was made cognisant of them by means of the little boys, who hated him openly, and who shouted the name after him when they were quite sure of being out of the reach of the old tinker's crooked stick : and sometimes the urchins ventured so far even as to throw stones or clods at him when they had the ambuscade of a hedge and the intervention of a ditch to screen and protect them. On these occasions, Solomon might get a whack on the back from a stone, or have a dry clod judiciously lobbed under his ear, powdering his wig with all the breaking particles of earth that did not run down between his clothes and his back. Then would he turn round to strike with his stick ; but the retiring laugh and footsteps of children at the other side of the hedge, were all that were manifest to Solomon : and then would the old vagabond grin and shake his stick with the expression of a fiend, and utter horrible curses on the thoughtless urchins. And though the provocation was unjustifiable, it is true, yet there is something abhorrent in the idea of age cursing childhood, particularly as the vindictive old tinker used to curse.

It was about the time that Rory O'More was leaving the cellar, that Solomon, I say, was making his way into the town, at whose outskirts he made a detour from the high road and drove his ass up a little lane, at the end of which there was a small *haggart*,¹ whose fence was only a low wall of loose stones and some furze-bushes. Solomon very coolly abstracted some stones, pulled away some of the furze, and made a way for his ass to enter the haggart, where, placing him between two small stacks of hay, he procured shelter and provender for the poor brute. He then lifted the straddle and his old kettles from the ass's back, and withdrew from the premises, carrying his goods to some distance, where, under a hedge, he let them lie; and marking the spot well, he proceeded alone to the town, and made for the cellar of the smuggler.

It was only in his capacity of smuggler that De Welskein held any communication with the tinker. Solomon, though he guessed that an extensive conspiracy was on foot, yet, wise as he was, he did not know any individual engaged in it, for none would trust him to belong to the Union, and those who engaged in it kept the secret inviolate, — singularly so indeed, for in all the thousands who had sworn, there was but *one* found to betray, and *he* entered the confederation for the very purpose.

When the unfortunate girl whom Rory had left sobbing in the cellar had recovered her outbreak of grief, she arose from the bench on which she had flung herself in her passion of tears, and the feeling that had possessed her heart changed from lawless love to bitter hate — for

“ Hell has no fury like a woman scorn'd ; ”

¹ Hay-yard.

and cursing the man that had made her feel such degradation, she quitted the den of riot and iniquity, leaving the beastly revellers sunk in besotted slumber. When Solomon, therefore, reached the cellar and tapped stealthily at the door, he received no answer. On knocking again more loudly, the door yielded to his touch, and pushing it gently open, he looked cautiously into the cellar. He saw a dim lamp, overturned drinking-vessels, and prostrate figures, and heard the heavy snoring of drunken sleep. He advanced noiselessly, and looked carefully about; and when he found that deep and real slumber reigned around him, he cast about his searching eyes, and his heart (if he had such a thing) was gladdened at the thought of being a gainer by the universal swinishness in which his friends were buried. He stole softly over to the truckle-bed under which the tobacco was hid, and going on all-fours, he looked to see if there was a roll of it within easy reach — for the legs of one of the sleepers hung over the side and made a sort of barrier.

He crawled nearer, and, with the aid of his crooked stick abstracted a parcel of the precious weed from its place of concealment: and then, with the stealthiness of a cat, he stole back to the door, which he closed gently after him, and retreated with his booty.

Now, it was to buy tobacco that the tinker had made his visit to De Welskein; and he chuckled at the thought of getting the merchandise without the transfer of coin, and hugged the roll of tobacco to his heart with the passion of a lover. To re-cram the pannel of his ass's straddle, and depart after his exploit, was Solomon's first intention as he sneaked back towards the haggart where his ass was committing robbery also: but another idea arose, and he slackened his pace while he conned it over, and

on second thoughts he considered it more advisable to make his visit to De Welskein, as it was about the period that worthy knew he had intended calling, and if the abstracted tobacco should be missed, his unusual absence might direct suspicion against him, as it was some time since Solomon had made a purchase, and De Welskein knew that tobacco was what Solomon could not do without. Therefore, instead of going back to the haggart, he went to a neighbouring lane where he knew the forge of a blacksmith stood, and poking and scraping out with his stick and hands a hole out of a heap of cinders and ashes that stood near the door, he concealed the treasure beneath it and returned to the cellar. He knocked again, lest any of its inmates might have awoke in the interval; and finding all as silent as before, he entered, and approaching De Welskein, he shook him by the shoulder till he roused him, and said, —

“One ud think you had nothing to be afeard iv, when you sleep with the door open.”

De Welskein rubbed his eyes, stared up at Solomon, uttered a great many “*Sacrés*,” and “*Diabes*,” and proceeded to awake the rest of the party and demand the cause of the door being open. They were all bewildered, being still half drunk; but after much blustering and swearing, Rory O'More at last was missed, and also the girl with whom he had been dancing. This was conclusive evidence of how the circumstance had occurred, and De Welskein's rage and abuse of Rory were furious. Regan, too, threw in his word of censure; and, amongst them all, poor Rory had more foul words applied to him than he ever had before in the same space of time.

“Who is that you're blessin', all o' yiz?” said Solomon.

"That scathered-brained swaggerer Rory O'More," said Regan.

"Rory O'More!" said Solomon, who knew Rory's habits were not likely to lead him into the disorderly set; — "why, what brought *him* here?" and he looked sharply at De Welskein, as much as to say, "There's a mystery."

"Why, sare? if you go for dat moche, what for *you* come here? — ha!"

"Oh, you know yourself, munseer," said Solomon, "what brings *me* here; but, ——"

"Well, sare," said De Welskein, interrupting him, "and *me* know whas bring de osser gentlemans too: das nuff for me — nussing to you."

"Oh, don't be onaisy," said Solomon coolly — "I don't want to smoke your saycrets."

"No, G— d—n! you old rog! you not smok me, you razzer smok my tabac."

Solomon looked towards the Frenchman, to see if there was any meaning in his eye when he spoke of *his tobacco*; but he saw his secret was safe. The Frenchman proceeded, —

"Dere! you seet down you — old rog — *vieux chaudronnier de campagne* — seet down, smoke your tabac and dreenk, and nebber mind nussing else!"

Solomon did as he was desired; he took a pipe and mixed a stiff glass of brandy-and-water, after tossing off a couple of glasses pure, to warm his heart, as he said himself, "after the cruel wettin' he got."

"Warm his heart indeed!" said one of the men aside: "'faith, all the sper'ts in Ireland, and all the turf in the Bog of Allen, would n't warm it."

De Welskein took Regan aside, and expressed great displeasure against Rory for leaving him without saying where De Lacy was to be found; but

Regan set him at rest on that subject by telling him he knew Rory's place of abode, and would conduct him to it if he liked. This consoled the Frenchman and he again lay down to sleep, requesting more care might be taken about the door. Solomon continued to smoke and drink until the approach of dawn, when the man called Pierre let him out of the cellar, and he went back to the haggart, having made the best bargain he could for some tobacco, and getting his pocket-pistol, as he called a tolerably capacious tin flask, filled with brandy as a bonus for his "*taking sitch a power o' tabakky from them,*" as he said himself; and the equivoke gave poignancy to the pleasure of his theft.

When he got back to the haggart, he abstracted his ass from the haystack, which the ass seemed loath to quit, and before retiring, the little beast made a last desperate plunge into the hay, and dragged away so large a mouthful, that it trailed after him all the way from the stack to the gap where Solomon now led him out, and the poor innocent haystack looked very much in the condition of a hot loaf out of which Master Tommy has had his wicked will.

Solomon replaced the stones and the furze-bush, and led off his ass to the hedge where the straddle was secreted: there he stuffed it with the *purchased* tobacco (the stolen roll still lay where the tinker had concealed it), and mounting his wallet and his kettles on the back of the ass, he drove him away from the field as soon as sunrise permitted him lawfully to appear on the road.

What did he do then?

He had the impudence to march up the lane that led to the haggart, driving his ass before him and crying loudly, "Pots, pans, and kittles to mind." The ass turned a longing look towards the haggart,

and a whack from Solomon's stick was required to remind him that tinkers' asses must not eat hay by daylight. Solomon now approached the dwelling to which the plundered haggart was attached, and found the family awake and doing: the man went out to work, and the woman, in answer to Solomon's request to know "if there *was* any pots, pans, and kittles to mind," produced a certain tin saucepan, with a demand to know "what would he take to repair it? not that it wanted it much," she said, "only, divil take it! it put out the fire always when it was put on, but did n't *lake* a great dale at all."

"Why, tare an' ouns, woman," cried Solomon, holding up the vessel between him and the sky, "there's a hole in it you could dhrive a coach thro'."

"Arrah, be aisy!" says the woman.

"Look at it yourself," says Solomon, letting the saucepan down.

A little child now popped his finger through the hole, and wagging it backwards and forwards, said, "Look, mammy!" and grinned as if he had done a very clever thing.

The mother gave him a box on the ear, calling him "a divil" at the same time, and sent him yelping away.

"'Faith, that's a 'cute child!" said Solomon, grinning a horrid smile; "he'd make an iligant tinker, he sees a hole in a pot so well."

"The meddlin' cur!" said the mother. "Well, what 'll you put a bit o' sawdher an it for?"

"A bit o' sawdher, indeed!" said Solomon. "Oh, 'faith, it's a piece o' tin I must insart into it."

"Divil an insart," says the woman, "you'll insart my saucepan, my good man! Sawdher is all it wants — jist a weeshee taste o' sawdher."

"Cock you up with my sawdher indeed!" said Solomon; "why, 't would take more than all the sawdher I have to stop it. Sure, sawdher is as dear as tin; and rawzin's riz."

"Arrah, why would rawzin be riz?"

"There was sitch a power o' fiddlers to be at the fair next week, that they bought all the rawzin up."

"Ah, go 'long wid you!"

"It's thruth I'm tellin' you."

"Well, what will you take for the saucepan?"

"I'll mind it for fourpince."

"Fourpince! Oh, where do you expec' to go when you die? Fourpince indeed! I'll give you tupp'ns."

"Could n't," says Solomon, shaking his head and going to drive away the ass.

"Well, what will you say?" said the woman.

"Well, see now," said Solomon, "I'm tired with thravelling a'most all night, and I'm wantin' rest; and indeed I'd be glad to sit down, if it was only to rest, let alone doin' a job and airnin' a thrifle; and indeed I want it bad, for the times is hard; and, so God bless you, if you'll jist throw in a thrifle o' brequest into the bargain, and gi' me tupp'ns ha'pny, I'll make the saucepan as good as new."

"Well, I would n't be hard wid you, my poor man, and so you may do it."

So down sat the tinker and opened his budget; and his iron was heated and his "sawdher" produced, not forgetting the "rawzin" that was "riz;" and bits of old tin were produced from his budget, into which the children looked with the most profound curiosity, endeavouring to fathom the depth of its mysterious treasures. Other bits of tin dazzled their longing eyes, and a great shears seemed placed there to guard the invaluable store from plunder. Solomon cut and



The Tinker.

rasped and hammered away, and rubbing his hot soldering-iron upon his powdered rosin and solder, he raised so great a smoke and so bad a smell, that the children looked on him as some wonderful conjuror; and as they saw the bright streaks that his implement produced wherever it was rubbed, their delight was profound.

When the man of the house returned to breakfast, he saw Solomon seated at the door mending the leaky vessel, and his children standing round him in wonder, and as soon as the job was done, Solomon was called in to breakfast.

"What do you think?" said the husband to the wife.

"What?" said she.

"That blackguard calf got over the wall o' the haggart again last night and made a holy show o' the hay-stack."

"Oh, you don't tell me so!" said the wife.

"Luck to the lie in it!" said the husband.

Solomon kept eating his breakfast with the most profound indifference until the husband and wife had exhausted their eloquence, and then he said,

"Them cawves is great rogues."

"The divil run a-huntin' with him for a calf! Oh, wait 'till the next time I ketch him!"

"Poor thing, poor thing!" said Solomon, tenderly.

"Sure, it's nath'ral they'd ate!"

"'Faith, he may be contint with his good grass I think," said the man.

"Thru for you — thru for you," said Solomon, quietly: "but it's remarkable how bowld some o' them cawves is."

Breakfast was finished — the job paid for — the wallet replaced on the ass amid the observation and regret of all the children, who watched the old tinker

and saw him depart with sorrow as he drove his ass down the lane, after getting a job and begging a breakfast from the man he had robbed over-night.

Solomon now proceeded to the town, and went to the forge beside which he had deposited the tobacco. Here he had a plausible pretext to go, for the shoes of the ass wanted to be looked to. On his arrival at the forge, the smith was unoccupied, so there was more time to spare for Solomon to make as hard a bargain as he could for the execution of the job.

"Maybe you could let me make an exchange wid you? and if you would have any thing in the tinkerin' line to do, sure I'd do it for nothin' for you, if you'd do the ass for nothin'."

"Not a pot, nor pan, nor kittle have I," said the blacksmith; "I'm a bachelor, and intind to stay so."

In the mean time he began to examine the ass's shoes; and the tobacco with which the straddle was lined being so near his nose, the smith began to snuff, and said at last, "Where the dickins is the tabakky?"

Solomon who caught the sound of the first sniff the smith had given, saw directly how matters stood, and hastened to the rescue: he got close beside the ass, and to the smith's inquiry he said,—

"It's here in my pocket, and mighty fine tabakky it is,—see. I got a bargain o' some from a friend a while agon, and—but don't mintion it—if you like I'll share the bargain wid you, to the value of a new set o' shoes for the baste."

"Gor! that ud be a power o' tabakky!" said the smith.

"But it's iligant tabakky," said Solomon. Pulling from his pocket several yards of the material, wound into a close ball, and popping it under the smith's nose, he said, "What do you think of that, your sowl!"

“Faix, that *is* tarein’ tabakky, sure enough!” was the delighted smith’s reply.

“Well, what do you say to a new set o’ shoes for the baste?” said Solomon.

“I dunna,” was the undecided answer.

“You know you’ll have the owld shoes in.”

“To be sure I will,” said the smith, “sure that’s only nath’ral: but what good is a little ass’s shoes?”

“Oh, shoes is shoes,” said Solomon.

“Why, tare alive! they are wore as thin as a sixpence.”

“’Deed, that is throe,” said Solomon, “for the last set he had an him was from the finest smith in Ireland: they wore powerful.”

“Arrah, who’s that?” said the workman, piqued at the mention of the finest smith in Ireland, he himself not being the person meant.

“Why, who would it be but Brian Branagan?” said Solomon, who well knew that Brian Branagan was the rival of the man who stood before him, and living in the adjoining lane, but who had never made shoes for the tinker’s ass in his life.

This was a master-touch of Solomon, — the smith bristled directly for the palm of superiority.

“Why, thin, is it Branagan you say is the finest smith in Ireland?”

“Yis,” said Solomon very quietly.

“Throth, then, it’s little you know about it. Branagan indeed! The divil a bigger botch ever dhruv a nail than the same Branagan: he a smith!!”

“Oh! I don’t purtend to know indeed,” said Solomon with an affected air of not wishing to offend, at the same time laying hold of the halter of the ass. “But he’s good enough for me, any how: good mornin’ kindly to you,” said he, going.

This was too much for the smith.

"Come back here, I tell you! it's I that'll show you what a set o' shoes is: Branagan indeed!"

"Well, will you take what I said?" said Solomon, affecting not to care much whether the smith did or not.

"Yis, yis, but never say the word Branagan to me!" Here he laid hold of his pincers, knife, and hammer, and began to knock off the points of the nails from each hoof, and pull off the ass's shoes — every drag he gave, which was with great vigour, accompanied by a "hugh" and the exclamation of "Branagan indeed!!"

"Had n't I better take off the sthraddle," said Solomon.

"Ay, off wid it," said the smith.

So, Solomon took off the highly-perfumed straddle that was so near betraying him, and then filling the smith's pipe, and his own too, with some of the tobacco which he had sold to the smith, he commenced puffing away vigorously, that the smell of the lighted weed might prevent the perfume of the dry being noticed.

While the smith was engaged in shoeing the ass inside the forge, Solomon had time to disengage the roll of stolen tobacco from the heap of cinders where he had concealed it, and hiding it in one of his old kettles, he was quite at ease, and blew the bellows for the smith while he heated the iron, or looked over him at work with an air of delight, saying, as the smith rasped up and finished his work, "Well, but thim is the rale iligant shoes!"

"You'll never talk o' Branagan agin, will you, afther *that*?" said the smith.

"Throth, an' I won't," said Solomon; "and sure it's only an owld fool I was, up to this present time, in thinkin' the like: but the owldher we grow, the

more we larn. Sure, it's a grate loss to me I did n't know you sooner!"

"Well, it's never too late to mind," said the smith.

"Thru for you," said Solomon; "nor to *make*, aither." And so saying, he filled his pipe again from the smith's tobacco, and wishing him good-morning, off he went, having secured his plunder, and getting a new set of shoes on his ass: so that he was now ready for a long and prosperous round, through his usual beat.

The smith idled the rest of that day, smoking at his new stock of "'bakky," drinking to quench his thirst, and filling up the intervals by snapping his fingers and crying, "*That* for Branagan!"

CHAPTER XII

“IN THE DARK ALL CATS ARE GREY.” — RORY BECOMES POSSESSED OF AN IMPORTANT SECRET, AND DISCLOSES ONE IN EXCHANGE

WHEN Rory O'More was admitted to the safe side of the door, he felt the pressure of a hand upon his arm, which he interpreted into the meaning of “be quiet ;” and as it was Rory's own opinion that, in his present circumstances, it was the best thing he could do, he acquiesced. One thing however he was sure of — that it was a woman who admitted him to the house, for he felt the soft breathing of one of the gentle sex upon his cheek as he stood motionless by the door beside his benefactress, while they heard a few words passing between the colonel and the sentinel, until the latter descended the steps.

Immediately after, Rory heard the woman say gently, “Come down, darlin'!” and holding the hand that was laid upon his arm, he followed his conductress as softly as he could. They soon began to descend some stairs, and before they had reached the bottom of the flight, the sound of a bolt being drawn was heard upstairs, and Rory's friend said in a suppressed voice of terror, “Oh, murder! there's the colonel comin' down! you must hide in the coal-hole. Make haste, for the love o' God, or I'm a ruined woman! — here, here!” and she dragged Rory along while she spoke. “Get in there, as far

as ever you can, and hide yourself, or I dunna what will become of the pair of us!"

At the same time, she opened a door and pushed Rory inside of it. He heard her footsteps retreat lightly and rapidly. "More opening of doors!" said Rory to himself, as he scrambled over some coal and slack, holding his arms extended to save his nose from fracture; and he found the coal vault extensive, for it was some time before he was stopped by a wall. As soon as he went as far as he could go, he crouched down, keeping his face however turned towards the point whence he entered, and he soon heard the descending footsteps of the person he was taught to believe was the colonel. The footsteps seemed to ramble over a great space of flagged apartments, and various doors squeaked on their hinges as they were opened and shut in succession by the invisible perambulant. At last Rory saw the glimmer of a light, which grew stronger by degrees, until the door of the cellar opened, and then he saw a Don Quixote sort of a man, with a candle in one hand and a drawn sword in the other, poke his head in at the door of the cellar, and holding the candle a yard before him, say, "Is there any one here?"

Rory knew better than to make any answer this time, and having thrown the tail of his coat over his head, leaving only a small peep-hole for his eyes, he remained undistinguishable amidst the surrounding gloom; for the vault was so deep, the candle so dim, the colonel so short-sighted, and Rory crouched so low, that he quite defied observation. Despite his dangerous situation, however, it was as much as Rory could do not to laugh; for the colonel, with his long face, long candle, long body, long arms, long sword, long legs, and short shirt, cut so ridiculous a figure, that a man of more solid mood than Rory might have

been provoked to mirth. However, by good luck, Rory did not laugh, though the colonel, *à la* Don Quixote, continued to open his goggle eyes on the gloom before him; but he was startled from his fixed observation by hearing a slip amongst the coal, which drew forth a still fiercer demand of "Who's there?" — Upon this summons, Rory perceived, between him and the light, a great cat cautiously crawl to the summit of the heap of coal, and, with a tail bristling to the size of a sweeping brush, make a desperate rush down the acclivity and dart between the colonel's legs. The man of war actually jumped with alarm at the suddenness of the surprise, and, as if ashamed of being so frightened at such a cause, muttered spitefully, "D—n the cat!" He now retired from the cellar, and went to wake (as he thought) the woman-servant who let Rory in, and whose sleeping apartment was in the basement story. Rory heard him cry, "Betty!" — no answer. "Betty!" again, — still silence preserved. "Betty!" still louder than before; — Rory heard a snort and a growl as if from a suddenly-awakened person.

"Who's that?" said a female voice.

"Your master: have you heard any noise in the house?"

"Noise, sir?"

"Yes, noise, — have you heard any?"

"No, sir: I have been in bed, sir, and asleep, these three hours. I hope there's nothing the matter, sir?" said Betty, with very honest seeming.

"I have been disturbed," said the colonel; "and I thought robbers had got into the house. I certainly heard a noise."

"Oh, I dar say, sir," said Betty; "'t was nothing but the cat: he's mighty throublesome and lively, that cat is, — and I forget to shut him up sometimes

—and I'm afeard he has been disturbing you, sir. Oh dear, but I'm sorry!"

This was a good guess of Betty's; for the colonel having seen a cat, now retired, and Rory was once more left in darkness. And now that the immediate chance of discovery was removed, he began to conjecture by what extraordinary means he was let into a house to which he was an utter stranger, at the moment he needed it most, and by a woman of whom he knew no more than the man in the moon: her name was Betty — that was all the knowledge he arrived at, — and that he only knew from hearing the colonel address her.

After the lapse of half an hour, Rory heard the name of "Darby" whispered at the door of the cellar.

In equally gentle tone, he barely ventured to say, rather huskily, "Iss."

"Come out, darlin'; take care you don't rowl down any of the big lumps o' coal."

Rory, profiting by the caution, got out with as little noise as possible; and coming in contact with his female guide, he was led into an apartment, the door of which was very cautiously locked by the woman.

"Now we may spake more at our aise," said she. "How are you, darlin'?"

"Indeed I'm throubled with a mighty bad cowld," said Rory, who thought this the best thing he could say whereby to account for the husky tone in which he spoke, that his natural voice might not betray the mistake which had so far favoured him.

"Oh, but your voice is gone intirely, Darby darlin'!" says the woman: "but here's somethin' to comfort you, *agra*; here" — and she led him to where a chair and table stood — "here, sit down and ate your supper: there's an iligant piece o' roast

beef, and a jug of beautiful beer, I kept sly for you. If you like, I'll light a candle for you."

"Oh, by no manes!" said Rory; "it's betther not: as the house was alarmed, the light might be bad."

"No, — it's not that so much, but I'm afeard o' the noise of sthrikin' the flint."

"Don't think of it, Betty dear," grumbled Rory.

"Lord! how your voice is althered!"

"Indeed I'm chokin' with the cowld — hegh! hegh! Oh, murdher!"

"Ate a bit, and it'll do you good. I'm grieved you have n't a light, darlin'; 't would be sitch a comfort to you."

"I don't miss it in the laste, Betty: I can find the way to my mouth in the dark."

And so saying, Rory began to eat his supper, which was most acceptable to him for two reasons: — first, he was hungry; and in the next place, the occupation accounted for his silence, which it was so desirable to preserve.

"But, you villain! what did you ring that thievin' bell for?"

"'T was a mistake, darlin' — hegh! hegh! hegh! Oh! this cowld is chokin' me!"

"Don't disthress yourself talkin', Darby dear; relieve yourself with the mate and the dhrink."

Rory obeyed.

"I run up the minit I heard the bell; and, sure, was n't it the hoighth o' good luck that I got you in before the colonel kem down! Oh! he'd murdher me, I'm sure, if he thought how it was! But, afther all, Darby jewel, what harm is there in an honest woman havin' her husband to come see her? — sure it's nath'ral."

"To be sure, Betty jewel," said Rory, who now

perceived that he was mistaken by Betty for her husband; and Rory's inventive imagination set to work in fancying what a dilemma he should be in, in case the real husband might arrive. In the mean time, however, he fortified his patience and resolution with the beef and beer, which did great credit to the colonel's larder and cellar.

"But you 're not atein', Darby dear," said Betty.

"No, but I 'm dhrinkin'," said Rory.

"Much good do your heart, jewel! But, tell me, how is Johnny?"

Now, who the deuce Johnny was, Rory could not tell; but supposing, from the diminutive form of the name, it might be her child, he thought it best to please her with a favourable answer; so he said, "Johnny's very well."

"Thank God!" said Betty. "He's a fine craythur: how well he got over it!"

"Iligant!" said Rory, who wondered what it was Johnny got over.

"And how is the hives?" said Betty.

"They 're all where they wor," said Rory, who did not dream of any other hives than beehives; while Betty meant the cutaneous eruption that "Johnny" was suffering under.

"And has none o' thim disappeared?" said Betty.

"Oh! no," said Rory; "we take great care o' thim."

"Do, darlin', do; — keep 'em from cowl'd."

"Oh yis; we put sthraw over them," said Rory.

"Sthraw!" said Betty; "why, thin, is it takin' lave o' your sinses you are, Darby? Is it sthraw on the hives?"

"Sartinly; sure the bees likes it."

"Bees!" said Betty; "arra, what bees?"

"Why, the bees in the hives," said Rory.

"Arrah, man, don't be going on with your humbuggin'! you know I'm axin' about the child very well, and you must go on with your thricks about beehives. I hate humbuggin', so I do, Darby,— and you know I do; and you will be goin' on, all I can say."

Rory saw there was some mistake; and to stop Betty, he said, "Whisht, whisht!"

"What is it?" said Betty.

"Don't talk so much, or maybe they'll hear uz."

Betty was silent for some time; but as perfect stillness seemed to reign in the house, she returned to the charge on the hives.

"But, tell me, is the hives all out?"

"Av coorse," said Rory.

"And do they look well?"

"Mighty purty indeed," said Rory; "and there'll be a power o' honey in them, I'm sure."

Betty now gave him a box on the ear, saying, "Devil sweep you! you will be humbuggin' so you will. You cruel brute! can't you make fun of any thing but the poor child that is lyin' undher the hives?"

"Sure, I tell you the child is well and hearty; and is n't that enough?" said Rory.

"And it's only jokin' you wor?" said Betty.

"To be sure," said Rory; "you ought to know my ways by this time. This is mighty fine beef!"

"But, 'deed an' 'deed, is Johnny ——"

"Bad luck to the word more I'll say!" said Rory, affecting an angry silence.

Betty now changed her ground, and thought a bit of scandal confided to Darby, would amuse him; so she began to tell him that, suppose the colonel *should*

find out she brought her husband into the house, he had no right to complain, for at all events it *was* her own husband, and nobody else.

Rory chuckled at her confidence.

"Not all as one," said Betty, "as him — with another man's wife! Purty goin's on."

"Do you tell me so?" said Rory.

"I found it all out, so he'd betther say nothin' to me, or I could desthroy him. Not that she's a bit worse than ever she was; but if the collecthor knew it —"

Rory cocked his ears. "Is it Scrubbs you mane?"

"Who else," said Betty.

"And his wife?" said Rory.

"—— Is come over on a visit, *by the way* — but I know what I know."

"How long ago?" said Rory.

"Since you were here last," said Betty.

"That's a long time," thought Rory to himself.

"Scrubbs went to town last week, and over comes madam — on a visit. Av coorse she'll go back when she expects her nate man home. But it sarves him right! — what could he expect when he tuk up with the likes of her, the dirty cur!"

Betty went on for some time in this strain, venting the vials of her wrath on the colonel and Mrs. Scrubbs; and Rory did not interrupt her, for he was glad the more she talked, as it relieved him from the difficulty of remaining concealed under her questions. After exhausting her news and her abuse, she began to ask Rory more questions, to all of which he replied by the exclamation of "Whisht," protesting at the same time he was afraid to speak for fear of discovery by the colonel. At last, when Betty found he had cleared the dish and emptied the jug, she said, —

"You had better come to bed now, darlin'."

This was a poser, and Rory said, "Whisht" again.

"Come to bed, jewel—you'll be more comfortable there than sittin' here in the cowl, and we can talk without any fear o' bein' heerd, with our heads undher the blankets."

"I can't bear my head undher the blankets," said Rory.

"That's newly come to you, thin," said Betty.

"That is since this cowl," said Rory, recovering himself: "it chokes me, this cowl does."

"There's not a finer thing in the world for a cowl than to go to bed," said Betty.

"But the cowl rises in my throat to that degree when I lie down," said Rory, "that it smothers me."

"Maybe 't would be better to-night, darlin'," said Betty.

"I'd rather sit up," said Rory.

"You'll be lost with the cowl," said Betty, "and no fire in the grate."

Rory found Betty was determined to have matters her own way, and began to get puzzled how he should avoid this difficulty, and the only chance of escape he saw open to him, was to request the tender and confiding Betty to prepare herself for a "grate saycret" he had to tell her, and that she would promise when he informed her of it, not to be too much surprised. Betty protested to preserve the most philosophic composure.

"You won't screech?" said Rory.

"What would I screech for?" said Betty.

"It's mighty surprisin'," said Rory.

"Arrah, don't keep me waitin', but let me have it at wanst," said Betty eagerly.

"Now, darlin', take it aisy," said Rory, "for you must know ——"

"What?" said Betty.

"I'm not Darby," said Rory.

Betty scarcely suppressed a scream.

"You villain!" said she.

"I'm not a villain, aither," said Rory.

"What brought you here at all?"

"Yourself," said Rory: "sure, was n't it yourself pulled me inside the hall-door?"

"But, sure, I thought it was Darby was in it."

"Well, and have n't I been honest enough to tell you I'm not Darby, at last, when it might have been throublesome to your conscience, Betty?"

"Ay," said the woman, "there's more o' your roguery! Betty too! — how did you make out my name, you divil's limb?"

"A way o' my own, Betty."

"Oh, a purty rogue you are, I go bail — throth it's not the first house you got into, I dare say, nor the first poor woman you enthralled, you midnight desaiver — and takin' up my name too."

"Well, I have n't taken *away* your name any how; so don't be so fractious."

"Arrah, but how do I know but you will."

"Well, it's time enough to cry when you're hurt, Betty, — keep yourself cool now — there's no harm done."

"No harm indeed! Curse your impidence! — No harm! Why, how do I know but it's a robber you are maybe? 'Faith I b'lieve I'd best rise the house and own this thing to the colonel."

"Betty dear," said Rory very quietly, "have a little wit in your anger, *agra!* think o' your *charâcther*, Betty."

"Oh my charâcther, my charâcther, sure enough

it's ruined for ever! Oh, what'll I do!" And she was going to cry and make a fool of herself when Rory reminded her that crying would do no good.

"The curse o' Crum'll an you! what brought you nigh the place at all? and who are you?"

"No matter who I am, but I tell you what is the best thing you can do: jist let me stay quietly in the house until the dawn, and thin let me out onknownst."

"Oh, I dar' n't, I dar' n't," said Betty. "Sure if you wor seen quittin' the place, 't would be the ruin o' me!"

"By dad! I must quit it some time or other," said Rory: "and sure if you let me out now itself, maybe the colonel will hear the door opening; or even if he does n't, sure the sojers is now on the watch, and would catch me."

"Oh, you must n't go out by the front," said Betty: "I'll let you out into the garden at the back, and you must get over the wall, for here you must n't stay — that's tee-totally out o' the question."

"Well, any thing for a quiet life," said Rory; "do what you plaze with me: but I think, as I am here, you might as well let me sit up here till towards mornin'."

"No, no, no!" said Betty in great tribulation. "Who knows but Darby might come! and then what in the wide world would I do!"

"You should keep him out," said Rory.

"Out, indeed!" said Betty, — "keep Darby out! Sure, he'd suspec' somethin' was n't right, for he's as jealous as a turkey-cock, and he'd murder me if he thought how it was. Oh, what brought you here at all!"

At this moment, some pebbles were thrown against the area window.

“Oh, by this and that,” said Betty, “there he is. — Oh, what ’ll become o’ me !”

“Tut ! woman alive,” said Rory, who endeavoured to make her attend, for she became almost confounded by the difficulty of her situation, and was clapping her hands and uttering a volley of Oh’s, — “Tut ! woman, don’t be clappin’ your hands like a wash-woman and makin’ an uproar, but jist let me out smart into the garden, and I ’ll get over the wall as you towld me.”

Betty seemed aroused to action by Rory’s suggestion, and now led him to a back window, which she opened carefully ; and telling Rory to get out softly, she handed him a chair, and then followed herself. She conducted him then to the end of the garden, and placing the chair close to the wall, she held it firmly, while Rory got upon the back rail, which enabled him to lay his hands on the top of the brickwork, and he soon scrambled up and dropped himself on the outside. On his landing, he ran as fast and lightly as he could from the quarter where the sentinels were placed, and so far escaped unobserved, and continued in a straight line up a narrow street that opened from one of the corners of the green. Here he paused a while before deciding which way he should proceed ; for, in the hurry of leaving the house, he never thought of asking Betty which was the way to go. Rory took the first turn out of this street that chance suggested, and was getting on famously, as he thought ; but while in the very act of congratulating himself on his wonderful deliverance from the soldiers, he turned another corner, and was scarcely round it, when a startling “Who’s there ?” was uttered a few paces ahead of him, and the rattling of a firelock accompanied the challenge.

Rory saw the game was up, and that after all his

former luck, it was his fate to become a prisoner; so he approached the point whence he was challenged, and said, "A friend."

"Advance and give the countersign," said the sentinel, emerging from a sentry-box.

"I have n't sitch a thing about me, sir," said Rory.

CHAPTER XIII

IN WHICH RORY REMEMBERS THE OLD SAYING OF
“ PUT THAT IN YOUR PIPE AND SMOKE IT ”

WHEN Rory could not give the countersign nor produce a pass, the sentinel told him he was his prisoner, and must remain in his custody until the guard should be relieved; to which Rory made not the least objection.

To all the soldier's questions as to where he had been and what brought him out at that hour of the night, Rory gave ready but evasive answers, until, the first moment of surprise being past, he had time to invent such replies as would least embarrass him in any subsequent examination he might undergo; and was so far successful, that the soldier believed him to be a peasant who was abroad at that hour through ignorance.

Rory now thought of General Hoche's letter, and began to feel uneasy at the possession of such a document. Under the *surveillance* of the sentinel he could not well manage to tear it; and even if he had, it being found near the spot, would prove a suspicious circumstance against him. In this dilemma, an ingenious thought occurred to him. Stooping, as it were to rub his leg, he soiled his fingers with the mud upon his shoes, and then introducing his hand into the pocket which held the letter, he dabbled it with the dirt to take off its look of freshness, and doubled it together in narrow folds, so as to resemble

those billets of paper which the Irish peasantry so commonly stick in their hats for the purpose of lighting their pipes. This, the thin texture of the foreign paper enabled him the better to do; and Rory then stuck the dangerous document into his hatband, where he trusted to its remaining without exciting suspicion.

In about half an hour the guard was relieved, and Rory was handed over to the patrol, who marched him into the guard-house of the barrack, up to whose very walls it was his ill luck to have directed his steps on leaving the colonel's house. Rory entered the place of durance with the greatest composure, and began talking to the soldiers with the most admirable *nonchalance*.

"Faix, I'm glad I had the luck to fall in with you!" said he, "for I did n't know where in the world to go; and here I am undher a good roof, with a fine fire in the place."

The soldiers did not attend to him much, but crowded round the fire, while the serjeant went to make his report to the officer of the guard that a prisoner had been brought in.

This officer happened to be a very raw ensign, who having lately joined, and being moreover by nature a consequential coxcomb, was fond of giving himself all the airs in which a position of authority could permit him to indulge, much to his own personal delight and the good of his majesty's service.

When the serjeant had announced his own presence before his superior officer by the respectful enunciation of "Plase your honour," he stood as upright as his own halberd — he had just about as much brains, — with his arms and hands stuck straight and close to his side, until the ensign thought fit to lift his gooseberry eyes from the novel he was reading.

When he vouchsafed to look at the serjeant, he said, "What's your business?"

"The padderowl, your honour, has tuk a presner."

"Where did they make the arrest?"

"The rest, your honour? there's no more o' them, your honour."

"I say, where did they capture him?"

"Oh! they did nothing to him, your honour, until they have your honour's ordhers."

"Confound you! I say, where did they take him?"

"They have tuk him into the guard-house, your honour."

"You horrid individual! I mean, where was he found?"

"In the sthreet, your honour."

"You beast! What street?"

"Buttermilk Street, your honour."

"Near the barrack?"

"Yis, your honour."

"Has he any accomplices?"

"We have not sarched him yet, your honour."

"Confound you! — I mean, was he in company?"

"Yis, your honour; he says he was in company, but they turned him out, your honour."

"Then he was alone?"

"Yis, your honour."

"Have you searched him?"

"No, your honour."

"Demneetion, sir! You should always search a prisoner the first thing — you don't know but a prisoner may have concealed arms or treasonable papers on his person. Search him directly."

"Yis, your honour," said the serjeant, raising his arm like the handle of a pump, and when he had it at full length, doubling it up from his elbow till

his hand, as flat as a fish-knife, touched his head: then deliberately reversing all these motions until his arm was back again at his side, he turned on his heel, and was leaving the room, when the ensign, calling him back again, said, with an air of great authority, —

“I expect never to hear of such a gross breach of discipline and neglect of duty again: never report a prisoner in my presence without being able to answer all such important questions as I have been asking you; and for this purpose let your first duty be always to search him directly. Go, now, and report to me again when the person of this prisoner has undergone rigid inspection. Retire!”

“Yis, your honour,” said the serjeant, repeating his salute with his usual solemnity, and stalking from the room into the guard-house.

Now, the room where the officer sat was a small apartment partitioned off the guard-house; and Rory, whose ears were open, heard every word of the officer's magniloquence and the serjeant's stupidity; and so soon as he heard the order about searching, and the words “treasonable papers,” he thought that to let the letter remain in existence would be only running an unnecessary risk; so he very deliberately approached the fire, and having taken Hoche's letter from his hatband, he spoke to some soldiers who were sitting round the hearth all unmindful of what was going forward between the officer and the serjeant, and, handing them the letter twisted up in the form of a match for lighting a pipe, he said, —

“I beg your pardon for being so troublesome, gintlemen, but would you oblige me to light this taste of paper for me to kindle my pipe? for indeed it's mighty cowl'd, and I'm lost with the wet.”

One of the soldiers did as he required; for the request was so natural, and Rory's manner so cool,

that no suspicion was awakened of the importance of the document on whose destruction Rory's life or death depended, and the lighted paper was handed to him over the shoulders of the party that enclosed the fire, and Rory lighted his pipe with a self-possession that would have done honour to an American Indian. From the wetting the letter had sustained while exposed in Rory's hat, it burned slowly; so, when he heard the serjeant coming from the officer's room, and his feigned match not yet consumed, he leaned over the back of the soldier who had obliged him, and saying, "Thank you kindly, sir," threw the remainder of the paper into the fire, just as the serjeant returned to execute the ensign's order.

The search instituted upon Rory's person produced no evidence against him. When it was over, he sat down and smoked his pipe very contentedly. In a few minutes another prisoner made his appearance, when a second party, who had been relieving guard, came in. This man was making loud protestations that he was not the person the soldiers took him for; but his declarations seemed to have no effect on the guard.

"I wonder you were not afraid to come to the place again, after having escaped once before," said one of the sentinels who brought him in.

"I tell you again, I never was there before," said the man.

"Bother!" said the sentinel; "you won't do an old soldier that way."

"By this and by that," said the prisoner.

"Whish, whish!" said the soldier; "sure we were looking for you before: however, you contrived to give us the slip."

"I gave you no slip," said the prisoner: "I tell you again, 't was the first time I was there."

"Fudge!" said the soldier: "how did the bell ring?"

"Divil a bell I rung," said the man.

Rory understood in an instant how this mystification took place: he suspected at once this must be Darby, who had thrown the pebbles that startled Betty so much; and, while he laughed in his sleeve at the poor husband being mistaken for the person who had disturbed the colonel's house, he continued to smoke his pipe with apparent indifference to all that was going forward, and did not as much as look up at the prisoner. It was absurd and whimsical enough, certainly, that Betty should first have mistaken him for Darby, and then that Darby should be mistaken for him by the soldiers. Darby still continued to protest his innocence of any previous approach to the house; but the soldiers could not be persuaded out of their senses, as they themselves said; and so the affair concluded by Darby being desired to sit down beside his fellow-prisoner.

Rory now looked at him, to see what sort of a bargain Betty had made in a husband, and, to his surprise, he beheld one of the men he had seen in the cellar. A momentary look of recognition passed between them, and then they withdrew their eyes, lest the bystanders should notice their intelligence.

"Where will the adventures of this night end!" thought Rory to himself.

But all adventures must have an end at last, and this chapter of Rory's accidents came to a close next morning; in the mean time, however, Rory stretched himself on the guard-bed when he had finished his pipe, and slept soundly. It may be wondered at that he could sleep under such exciting circumstances, and still in a perilous situation; but

when we remember all the fatigues he had gone through the preceding day, it does not seem extraordinary that sleep should have favoured one like Rory, who was always full of hope, and did not know what fear meant.

CHAPTER XIV

IN WHICH IT APPEARS THAT ONE MAN'S SIN MAY
PROVE ANOTHER MAN'S SALVATION

IN the morning he was awoke by a prodigious drumming; and various other drummings, and fifings, and trumpetings, &c. went forward, with parading and such military formula: these being finished, Rory and Darby were conducted from the guard-house, and led into the presence of the colonel, whom Rory recognised for his coal-hole acquaintance of the preceding night.

Rory, on being questioned as to what brought him into the streets at such an hour, said that he was a stranger in the town; that it being market-day, he went with a few "boys" to have some drink, and that he became drowsy and fell asleep in a public-house; that subsequently he was awoke, and that he then saw other people in the room; that a quarrel arose; that they did not seem to like his company, and "at last," said Rory, "they gave me a hint to go."

"What hint did they give you?" said the colonel.

"They kicked me down stairs, your honour," said Rory.

A laugh followed Rory's exposition of what a hint was. "That's rather a strong hint," said the colonel.

"I thought so myself, your honour," said Rory; "and so when they kicked me down stairs, I suspected it was time to go."

"But, my good fellow," said the colonel, noticing

Rory's fine proportions and bold eye, though Rory endeavoured to look as innocent as he could, "I don't think you seem like a fellow that would take such a hint quietly."

"Why, your honour, I'm behowlden to you for your good opinion, and indeed it's throe, I'm proud to say; but what could I do agin a dozen? I offered to bate them all round singly; but they would not listen to rayson, and so they shoved me outside the door; and there I was in the sthreet, knowin' no more than the child unborn where to turn, or where to go look for a bed."

"I'll have the keeper of that public-house punished for having it open at such an hour. — Where is it?"

"Indeed and I don't know," said Rory.

The colonel looked incredulous. He questioned Rory more closely, who fenced very ingeniously; but still the suspicions of the colonel were excited, and he said at last, —

"Your account of yourself, my good fellow, is rather confused."

"No wondher, your honour, when I was dhrunk all the time."

"That won't do," said the colonel, who continued in a severer tone, — "I suspect you're a deep fellow, sir, and know more than you choose to tell, and therefore I'll hand you over to the serjeant. — Here, serjeant." That functionary advanced. "Serjeant," said the colonel, "take this fellow to the halberds, — let the drummers give him a dozen, and see if that will refresh his memory."

Rory's heart almost burst with indignation at the thought of the degradation, and he became first red as crimson and then pale as death with rage.

"Ha!" said the colonel, seeming to enjoy the pallor his threat had produced, and which he mistook

for fear, — “we'll see, my fine fellow, what you think of the hints the drummers will give you!”

In an instant Rory's invention came to his aid; and though, could he have indulged his desire, he would have had the colonel placed before him on equal terms, and could have plucked out his tyrannous heart for the degradation he would inflict on him, still he kept down his rising wrath, and let finesse accomplish what he knew force could never achieve: so, with as much calmness as he could muster, he said, —

“I'd be sorry, sir, to put the sarjeant to so much trouble; and, if you'll be good enough to clear the room, I'll tell you something you'd like to know, sir.”

“You may tell it out before all,” said the colonel.

“Plaze your honour,” said Rory, who now had recovered his self-command, and enjoyed the thought of foiling cruelty by craft, — “your honour, it's something you would n't be *plazed* every one should hear.”

“How should n't I be pleased? There's nothing you can tell, fellow, that I should care if the whole world knew.”

“Av coorse not, your honour,” said Rory with affected reverence; “but at the same time, if you b'lieve me, sir, it will be betther for no one but *yourself* to know of it.”

“Clear the room, then,” said he to the serjeant. “You may remain, Mr. Daw.” This was said to the ensign who was officer of the guard.

“No one but yourself, if you plaze, your honour,” said Rory.

The colonel at first imagined that this was some desperate fellow who had concealed arms about him, and meant to take his life; but remembering he had been searched in the guard-house, his personal

security no longer was matter of question, and there was a certain meaning that Rory threw into his manner, which influenced him to grant the prisoner's request to be alone with him.

"Well, what's this wonderful secret you've to tell?" said the colonel when they were alone.

"Why, sir," said Rory, affecting great embarrassment, and rubbing his hand up and down the table before which he stood, as if he were ashamed of what he had to communicate, "I'm loath to tell you a'most, sir, begging your honour's pardon; but ——"

"Quick, sir, quick!" said the colonel impatiently.

"It's all thrue what I towld you, sir, about bein' a sstranger in the town, and coming over jist to ——"

"The fact, sirrah!" said the colonel, — "the fact, — tell me what's this secret of yours?"

"Yis, your honour, that's what I want to *insense* your honour about."

"You'd *insense* any one with your delay, fellow. Come to the fact, I tell you — What's this secret?"

Rory fixed his eyes on the colonel while he proceeded, —

"You see, sir — I beg your honour's pardon, and hope you won't be offinded with me — but in the regard of Mистер ——" and he lowered his voice to a mysterious pitch.

"Who?" said the colonel, on whom Rory had his eye fixed like a hawk.

"Mистер *Scrubbs*, sir," said Rory.

The colonel winced: Rory saw he had

"Tented him to the quick;"

and now felt that the game was in his hands.

"What of him?" said the colonel recovering himself, but yet with a very altered tone of voice to that in which he had hitherto pursued his interrogatories.

"Why, sir, your honour — you'll excuse me, I hope, — I would n't offend your honour for the world, — but I thought it best not to mention any thing about it while the people was here, because people is curious sometimes and might be makin' their remarks; and I thought I could better give your honour a hint when nobody would be the wiser of it."

"I'm not any wiser myself of it yet," said the colonel.

"No, of course, your honour, seein' I was loath to mention the thing a'most, for fear of your honour thinkin' I was takin' a liberty; but the misthiss — Misses Scrubbs I mane, your honour —" and Rory here stuck his eyes into the colonel again.

"Well?" said the colonel.

"I knew she was over here with a *frind*, your honour, and I knew that she did not expect the masher down — the collecthor, I mane."

"Well," said the colonel.

"And I thought it best to tell her that I heard the masher is comin' down to-morrow, and av course *your honour knows* he would not be plazed if the misthiss was n't in the place, and might *suspect*, or the like. I hope your honour is not offended."

The emphasis on "*your honour knows*" and "*suspect*" was accompanied by sly smiles and winks, and significant nods; and the colonel saw clearly that Rory was possessed of the knowledge of his intrigue with Mrs. Scrubbs, and that the best thing he could do was to make him his friend; so he said very gently, —

"Offended! my good fellow, not at all. And so you came over to tell your mistress?"

"I thought it best, sir; for indeed she is a pleasant lady, and I would n't for the world that she'd get into throuble, nor your honour aither."

“Well, here ’s something to drink my health.”

“Oh, your honour, sure I would n’t.”

“I insist upon it,” said the colonel, forcing five guineas into Rory’s hand, who did all in his power not to take them; for, though he hesitated not to execute this manœuvre to save his life, he did not like receiving money on a false pretence.

“Indeed, thin, I never intended to take money, nor to tell your honour of it at all—only the misthiss, but for the quare accident that brought me before your honour.”

“I’m glad I’ve seen you,” said the colonel, “to reward your fidelity to your mistress: she shall be home before to-morrow.”

“Throth, then, I pity her to be obleeged to lave so iligant a gintleman.”

“Hush!” said the colonel.

“Mum!” said Rory, winking and laying his finger on his nose: “but sure you’re the divil among the women, colonel!”

The colonel was pleased at the compliment paid to his gallantry; and merely saying to Rory, “Be discreet,” he called in the persons who were waiting in wonder outside to know what important communication had been going forward.

“This man is free,” said the colonel: “I’m quite satisfied with his explanations. And, serjeant, take him with you to the adjutant’s office, and let him have a pass.”

This was a bit of finesse on the colonel’s part, to make it appear that it was on public, not private grounds, he gave Rory his freedom; for at this period, a pass from a commanding officer empowered the bearer to go unmolested at all hours, and was entrusted only to emissaries or known friends of government.

The colonel was so thrown off his guard by Rory's *ruse de guerre*, that he never asked his name; so Rory obtained his pass without being known, and then turned his face homeward. As he rattled along the road, high in spirits, as men always are when they have conquered difficulties, his head was in a whirl at the retrospect of the various adventures which had befallen him within four-and-twenty hours.

"First, I meet French missionaries" (he meant emissaries, but no matter), — "thin I get all the news o' what's goin' on that will astonish the world, — thin I get a *rare* letter from General Hoche — Ah! there's the murdher! — the letter's gone. Bad cess to it! why could n't I contrive to keep it? But no matter — afther all, it might be worse, sure; if 't was found I'd be hanged. — Not that I'd care so much for that, as the thing being *blown*. — Indeed, I might ha' been hanged maybe, afther all; only I knew about the colonel's purty doings. — Well, well, — to think that the sins of one woman should save the life of another man! But that's the will o' God and the blessed Vargin. — And to think I should not only get home safe, but have five goolden guineas in my pocket into the bargain! — Throth, Rory, luck's on your side, my boy!"

Now, it was not merely luck was on Rory's side, for he turned all the accidents to good account, which would have been thrown away on a fool; and this, after all, is what makes the difference, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, between a lucky and an unlucky man. The unlucky man often plays life's game with good cards and loses; while the lucky man plays the same game with bad ones, and wins. Circumstances are the rulers of the weak; — they are but the instruments of the wise.

CHAPTER XV

BEING A MIXTURE OF ROMANCE AND REALITY

THE interest which De Lacy felt on Rory's return, in listening to the important intelligence he brought, was mingled with amusement at the adventurous way in which he had conducted the enterprise. The loss of the letter he did not much regard, as the most valuable information it could have conveyed was in his possession, namely, the preparation of the extensive armament for the invasion of the island; and, under the circumstances, he not only did not blame Rory for the mishap, but gave him great credit for his courage and intelligence; for Rory had communicated to him every particular of his adventures. De Lacy blamed De Welskein for holding the unlicensed communion Rory described in his cellar, and assured O'More he was not aware that such was the smuggler's practice when he sent him on his mission.

"You don't imagine, Rory, that I would countenance nor be the companion of such ruffians?"

"To be sure you would n't, sir," said Rory; "and I hope you don't think I'd suppose such a thing."

"No; but as you were sent there by me, I wish you to understand ——"

"Oh, sir, I don't mind such a trifle," said Rory.

"I don't think it a trifle," said De Lacy.

"But sure, if it was you was there, of coorse he would n't have done the like by you, sir."

“He dare not, the rascal! but that’s not enough; he should n’t have treated my agent so: but, to be sure, in these affairs one must not be too particular. They say poverty makes men acquainted with strange bedfellows; and revolutions must do the same thing.”

Yet, much as De Lacy strove to reconcile the thing to his feelings, his delicacy revolted at the scene of brutal debauch that Rory, a pure-hearted peasant, was made the witness and partly the partaker of. De Lacy was in every way an enthusiast: he believed in that high standard of human virtue which could sacrifice all for virtue’s sake; his love of liberty was pure, — unstained by one unholy motive, and however much he might be blamed by those who thought the cause in which he was engaged unjustifiable, or even flagitious, his motives at least were high and noble: they might be called mistaken, but not unworthy.

His profession as a soldier, his present exploit as a patriot, and his love as a man, were all undertaken and pursued with a feeling belonging rather to the age of chivalry than the time in which he lived. Or it might be perhaps more truly said, belonging to his own particular period of existence, — that glorious spring-time when every leaf of life is green, and the autumn of experience has not laid the withering tint of distrust upon one. The age of chivalry, did I say? Every young and noble heart has its own age of chivalry!

De Lacy’s love has been once mentioned before — at least glanced at; and it may be as well to give some slight notion of that event, so interesting in most people’s lives. Not that De Lacy’s love has much to do with the events about to be recorded; but as it will be necessary to touch upon it perhaps else-

where, the reader may just be given a peep into the affair: besides, it will help to exhibit the refined nature of De Lacy's mind.

He had left behind him in Paris a girl to whom he was deeply attached, and by whom he believed himself to be ardently beloved. But Adèle Verbigny was unworthy of such a love as De Lacy's, inasmuch as she could not understand it. Love was with her a necessity: she thought it quite indispensable that every young lady should have a lover; and if that lover was a hero, so much the better. Now, De Lacy happened to be a handsome fellow and a soldier; and when he volunteered to undertake the dangerous mission to Ireland, she was charmed, because that her *Horace* should be the "saviour of a nation," &c. &c. she considered a triumph to herself. So, babbling in the exaggerated jargon of the feverish time in which she spoke, she said she offered up the hopes of her heart upon the altar of Freedom, and desired him go and disenthral his native land from the yoke of tyranny, and return crowned with laurels to enjoy her love.

De Lacy believed the little Parisian felt all she said, and loved her better than ever. While he was yet uncertain of the moment of his departure, he received a peremptory summons from the Directory to start immediately with a government courier to the coast. He hastened to the house of Adèle to take a tender farewell. Her mother met him as he entered the apartment.

"Hush!" said she; "Adèle sleeps."

"I have not a moment to wait," said De Lacy; "I'm summoned on the instant to depart."

"You see she sleeps," said the mother: "she cried so much last night at the separation of the lovers in the play, that she was quite overcome. Her nerves

have been shattered all day, and she went asleep just now on the sofa to restore herself."

"Sweet soul!" said De Lacy — "poor Adèle! if she wept at a fictitious separation, what would she suffer at a real one! I will not wake her — no — mine be the pain of parting. Tell her," said he tenderly, and he looked at the sleeping girl while he spoke to her mother, — "tell her I go to fulfil my duty to my country. I will return with its blessings and the laurels of victory to lay at her feet, and then I shall be worthy of her." He knelt to kiss her, but paused. "No," he said, "I might awake her: this is all I shall take," and he gently drew a flower from the folds of her dress, — "'t is a type of her beauty, her sweetness, and her innocence!" He then rose and hurried to depart. "Farewell, mother," said he, — "permit me to call you so, — and tell Adèle why I would not wake her; and will she not love me the better when she knows how much I renounced in relinquishing the parting charm of a kiss and a blessing from her own bright lips!" He could trust himself to say no more, but he rushed from the house.

The ravings of De Lacy during his dangerous illness had been divided between the recollection of Adèle and anticipation of the intended revolutionary struggle. On his recovery, however, his mind reverted more pleasurably to the former subject than the latter; for, to his enfeebled nerves, love was a theme more congenial than war.

In such a frame of mind it was that De Lacy sat in his bedroom, a few days after his recovery, with some papers lying before him, and his eyes resting on the flower he had taken from the bosom of Adèle the night he had parted from her. He thought of the circumstances of that parting; and as the sleep-

ing girl was recalled to his fancy, his heart went through all the emotions of that parting again, through the influence of an imagination always vivid, but now rendered more delicately sensitive through the agency of that susceptibility of nerve which the languor succeeding a severe illness produces, and the fulness of his heart and the excitement of his fancy found vent in recording his farewell and the emotions of that moment in verse; and, dedicating to his Adèle the inspiration of his muse, he wrote the following —

SONG

I

Sleep, my love — sleep, my love,
Wake not to weep, my love,
Though thy sweet eyes are all hidden from me:
Why shouldst thou waken to sorrows like mine, love,
While thou may'st, in dreaming, taste pleasure, divine, love?
For blest are the visions of slumbers like thine, love —
So sleep thee, nor know who says “Farewell to thee!”

II

Sleep, my love — sleep, my love,
Wake not to weep, my love,
Though thy sweet eyes are all hidden from me:
Hard 't is to part without one look of kindness,
Yet sleep more resembles fond love in its blindness,
And thy look would enchain me again; I find less
Of pain to say, “Farewell, sweet slumb'rer, to thee!”

Thus, in writing and reading, — for De Lacy had a few choice books with him, — some days were passed; but his strength began to return, and he was soon able to walk abroad. In his rambles, a book was mostly his companion; and it was the frequency of his being observed by the country people in the

act of reading that he obtained the name of "the Scholar," for so he became universally called by the peasants, who liked him for his courteous manner, and the freedom with which he conversed with them. Who and what he was, they did not care: but not so little Sweeny and Scrubbs, who used to exchange mutual "wonders" with each other as to "What the deuce he could be? — What brought him there? — What he was about?" &c. &c., and the conclusion they always arrived at was, both shaking their heads very significantly, and saying, "Very odd!" De Lacy avoided the village in his walks. In the first place, the retirement of the quiet banks of the river, or the wildness of the hills above it, was more congenial to his temper; and secondly, he wished to keep himself beyond the range of observation as much as possible. With reading and sketching, and making short excursions into the adjacent country, his days passed pleasantly enough, while all the time he was taking note of what he saw and heard; for though the expected assistance from the Texel, of which he was in daily hopes of receiving intelligence, rendered it unnecessary to write to General Clarke on the subject, as the blow he expected would be struck without any urgency on his part, yet his own anxiety to acquire a knowledge of the internal state of the country stimulated his inquiries. Old Phelim, the schoolmaster, was often questioned on such matters: and his oddity amused, while his information satisfied, De Lacy.

It might be supposed by the general reader that, engaged in such a cause as De Lacy then was, an introduction to the parish priest would have been held desirable; but it was not so — far from it. De Lacy, in common with all the leaders of the political ~~movement~~ movement then going forward in Ireland, desired

to shun by every possible means any contact with the priesthood. The results of the French Revolution had given the alarm to the clergy of all denominations; and the Irish Roman Catholic priest, so far from countenancing the introduction of revolutionary principles into Ireland, had refused absolution to "The Defenders," a political union formed amongst the lower orders of the *Catholic* Irish, to protect themselves from the aggressions of the "Peep-o'-day Boys," who were *Protestants and Presbyterians*. The dominant party in Ireland have endeavoured to propagate the belief that the rebellion of 1798 was of religious origin, and put in practice for the murder of all the Protestants in Ireland: but what is the fact? The society of United Irishmen was first established in the North of Ireland, where the majority of the population was Protestant and Presbyterian. It was by Protestants and Presbyterians the society was founded, and Protestants and Presbyterians were its principal leaders. So, to credit the Orange account of the affair, we must believe that the Protestants originated the ingenious device of organising a revolution to murder themselves!

The truth is, the revolution then contemplated was *purely political*. When the repeated calls for reform in the Irish parliament and a repeal of the penal laws against Catholics were refused till disappointment grew into despair, then, and not till then, did the people coalesce to take by force what they had vainly sought by petition. The Catholics, from the very nature of their religion, which teaches such tame submission to authority, would never have dared to rebel. It was the stern Presbyterians, reformers by descent, that organised the movement to relieve Ireland from the political degradation in which she then was prostrated, and long oppression at last roused

the Roman Catholics to make common cause with them.

These facts I mention, lest it might be considered inconsistent that De Lacy should not have been in league with Father Kinshela, who, so far from countenancing the influence of Frenchmen in Ireland, considered the Gallic revolution and all its emissaries to be quite as pestilential as they were deemed to be by the stanchest Protestant in the land.

CHAPTER XVI

AN "IRISH" FAIR WITH ONLY "ONE" FIGHT IN IT.
— DE WELSKEIN'S METAMORPHOSES. — LEARNED
PIGS. — ROASTED DUCKS. — LOVE AND MURDER,
ETC. ETC.

DE LACY had been for some days in expectation of going to a neighbouring fair, which has the reputation of being a scene of great merriment in Ireland, and a very characteristic thing; and as he had never witnessed such a meeting, his curiosity was not a little excited. It was agreed that he and Rory, as well as his sister, with her suitor Conolly, — who, by the way, was not a favoured, though a devoted lover, — should form a party, to which Phelim O'Flanagan begged to be added, and the request was granted.

"You must not expect, though," said Rory, addressing De Lacy, "that we'll have as much fun as usual; for, you see, the people being more *united*, they won't fight as much as they do in common, and the factions is laid down by common consent until matters get smooth again; — and when we have justice and happiness among us once more, why thin we can enjoy our private battles according to the good owld fashion."

"That's the thing that surprises me," said De Lacy, — "why you are so fond of factions. You are good-humoured and pleasant fellows enough indi-

vidually; but when a set of you get together, you scarcely ever part without fighting."

"Why, you see, sir," said Phelim, "it is the nature of man to be disputaarious in their various degrees,—kings for kingdoms—scholars for argument, and so an; and the disputaariousness of human nathur is as like to brake out about which barony is the best ball-players or hurlers, as if Roosia vindicated Proosia, or Proosia vindicated Roosia: for you know, sir, being a scholar, that the vindicativeness of nations to aitch other is no more than the vindicativeness of the human heart, which is as demonstherated in a parish, or a barony, or a townland, or the like, as in the more circumscribed circle of an impire, or a principalatine, all as one as a circle is a circle, whatever the size of it may be, from a platther up to a cart-wheel. Q. E. D. What *was* to be demonsthrated!" and Phelim took snuff, as usual.

"Admirably demonstrated indeed!" said De Lacy, maintaining his gravity; "but, if the matter in dispute be ball-playing or wrestling, would not the surest method of settling the business be, to play an equal match of either of the given games, instead of beating each other?"

"Arrah, what else do we do?" said Rory.

"You always fight instead."

"But how can we help that? Sure, we always *do* challenge each other to play a match of ball or hurling, and thin, in the coorse of play, one man gives a false ball, or another cuts it, and thin there's a dispute about it; or in hurlin', the same way, in the hate of the game, maybe the fellow before you is jist goin' to have the ball all to himself, and you afther him, hot foot, what can you do but give him a thrip? and away he goes head over heels, and if he's not disabled, there's a chance he loses his timper, and

comes to thrip you, — when, maybe he is not so necessiated to thrip *you* as *you* wor to thrip *him*, and that does n't stand to rayson in *your* opinion, and maybe you can't help givin' him a clip o' the hurl, and down *he* goes; and thin, maybe, one o' *his* barony sees that, and does n't think it raysonable, and slaps at *you*, — and so on it goes like fire among flax, and the play turns into a fight in no time; and, indeed, in the long-run we find 't is the best way of arguin' the point, — for there might be some fractious sperits would dispute about the fairness o' *this* play, or the fairness o' *that* play, and that it was an accident settled the game; but when it comes to rale fightin', there can be no words about it, — for, you see, when you dhrive every mother's son o' them before you, and fairly leather them out o' the field, *there can be no mistake about it.*"

"But does not that produce bad blood amongst you?" said De Lacy.

"By no manes," said Rory; "why should it? Sure, have n't they the chance of wollopin' us the next time?"

"And that perpetuates the dispute," said De Lacy.

"To be sure," said Rory, "that's the fun of it. Oh, it would only be a cowardly thing to be always fightin' a party you were sure to bate! — there would be an end of the glory intirely."

"All party," thought De Lacy, "is like Rory's game of hurling; those who are *out* endeavour to trip up those who are *in*, — and, in conclusion, the only game left is to *leather them out of the field*; when there can be no mistake about it."

It was the next day following Rory's and Phelim's eloquent, lucid, and reasonable exposition of the necessity and propriety of party fights, that the fair was holden, and the party, as already named, started for

the scene of amusement; — Conolly having the honour of being gentleman in waiting on Mary O'More, handing her over stiles, &c.; Phelim and Rory bearing De Lacy company.

On arriving at the scene of action, they found the fair tolerably “throng,” as the phrase is in Ireland; and the moment they were well on the ground, Conolly commenced the series of gallantries which every aspirant to a pretty girl's favour goes through on a fair-day, by buying a large stock of gingerbread cakes, which appeared to have been made of brown paper and treacle, and apples to match, and requesting the whole party, including De Lacy, who was most politely solicited, to partake of the feast. Now, when people are at fairs, it is a point of honour to eat and drink, and see all that you can, — in short, till you can eat, and drink, and see no more; and all the party present, except De Lacy, seemed determined their honour should not be called in question. The cake and apple stands were generally formed by the common car of the country being backed into whatever position it could take up on the fair-ground; and the horse being unyoked, a forked pole of sufficient strength was stuck in the ground, and the back-band of the car being deposited between the prongs, it at once obtained support; after which some *wattles* (long supple boughs) being bent over the vehicle, a quilt was thrown across these rustic rafters, to form an awning, and the cakes and apples were spread on some sacks, perhaps, or something equally coarse, — any thing, in short, to cover the bare boards of the car, that probably carried a load of sand or earth, or something not so agreeable, the day before, and was now at once converted into a cake-shop. In one corner of the concern, a glass and a black bottle, with *something in it*, were to be seen; and under the

car, from the middle of a bundle of straw, you might perceive the muzzle of a large jar protruding, whence the black bottle could be replenished as occasion required.

Booths were erected for the accommodation of those who chose to dance, and drink to refresh themselves; and both these amusements, — that is to say, dancing and drinking, — seemed to be the staple commodities of the fair, even at an early hour; but the dancing-tents were not in their full glory till much later in the day.

There was throwing for gingerbread, and other amusements incidental to such scenes; but nothing very stirring in this line seemed as yet to have set in. So the party strolled on through the crowd; Rory remarking to De Lacy as they went, that he told him there would be little or no fun — “And you see how quiet they are,” said Rory.

“God save you, Phelim,” said a well-dressed peasant.

“God save you kindly,” answered Phelim.

“How does the gossoons do without you, Phelim, agra?”

“Oh, I gev the craythurs a holiday,” said Phelim.

“I don't like to be too hard on them. Exercise is good for the gossoons when they are at college, for larnin' lies heavy on the stomach.”

“Thru for you, Phelim. Not that I know much about larnin'; but I know you mustn't brake the heart of a young cowlt.”

And so saying, off Phelim's friend went.

They now approached a portion of the fair where sales of cattle were going forward.

“How is the bastes goin'?” said Rory to a farmer.

“Indeed, it's back they'll be goin',” said the farmer: “there's no prices at all here — that is, for bastes; but I hear pigs is lively.”

"What's thim I see up on the hill?" said Rory.
 "Is it sogers?"

"No less," said the farmer; "though, indeed, they might save themselves the throuble, — they kem here to watch us; but there won't be a blow sthruck to-day."

"Thru for you," said Rory; and so they parted.

They next approached a show-box, where an exhibition of Punch and Judy seemed to give great amusement. That interesting domestic history was about half-way through when our hero and his party arrived; and Rory had been telling in a hasty manner to Mary the nature of Punch's adventures, as they approached. "Make haste, now," said Rory, "for it's better nor a play. I seen a play when I was in Dublin; but Punch and Judy is worth two of it. Run! run! there he is goin' to kill his wife and child, the comical owld blackguard!"

They arrived in time to witness the death of Mrs. Punch and the child, and then the doctor was sent for. The doctor made his appearance; and Punch, after his legitimate squeak began,

"Docta-w-r!"

"Sare?" said the doctor.

"Can you cure my wife?"

"Yes, sare."

"What will you give her?"

"Some *ghost's* milk."

Rory started, "By all that's good that's himself!" said he.

"Why, is it a rale docthor?" said Mary.

"No, no," said Rory. "I was only ——" he paused, and withdrawing from Mary, he beckoned De Lacy from the group, and said, "That's Mr. Devilskin that's there," pointing to the show-box.

"Where?" said De Lacy.

“There,” said Rory, pointing again; “inside the show-box. I’d take my oath it’s him. I thought I knew his voice at first, but I’d sware to the *ghost’s milk*.”

And so it was De Welskein. It has been said he was fond of intrigue and adventure, and he was quite in his element in thus masquerading it through the country; and while he was sowing rebellion from his love of revolution, and reaping profit from his tobacco, it was pride and glory to him to be playing the buffoon at the same time, which was at once a source of pleasure and security; for the smuggler was never long in one spot, but changing to different places in different characters.

“I want to see him,” said De Lacy, “and am glad of this chance-meeting. We must watch an opportunity to speak to him when the show is over.”

While they were waiting for this, a group of horsemen approached the show, and Rory amongst them saw Squire Ransford, the parson, Sweeny, and Scrubbs; the latter engaged in conversation with “the colonel,” — he who had given Rory his freedom and his pass. Rory saw there was nothing for it but to retreat, as, if he were seen, his whole finesse about Mrs. Scrubbs would be blown, he would get into trouble, and his name be in the colonel’s possession, who, it will be remembered, had never, in his hurry to dismiss our hero, asked who he was. Therefore, screening himself behind De Lacy, he told him how matters stood, and taking Mary and Conolly with him, he left De Lacy with Phelim for a guide. — “If we don’t meet again in the fair,” said Rory, “we must only wait till we go home;” and he retired rapidly from the spot unobserved by the horsemen who had caused his sudden retreat. Appointing then a place of rendezvous with Mary and Conolly, Rory left them, and

they returned to witness the finale of Punch and Judy.

Rory pushed his way through the principal row of booths, where the dancing and drinking were going on prosperously, and entering that under whose sign his appointed meeting with his sister and her cavalier was to take place, he sat down, and calling for a small portion of drink, refreshed himself, intending when that was over to *rest* himself with dancing. While he sat, he perceived Regan and Kathleen enter at the farther end of the booth, and his heart bounded at the sight of the girl he loved; but his joy was damped at the thought that in her brother's presence he had better not approach her. To his unspeakable joy, however, he saw Regan depart, leaving Kathleen, after speaking a few words to her; and when he was some seconds gone, Rory moved towards the girl of his heart gaily, and, as her head was turned away, he proposed surprising her by his presence; so approaching unobserved, he tapped her smartly on the shoulder, and had his most winning smile ready to meet her when she should turn. When she did turn, instead of the flush of joy which Rory anticipated, a deadly paleness and a look of reserve were on the countenance of Kathleen, and Rory's blood ran cold to his heart.

"What's the matther, Kathleen dear?" said Rory. — Kathleen could not answer.

"What *is* the matther! — for God's sake, tell me!" said Rory impressively, for he saw by the girl's manner that an unfavourable impression had been made upon her as regarded him.

"Rory," said Kathleen with that reproachful tone which an offended woman only can assume, — "Rory," said she, "need you ask me?"

"What have I done, Kathleen jewel?"

"Oh, Rory! so soon to desave and think light o' me!"

"Me, Kathleen! — by all that's good ——"

"Whisht, Rory — whisht! — swaring won't make it betther."

"But what is it, Kathleen?"

"Oh, Rory! don't be so desaitful. You know you've wronged me!"

"By this blessed light! I never wronged you, Kathleen!" — There was something bearing such inherent evidence of sincerity in Rory's manner, that Kathleen hesitated for a moment, and looked inquiringly into his face; but suddenly withdrawing her eyes and dropping her voice, she said, "I'd willingly b'lieve you, Rory, — but ——"

"But what?" said Rory.

"I don't like to accuse you, but you know ——" again she paused.

"What?" said Rory impatiently.

"The cellar," said Kathleen. — The word was enough. With all that magic rapidity of thought which instantaneously links a chain of circumstances together, Rory saw that his conduct in De Welskein's cellar had been misrepresented; and when he remembered how the girl he had danced with had fastened herself upon him, he could not but see that circumstances might be made to bear hard against him in the opinion of the woman he was courting — he was silenced by Kathleen's one word — and she mistaking his silence for guilt, was rising to leave the booth, when Rory, taking her hand and pressing it closely, said, ——

"Kathleen, you wrong me; I know what you mane, but ——"

"Let go *my* hand," said Kathleen. "You had betther look for the hand of the *lady* you like so

much; I b'lieve you can find her in the fair;" and she again made an effort to go, but Rory still detained her.

"Kathleen," said he, "it is only Shan Dhu could tell you this, and I did not think he had so black a heart; for by this light ——"

"Whisht!" said Kathleen in terror, "lave me, lave me; Shan is coming back — I see him."

"Well, promise to meet me till I clear myself to you."

"Rory, don't be sthriving to desave a poor girl — go, I tell you."

"I won't go unless you promise."

"If you've any pity for me, go; Shan is close by."

"Promise!" said Rory impressively.

"I will, then," said Kathleen faintly.

"Meet me by the rath, near the bridge," said Rory, "to-morrow evening. God bless you, Kathleen, and never b'lieve I have the heart base enough to wrong you!"

So saying, he kissed her hand passionately before she could withdraw it, and slipping out through an opening in the side of the booth, he left it without being perceived by Regan. Poor Rory was heartsick at the thought of Kathleen's coldness, and he looked forward with the impatience and longing of a child for the morrow's evening, which he hoped would serve to chase every doubt from her mind. While he was moving through the crowd, his attention was attracted by a party of mummers, who were parading up and down on a platform, in dirty rags sprinkled with rusty spangles, and amongst them he recognised the girl that had been so sweet on him in the cellar; he then remembered Kathleen's saying, "I b'lieve you can find her in the fair," and the thought struck

him that Regan might have even pointed out the flourishing damsel before him as his paramour, and Rory's shame was increased, for, with her ruddled cheeks, short petticoats, and shabby finery, she was a most disgusting object, though rather a fine girl. While Rory looked at her, he fancied he caught her eye; and its brazen glare was for a moment darkened by a demoniac expression, and instantly withdrawn. He wished more and more for the evening of the morrow. On he went through the main chain of tents, but seeing the squire and colonel approaching again, he took a short turn round one of the booths and avoided them; and making a detour, he returned to the place where he had appointed Mary and Conolly to meet him, where he found them waiting. Joining company, they commenced another ramble through the fair, and at length reached a booth whence there proceeded much laughter, and at the door of which a bespangled buffoon was inviting the people to enter and see the wonderful conjuror who could tell fortunes on cards and cure all sorts of diseases. This promised much diversion, and the laughter continuing to appeal to the curiosity of those outside, a fresh party, including our hero, his sister, and her admirer, entered. Here they saw a man in a bag-wig and cocked-hat, laced coat and ruffles, performing various sleight-of-hand tricks with cards, and other feats of legerdemain; and after making his beholders' eyes the size of saucers with wonder, and their mouths of equal capacity, he proceeded to offer for sale various nostrums for the cure of diseases; amongst others, he produced one which he protested most solemnly was superior to *ghost's milk*.

“Devilskin again!” said Rory to himself; “Devilskin, sure enough! — more than the skin, by my sowl, for I think he's the d—l himself!”

Here was another metamorphose of the Frenchman. He was in his glory: he had a stall in the fair, in good hands, for the sale of tobacco, and he was masquerading it and making money in another quarter: a French agent in the middle of the fair, where the army were lookers-on to see that no mischief was going forward; — this was his glory, the intrigue and romance delighted him.

Rory left the booth — he did not wish to meet De Welskein's eye: not that he feared him — he could not tell very well himself the precise cause of his dislike to be recognised by the smuggler; but there was an undefined feeling about Rory, that rather shrunk from having any thing to do with one who seemed invested with mysterious power.

He awaited outside the booth the egress of his sister and Conolly, who suggested that it was time to get something for dinner. To this Rory assented; for, notwithstanding that his meeting with Kathleen had damped his enjoyment, his appetite was of too keen and hale a nature to be influenced by a frown from his mistress, as those of more refined lovers are said to be.

“Not that I'm very hungry,” said Rory.

“'Faith, then I am,” said Conolly; “for exceptin' five or six dozen o' gingerbread and a score o' apples or so, between us, Mary and I have not tasted any thing to signify.”

“You were drinking my health very often, too,” said Mary.

“Phoo, — what signifies three or four quarts o' porther!”

While we leave this hungry party looking for their dinner, let us return to De Lacy and Phelim, whom we left opposite De Welskein's show-box.

De Lacy took his opportunity of speaking to the

smuggler, whom he followed by signal to a booth; and leaving Phelim standing outside, he entered the booth, and a rude curtain was drawn across the orifice by which they came in. De Lacy now found himself in a small canvas apartment, from which, through the division in another curtain, he saw into a large space beyond the sentry-box sort of place in which he stood.

"Dis my teatre," said De Welskein.

"What do you want a theatre for?"

"To 'muse myself — blind de vulgare — mak romaunce — *J'aime les aventures, vous savez, monsieur.*"

"I thought, smuggling ——"

"Sare!" said De Welskein with dignity.

"I mean, your mercantile pursuits would have given you enough of employment."

"*Bah! — bagatelle!* — ever boddée can be *marchand*; — bote for *les intrigues* ——"

"That requires a man of genius," said De Lacy.

"Ah! — b'leeve so, indeet," said De Welskein with great self-complacency.

"But then your political mission, is not that enough to fill up any spare time you can withhold from your mercantile pursuits?"

"Yâis — *c'est vrai — ordinairement* — for most peepel; — but me — love *intrigue* — romaunce — ha! ha! — besise — more hard for discover to *certen persun*. Dis day, marchand — to-mawrow, Ponshe an' Joodée — now me shange agen."

Here he threw off his coat, and proceeded to take out of a canvas bag that lay under some straw in a corner, the laced coat and cocked-hat, wig, &c. in which Rory subsequently saw him attired.

"Now, me go play Doctair Duck."

"What character is that?" said De Lacy.

"Quaak, quaak, quaak," said De Welskein, with a

spirit and vivacious expression worthy of the comedy for which his country is so famous.

De Lacy laughed — “And do you get fees?”

“Certanee: — no fee, no docteur; sell leetle peels — cure every ting — better dan *ghost's milk*. Besise,” said he, pulling cards from his pocket, “here more ting — hocus-pocus — poots cards in fool's pauket — ha! ha! — mak dem stare — tink me de divil.”

“They 're not far out,” thought De Lacy.

De Welskein having completed his attire, painted his face, rubbed burnt cork on his eye-brows, and shaken flour into his wig, held some short conversation on the state of affairs over the water; and De Lacy, thinking it better not to remain too long in such company, brought his conference to a close as soon as possible; and after telling De Welskein where he could find him, he drew the ragged curtain, and emerged from the tiring-room of the adventurer. Having rejoined Phelim, he asked him what was to be done next, for he determined to let Phelim do the honours of the fair.

“I hear there is a pig in the fair, sir,” said the cicerone.

“I 've seen some hundreds already,” said De Lacy.

“Oh, you 're very smart on me now,” said Phelim, “and take me up short; but the pig I mane is a larned pig.”

“Indeed! where is he to be seen?”

“Somewhere up here, I hear. Now I 'd like to see that above all things; for though I know to my cost that some childhre is no better than pigs, either in manners nor intellex, I have yet to be *insensed* how a pig can be equal to a Chrishtan.”

They soon came within hearing of a fellow who was roaring at the top of his voice, —

“Walk in! walk in! walk in, ladies and gintlemin;

here is the wondherful larned pig that knows the five quarters o' the world, and more; — together with his A. B. C. and apperceeand — and goes through his alphibbit backwars; — together with addishin, substhracshin, multiplicashin, and divishin; — knows numerashin, minshurashin, navigashin, and *botherashin*” — (Here the crowd always laughed.) — “Together with varrious accomplishments too numerous to be minshind, — smokes tabakky and tells cunnun-dherums.”

“Oh! do you hear the lies he's tellin'!” said Phelim; “sure no pig could do the like, barring one pig that is minshind in anshint histhery.”

“I don't remember that pig, Phelim,” said De Lacy.

“Pig — maylius!” said Phelim, bursting in triumph at having caught De Lacy in one of his old and favourite jokes.

De Lacy could not help laughing at the poor old man's whimsical conceit; and complimenting him on his wit, he proposed to Phelim that they should see if what was promised of the pig were true.

“Impossible!” said Phelim; “it's only throwing away money.”

“We'll see, at all events,” said De Lacy, who paying sixpence, which was twopence more than was required for two admissions, he and the schoolmaster walked up a low step-ladder, which led to the place of exhibition, deafened, as they passed the crier, by his vociferating, “Step up, ladies! — jist goin' to begin. Step up, step up — all for tuppince — only tuppince; the larned pig, only tuppince for minsurashin, miditashin, contimplashin, navigashin, and *baw-therashin*!”

When the company had been collected in sufficient quantity, a shrewd-looking fellow, fantastically dressed, led in a pig by a string which was fastened to a ring in the animal's nose.

The pig ascended a circular platform, in the middle of which a pole was placed, and round the circle were several holes cut.

"Now, ladies and gintlemin," said the showman, "this is the larned pig, that is perfect masher of varrious branches of idicashin; and first and foremost, he will show you his knowledge of the five quarters o' the world, aigual to Captain Cook that purformed the circumlocution of the globe. Excuse me, ladies, till I give him his instrucshins."

Here he put his mouth to the pig's ear, and the pig grunted. "He says he is happy to have the honour of your company, ladies."

Here the showman was encouraged by a laugh from the spectators, who, all being willing to be pleased, laughed at a trifle.

"What did he say to him, do you think?" said Phelim to De Lacy confidentially.

"I suppose he gave him a pig's whisper," said De Lacy.

"Good, sir, good," said Phelim, "by dad! you're always ready — a pig's whisper! — well I'll never forget that!"

The showman now laid four pieces of card, with the names of the four quarters of the world written upon them, over four holes on the opposite parts of the circle, and said, —

"Now, ladies, which o' the five quarters o' the world shall this wondherful scholar show you? — Europe, Asia, Afrikay, or Amerikay?"

"Amerikay, if you plaze, sir," said a woman, who blushed excessively at hearing the sound of her own voice in public.

"Sartinly, ma'am. Show the lady Amerikay, sir."

The animal now got a pull of the string, and he began poking his nose round the circle, and at last

stopped at the quarter named, and shoved the card from over the hoie.

Great applause followed, and the showman rewarded the pig by giving him an acorn. De Lacy saw at once how the trick was done; but to Phelim's question of "Arrah, how did he do that?" he made no reply for the present.

The showman was about to remove the cards, when Phelim interrupted him:—

"You said, sir, you'd show the five quarters o' the world by manes o' your pig; and indeed if he knows five quarters, it's more than I know."

"To be sure he knows more than you know," said the showman.

A burst of merriment followed this hit: for many of the spectators knew Phelim, and that a pig should be said to know more than he did, delighted them. When the laugh subsided Phelim continued:—

"Maybe you don't know, my good fellow that you are addressing a philomath?"

"A what?"

"A philomath, sir."

The showman now turned to the pig, and putting his mouth to his ear, as before, said, —

"Can you tell me what is a filly-mat?" — The pig grunted again.

"He says, a filly-mat is a grumblin' owld fellow."

Another laugh against Phelim succeeded the showman's buffoonery, whose practised effrontery was too much for Phelim. Phelim, however, was too used to triumph to give in so easily, particularly in the presence of so many who knew him; and rallying once more, he said, —

"Well, if there *is* a fifth quarter o' the world, will you be so good to tell the *other brute* there to show it."

Phelim had the laugh on his side now. A laugh is a main point of argument with Paddy; and whoever has the last laugh, has the best of the battle in Ireland.

The showman waited till the laugh was lulled, and then addressing the pig, he said, —

“Will you tell that ignorant owld fill-pot what the fifth quarter of the world is?”

The pig commenced rubbing himself against the upright stick that stood in the middle of the circle, much to the merriment of the crowd.

“There!” said the showman triumphantly.

“Is that what you call answerin’ the problem I have propounded?” said Phelim, who thought he had vanquished his man, and got magniloquent in consequence. “I propound to yiz all ——”

“If you were poundin’ from this till to-morrow, you’re nothing but a *bosthoon*,” said the showman.

Phelim absolutely staggered at the degrading epithet of *bosthoon* being applied to a *philomath*. The showman continued: —

“Sure, if you wor n’t an owld bogie, you’d see that the pig was pointin’ out to you the fifth quarter o’ the world; but the fact is, *you* don’t know that there is sitch a thing as the fifth quarter; but,” said he, making a flourishing appeal to his audience, “ladies and gintlemin, you see the baste has pointed out to your comprehenshin the fifth quarter of the terrestorial globe, which is the North Pole!”

Phelim uttered an indignant “Oh!” but his exclamation was drowned in the vociferous plaudits of the multitude.

“Lave the place! lave the place!” said Phelim to De Lacy, bursting with rage: but De Lacy did not like to lose the fun, and thought Phelim more diverting than the pig.

"Stay," said De Lacy; "you'll expose his ignorance yet."

Thus tempted, Phelim remained, maintaining a sulky silence, and watching for an opportunity of annihilating the pig and the showman.

The fellow put his pig through some alphabetical manœuvres upon the same principle that the quarters of the globe had been pointed out, though the trick was unperceived by the spectators, who still continued to be delighted.

"Now, ladies and gintlemin," said the proprietor of the pig, "this divartin' baste will go through his alphabit backwars."

"Maybe he could say the Lord's prayer backwards?" said Phelim, wishing to be severe.

"That would rise the d — l, as every fool knows," said the showman, "and that would not be agreeable to the company; otherwise he could do it aisy."

"Hurrup, Solomon!" continued he, addressing the pig — ("He is called Solomon, ladies; he is so wise); go through your alphabit backwars."

Upon this the pig made a retrograde movement round the circle, the showman exclaiming when he had finished, "That 's doin' it backwars, I think!"

The people were tickled with the quibble; but Phelim said, "That 's only a *thrick*."

"Well, it's *my* thrick, any how," said the showman with readiness. "You have n't won a thrick yet."

Phelim was floored again. By a similar quibble, the animal went through his multiplication-table. A board, with a multiplication-table upon it, had a swinging door hung in the middle; and this being placed before the pig, he walked through it.

Some of the spectators asked to see the pig "smoke tobakky," as one of the things promised.

"He would with pleasure, ladies, but he bruk his

pipe in the last exhibishin, and there is not one conveynient," was the answer; "but, what is much more curious, he will answer connundherums. Tell me, sir," said he, addressing the pig, "what does the ladies say when they are angry with their husbands?"

The pig grunted furiously. This was the triumph of the day; the men laughed outrageously, and even the women could not help joining; and a jolly-looking fellow in front cried out, —

"By the powers, Molly, that 's as like you as two pays!" Another shout followed this sally.

"Now, sir," said the showman, "what does the girls say when the boys is coaxin' them?"

The pig gave a prolonged squeal.

It was now the young men's turn to laugh, and many a pinched elbow of a pretty girl, at the moment, caused a chorus to the pig's squeal. This was the finale: the pig retired amidst the plaudits of "an admiring audience," who made their exit down the step-ladder, to give place to others who were waiting to go up. Phelim was silent for some time after he left the booth, but at last broke out with, "That fellow 's a humbugger!"

"That 's his business," said De Lacy, "and therefore you can't give him higher praise than to say he *is* a humbugger."

"And is that what you call praise?" said Phelim in offended wonder, for he thought De Lacy would have sided with his wounded dignity.

"Certainly," said De Lacy. "Every man to his calling."

"But is it respectable to be humbuggin' people?"

"Oh, that 's quite another question, Phelim; I'll say nothing for the respectability; but did n't you perceive the trick by which he makes the pig point out any letter or part of the world he 's desired?"

"Not I — how could I?"

"Well, I'll tell you. You perceived there were holes cut round the circular platform, and that a card was always laid over a hole?"

"Yis, I did," said Phelim.

"Well, you perceived also, that whenever the pig did a trick effectively, his master gave him an acorn?"

"He gave him something, but I did n't know it was an acorn."

"You know this is the time of their falling, and there is nothing of which pigs are so fond."

"And do you mane to say, sir, that if you feed a pig on acorns, you'll tache him to spell, and larn him jography?"

"No," said De Lacy, smiling: "but I mean, that an acorn was the pig's reward; but he would not have got the reward if he had not *found out the acorns*. Do you see the trick now?"

"Why, thin, indeed, to say the thruth, I only persaive it afther a manner, like — that is, not complate."

"Well, I'll show it to you *complate*, then," said De Lacy, who enjoyed the hesitation that Phelim evinced to acknowledge that the showman's trick was beyond him.

"You saw every card was placed over a hole?"

"Yis."

"And that when the pig came to the right card, he began to poke it with his snout?"

"Yis."

"And can't you guess why?"

"No."

"It was, because his master had a plate of acorns attached to a stick, which he always placed under the hole the card was over; and so the pig went smelling round the circle till he came to the acorns."

"Tare an' ouns! what a chate!" said Phelim.

“If the pig made a mistake, he got no acorn; when he found out the right hole, he was rewarded.”

“Oh, the vagabone! to make the people think that a pig could be taught to know his letters, and jography, and, afther all, it's only the *nathur* of the brute baste is in it!”

“And did you expect any more?”

“To be sure I did,” said the poor simple Phelim; “and what's worse, the people will b'lieve it, and they'll say *I* can't do as much with a Christhan child as that vagabone can with a pig. Why, it's enough to ruin all the schoolmasters in Ireland! I'll go back and expose the villain.”

“No, no, Phelim, you would n't do that!”

“Why would n't I? is n't it a common forgery on people's undherstan'in's?” And De Lacy was obliged to lay his hand on the indignant philomath's arm to restrain him.

“Phelim,” said De Lacy, “you don't know but that poor fellow has a wife and children to support; and if his humbugging, as you call it, is turned into bread and milk for his little ones, you would n't be the cause of making them feel hunger?”

“God forbid, sir!” said Phelim feelingly, his pride giving place to his humanity. “Bread and milk, indeed! Oh, thin, if it's but potatoes and salt he can airn in such a good cause, may the Lord prosper him!”

It is time to return to Rory and his party whom we left looking for their dinner. But to obtain this, they found no such easy matter. They inquired at various booths without success, for the day was further spent than they imagined, and the viands consumed.

Rory had been so absorbed between anxiety on account of Kathleen, and wonder at De Welskein's

Protean powers, that the day had passed over without his being conscious of it ; and the various shows kept the attention of Conolly and Mary so much on the stretch, that they were equally unmindful of the flight of time, and, as Mary herself said, "'Faith, the day went over like an hour, a'most."

They sought the long entrenchment of sunken fires over which pots full of beef and cabbage had been "busy bilin'" when last they passed that way. The fires were there 't is true, and so were the pots, but no beef and cabbage: the solids had been demolished, and the huge iron pots had given place to kettles, where water was "kept continually bilin'" for the manufacture of punch. What was to be done? At this hour dinner was manifestly a scarce thing, which fact increased their appetites; and even Rory himself, in spite of love and Kathleen, began to feel the inward man making appeals to his common sense. While things were in this state, Rory saw a brace of ducks dangling from a string, roasting before a fire at the end of one of the booths, and a girl very busy attending the culinary process. Rory's invention was immediately at work; and his love of fun, joined to his desire for dinner, at once suggested the notion of his making himself master of the ducks.

So, desiring Conolly and his sister to secure a seat as near as they could to where the birds were in preparation, he spoke to the landlady of the booth, and asked could they have dinner. She said they had nothing but a little cold beef.

"Well, that same," said Rory.

So plates were laid, and knives and forks provided, and the half-warm and ragged remains of some very bad beef were placed before Rory and his party.

"That'll do," said Rory, who, having thus con-

trived to get the plates, &c. set about securing the ducks. Feigning an excuse, he said to his party, "Don't begin till Jack comes to us, he'll be here by-an'-by:" and then turning to the girl who was cooking the ducks, he kept up a conversation with her, and made her laugh so often, that he got into her good graces, and she fancied him the pleasantest fellow in the world. At last, Rory, when he thought the birds were nearly done, said to her, seeing that her face was very dewy from her occupation, —

"I b'lieve it's roasting thim ducks you are?"

"'Faith, it's thim that's roasting me, you mane," said the girl.

"It's dhry work, I'm thinkin'," said Rory.

"Thru for you," said the girl, "and no one to offer me a dhrink."

"Suppose I'd give you a dhrink?" said Rory.

"Long life to you!" said the girl, looking up at him, and wiping down her face with a back stroke of her red hand.

"Well, you must do something for me," said Rory, "and I'll give you a pot o' porther."

"God bless you!" said the girl.

"Jist run down, thin, to Tim Donoghue's stan'in,' — it's at the far end o' the sthreet, — and get me a ha'p'orth o' snuff, for I'm lost with a cowld in my head that I got through a hole in my hat."

"Go 'long wid you!" said the girl, giving the ducks a twirl.

"It's thruth I'm tellin' you," said Rory.

"Oh! I dar n't lave the ducks," said she.

"Oh!" said Rory in an insinuating tone, "jist slip out here through the slit in the tint, and I'll take charge o' them till you come back. Here's a hog for you, and you may keep the change for yourself."

The "hog" was too much for the girl's prudence : off she started to Tim Donoghue's ; and she was n't ten steps from the place, when Rory had the pair of ducks on the dish before his party, and, as Rory himself said in telling the story after, "the sorrow long they wor in making jommethry of the same ducks."

When the girl came back and saw the skeletons of the birds she had left in tempting plumpness before the fire, she, in the language of Conolly, "screeched a thousand murdhers, and riz the tint."

"Oh ! the ducks, the ducks !" cried the girl.

"Oh ! you baggage, are they spylte ?" said Mrs. Molloy, the landlady, rushing to the spot on hearing the uproar.

"No, indeed, ma'am," said Rory very quietly, picking the bones of one of them at the same time ; "they are not spylte, for they *wor* as fine ducks as ever I put a tooth in."

"Oh, God be good to me !" said the woman, with a look of despair ; "is it ating Mr. Regan's wild ducks you are ?"

Now this "took Rory aback," as sailors say. He would rather that he had not hit upon Regan's ducks for his frolic : but, as chance had so ruled it, he determined to follow up his joke ; so he answered,

"In throth, ma'am, I did n't know whose ducks they wor ; and as for their being *wild*, I never found it out ; and, 'pon my conscience, I think they are a'most as good as if they wor tame."

"But they wor Mr. Regan's ducks !"

"I did n't know that, ma'am : I supposed they wor yours ; and when I kem to your tint for entertainment, I thought I had a right to whatever ateables was in it, as well as another."

"Oh ! what 'll Mr. Regan say ?"

“He'll say what he has to say for himself,” said Regan, who, on hearing that *his* ducks had been taken by Rory O'More, became exceedingly wroth, and swaggered up to the scene of action. On his arrival *there*, he saw Conolly sitting beside Mary O'More, and this, as Rory said when speaking of the affair after, “roused the divil in him;” so, changing his attack, which was intended for Rory, upon Conolly, he said, addressing the latter in a menacing tone, —

“How dar you take *my* ducks?” Conolly was in the act of rising, when Rory laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, “Sit down—this is no affair of yours.”

In doing this, Rory was actuated by a double motive. In the first place, had the quarrel been established between Conolly and Regan, he knew that his sister's name would be mixed up with it, and his intuitive sense of delicacy recoiled at the thought of Mary's name being connected with a brawl at a fair; secondly, in point of fact he was the person who had committed the act complained of—and Rory was not the man to let another fight his battle. So, turning to Regan, he said, —

“It was I tuk the ducks, Shan—Conolly had nothing to do with it; and if I have disappointed you of your dinner, I'm sorry for it, — and I hope that's satisfaction enough. And for you, Mrs. Molloy, I beg your pardon if I tuk what I had no right to, and all I can do is to pay you for the ducks.” And he offered her his hand full of silver to take the price from.

“Take your money out o' that!” said Regan fiercely, accompanying the words with a shove that scattered Rory's shillings over the table and the ground. “The ducks were not Mrs. Molloy's ducks,

but mine, and I don't want to be paid for what I did n't intend to sell; — and all I've to say is, that I recommend you not to make away with any thing belonging to me for the future."

There was an emphasis on "*belonging to me*" that Rory felt was meant to allude to Kathleen; but that was not so offensive as the phrase "make away," — which being a common form of parlance in Ireland for any thing that is illegally taken, roused Rory's indignation.

"Regan," said he, "what I did, I did in a joke; and I have said in good temper, and with a hope of making friends, all that ought to satisfy a man that *wished* to be a friend; and if afther that you *wish* to make a quarrel of it, and *mane* to throw an affront on me, I tell you, Regan, it's what I won't take from you."

"I wish you had been as particular about my ducks," said Regan, walking off.

"If I tuk your ducks, Regan, I won't take your impidince," said Rory, disengaging himself from behind the table.

Mary attempted to stop him, but Conolly prevented her, knowing the fatal consequences of a man being hampered with a woman in a fray. "The best thing you can do," said he, "is to lave his hands loose, for he'll have need o' them soon." Then handing over Mary to the care of an elderly man, he said, "Jist take care o' the colleen while I see fair play;" and he was at Rory's side in an instant.

There was no time to spare, for Regan turned round at Rory's last word and said, "Did you say *impidince* to me?"

"I did," said Rory.

The words were no sooner uttered than Regan made a tremendous blow at him; but rage and

liquor (for he had been drinking) had deprived him of his usual power in such matters, and Rory easily warded his blow, returning one so well planted, that Regan measured his length on the floor of the booth.

He rose again, and two or three of his cronies rallied round him, while Conolly and the lovers of fair play saw that nothing foul should befall Rory.

From the fury and intoxication of Regan the fight was a short one. After his first fall, Rory requested that his opponent's friends would "take him away, as he was n't fit to fight;" but this only increased Regan's rage, and he rushed again upon his man. But it was an easy conquest for Rory, though Regan was superior in years and strength; and the end of the affair was, as Conolly and Rory's friends spread far and wide over the country in relating the affair, "That Rory O'More gave Regan the length and breadth of as fine a licking as ever he got in his life."

CHAPTER XVII

A MOONLIGHT MEETING; WITH ONE TOO MANY

FROM the presence of the military at the fair, and the existence of the curfew-law at the period, it became doubly necessary that the people assembled should disperse in good time, and take their homeward way.

De Lacy particularly felt the necessity of this, for, circumstanced as he was, to have put himself within reach of military-law would have been madness; so he and Phelim left the fair much earlier than Rory and his party, for the "small scrimmage" after dinner had occasioned some delay. It is not immediately after a man has "settled the hash" of his enemy, that he can coolly take up his hat (that is, if he has the good luck not to have lost it in the fight), and pay his tavern bill and depart in peace. The decencies of social life must be observed: he must adjust his ruffled attire, sit down to show his presence of mind, and take a drink to quench his thirst — for fighting is thirsty work. Then, as in the case of Rory, one must not be so uncivil as to turn one's back on the congratulations of one's friends; and there were many who congratulated Rory, for Regan was a quarrelsome fellow, and what, in fighting parlance, is called a "troublesome customer;" and such a man to get a thrashing where it was least expected, excited great satisfaction, and numerous were the shakings of hands, slaps on the shoulder, and exclamations of admiration,

that Rory had bestowed upon him, and several fresh tumblers were called for to drink "his health, *and more power to his elbow.*"

"Long life to you, your sowl!" was said to him on all sides — "Musha health and power to you, Rory, my boy! but you done the thing complate. Divil a purtier bit o' fight myself seen this many a day. Och! but you have the owld blood o' the O'Mores in you, *ma bouchal!*"

When he could escape from the congratulation of his friends, Rory, with his sister and Conolly, made the best of their way home. There was not much said on the way; Mary saw that jealousy on Regan's part had been the real cause of his savage conduct, and therefore, with a woman's tact, she wished the subject of the quarrel to be as little discussed as possible. This partly influenced Rory, too; but with him there was a more powerful cause of silence. The events of the day were recalled, one by one, to his memory; and when he remembered all that had passed between him and Kathleen, he more and more regretted his fight with her brother, and feared it might prove an additional obstacle to the course of his "true love," which did not seem to be a bit more likely to run smoother than it was wont to do in Shakspeare's days; and so he trudged on in silence, anticipating the appointed meeting of the morrow, and thinking all he should say to his Kathleen to assure her of his truth.

Conolly guessed the cause of Mary's silence on the subject of Regan's misdemeanour, and he had too much wit about him not to know that the expression of triumph at the defeat of a rival, in the hearing of the woman for whom the rivalry existed would only lower him in her opinion.

Thus, the concluding event of the preceding

chapter, though it occupied the mind of each, yet, from the causes assigned, all by common consent forbore to speak of it: therefore, as the predominant impression on their minds was one that might not be manifested in words, they pursued their way in comparative silence.

The moon was rising when the party reached the end of the breen that led to O'More's cottage, and there Conolly parted company. When he was gone, Rory told Mary to say nothing to his mother about the fight. "'T would only trouble her," said he, "and there would be no use in it. Indeed, we won't spake of it at home at all — even to Mr. De Lacy."

"I'd rather myself it was so," said Mary; "but, Rory dear, won't the mother see the marks on you, and suspect?"

"Oh! I've no marks on me that she can know of: the sulky thief never put the sign of his fist in my face."

"Oh! but I'm glad o' that, Rory dear," said Mary, "for it looks so ugly and disrespectful to have the marks of fighting on a man's face."

"Well, sure I could n't help it if I had it. You know, Mary, 't was n't my fault."

"No, in throth, Rory; and sure my heart sunk within me when I seen you stand up, for I dhreaded that horrid fellow was more than your match; and sure 't was brave and bowld o' you, Rory, *ma chree*, to put yourself forninst him."

"I'm not afraid of him, the best day he ever stept," said Rory; "but as for to-day, he was too full o' dhrink to give me any throuble, and it wint agin my heart to sthreck a man that was in liquor, only you seen yourself he *would* have it."

"Throth, Rory, you've nothing to blame your-

self with," said Mary; "you showed the hoighth o' good temper."

Having reached the house, their conversation ended. They found De Lacy and Phelim at supper, which Rory and Mary helped to finish; and after a desultory conversation about the "humours of the fair," to give the widow some idea of their day's amusement, they separated for the night.

It was a night of repose to all under the widow's roof except Rory. The excitement of the day, and his anxious anticipation of the morrow, banished slumber, and he rose at an early hour the following morning, unrefreshed and feverish. He appealed to that unfailing friend of a hot head, — namely, spring water, — and by a plentiful deluge from the well, he made himself as comfortable as he could during the day, that to him seemed interminable. At length evening arrived, and Rory hastened to the appointed place, where he hoped to meet Kathleen, and clear himself from the charges which had been made against him.

The place he named for their rendezvous was a rath, near a bridge which crossed the river about halfway between their respective residences. Rath is the name given in Ireland to certain large circular mounds of earth, by some called Danish forts. That they were intended for purposes of defence, there is no doubt; but they are more likely the works of the ancient Irish than the Danes.

The rath which Rory named stood near the bank of the river, and probably was intended to defend the passage of the stream, which in later days had been traversed by a bridge of low small arches, such as remain in great numbers in Ireland to this day, and present specimens of early architecture more curious, perhaps, than any thing else in the same way remaining in Europe. To the inexperienced stranger it

would appear that a great deal of masonry had been thrown away on the bridge in question, for there were many arches which were quite dry at some seasons; but by those who know how rapidly the streams in the vicinity of hills expand after heavy rains, the knowledge of our forefathers in thus providing against such an exigency can be appreciated.

Rory arrived at the place of appointment earlier than Kathleen, of course:—there needs no master of the ceremonies to tell that a lady must not be kept waiting on such occasions. But as time wore on, he began to feel impatience; and then he ascended the rath, and looked from its summit in the direction he expected Kathleen to approach. Here he lingered, in hope, till evening was closing, and the yellow disc of the moon began to rise above the broad belt of clouds which skirted the horizon; then he began to fear Kathleen had promised him only to be rid of his importunity—or that some fresh influence had been exercised against him—or that she believed the calumny;—which was worst of all. And so great was his anxiety to remove such a fatal impression from Kathleen's mind, that even in defiance of all reasonable expectation of seeing her, he remained on the rath and strained his sight, through the increasing gloom, to catch the first glimpse of her he wished so much to meet. Still, she came not; and now the moon, emerging from the vapour by which she had been enshrouded, rose above it in all her purity, no longer dimmed by the yellow mist which had tarnished her silvery brightness. Still Rory remained, although he had given up the

“Last pale hope that trembled at his heart.”

But as the moonlight became so bright, and as he knew the danger of being abroad at such an hour, he

crouched in the trench on the summit of the rath, and watched with his eyes above the embankment.

He had just arrived at the conclusion, in his own mind, it was no use to wait any longer, when he fancied he caught the outline of a figure moving towards him ; — it became more distinct — it was a woman's ; a moment more, and his heart told him it was Kathleen.

He sprang to his feet, and running down the rath, he reached the ditch that bordered the field in time to offer his hand to Kathleen, and assist her over the fence. They stood in bright moonlight ; and Rory could see that an aspect of care was over Kathleen's brow, which even his fervent welcome, and thanks, and blessings, could not dispel.

"Let us get under the shadow of the bridge," said Rory.

"No," said Kathleen with an air of reserve.

"Don't let us stand here, however," said Rory, "so near the road, and the moon so bright."

"We can stand inside the rath," said Kathleen, leading the way.

They soon stood in the trench of the fort, completely shadowed by the embankment, while the moonlight fell brightly on the mound that rose within.

"God bless you, Kathleen, for keeping your promise !" said Rory fervently.

"Whatever you've to say, say quickly, Rory, for I must not stay here long," replied Kathleen.

"Then tell me openly, Kathleen, what is it you *think* you have to accuse me of, and I will explain it all to your satisfaction."

"You left home for a day about three weeks ago ?" said Kathleen.

"I did," said Rory.

"You went to the town beyant ?"

"I did," said Rory.

"You were in a cellar there?"

"I was."

"And not in the best of company, Rory," said Kathleen reproachfully.

"Worse than, I hope, I'll ever be in agin," said Rory.

"You own to that, thin?"

"I'll own to all that's throe," said Rory.

"Thin what have you to say about the girl that you were so much in love with?"

"In love with!" said Rory indignantly. "Kathleen, there is but one girl on this earth I love, and that's yourself. I swear it by this blessed light!"

Just as he spoke, as if the light which he adjured had evoked a spirit to condemn him, a dark shadow was cast on the mound before them; and on their both looking round, a figure enveloped in a cloak stood on the embankment behind them. Kathleen could not suppress a scream, and even Rory started.

"Is that what I hear you say?" said this mysterious apparition. "Kathleen! Kathleen! he said the same to me."

Kathleen could not speak, but stood with clasped hands, in trembling astonishment, gazing with the fascination of fear upon the figure that stood on the bank above them.

"Who are you?" said Rory. — The figure was about to turn, when Rory caught hold of the cloak in which it was enveloped, and dragged the intruder within the trench of the rath.

"Who are you?" said Rory again, turning round the person to face the light.

"Don't you know me, Rory O'More?" said the unknown, who threw back the hood of her cloak at the words, and the pale moonbeam fell on the face of the frail one of the cellar.

CHAPTER XVIII

CONTAINING A COUNCIL OF LOVE AND A COUNCIL
OF WAR

TO account for the occurrence which concludes the foregoing chapter, it becomes necessary to revert to Kathleen after her return from the fair. She had spent as restless a night as Rory, and after considering for a long time the fitness of meeting him clandestinely, after all she had heard, was still at a loss how to act; she determined therefore to tell her mother how matters stood, and ask her advice. Between the daughter and mother affection and good understanding had always existed; but of late there had been an increasing confidence in and leaning towards each other, resulting from the unruly conduct of the son, against whose aggression and waywardness Kathleen and her mother were obliged to combine, and endeavour by union in the weaker party to make a better defence against the tyranny of the stronger.

Regan had not got up the morning succeeding the fair, in consequence of the punishment he had received from Rory, and was lying under some herbal treatment of his mother's, in a room that was partitioned off the principal apartment of the farmhouse, which served not only for the kitchen, but for all the daily purposes of the family. Kathleen had just come from her brother's room, whither she had gone to offer any attendance he might require, and gently closed the door after her, thinking that he had fallen asleep,



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while in fact he had only indulged in a dogged silence to her kind inquiries, and feigned slumber to be rid of her.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Kathleen drew a seat near her mother, who was knitting, and settling herself down to her spinning-wheel, she began to work very industriously for some time in silence. The hum of the wheel was interrupted in a minute or two by a short cough; and as Kathleen's fingers were kept busy, and her eyes fixed upon them, so that she need not have the necessity of meeting those of her mother, there could not be a more favourable moment for the opening of the delicate affair she had in hand; and so, after one or two more little coughs, she ventured to say, "Mother."

It may be remarked, that when people have any delicate subject to discuss, more particularly all affairs of the heart, there is something in the mere sound of their voices that gives you to understand what they are about, before a word relating to the subject is said.

Now, Kathleen's mother was as wise as mothers in general are about such matters, seeing that they have had such affairs of their own on their hands; and so, the very minute Kathleen said "Mother," that respectable individual knew what was coming just as well as if she were a witch.

"Well, *alanna?*" said the mother softly, coaxing her child's heart out of its secrecy by the encouraging tone of her voice, as a bird chirps its young for the first time from the security of the nest.

"There's something I wish to tell you," said Kathleen.

"Well, darlin', I dar say it's nothing but what I'll be glad to hear."

"I'm afeard you'll think me foolish, mother."

“Throth, I never seen the sign iv a fool an you yet, *alanna bawn*.”

Here there was a pause, filled up only by the buzz of the spinning-wheel. The mother thought she had best break the ice ; so, with a tone of gentle pleasantry in her manner, to deprive the subject of its sternness, — to “take the cold out of it,” as it were, — she said, “I suppose some o’ the boys has been talkin’ to you ?”

“Yis, ma’am,” said Kathleen faintly, blushing up to her ears at the same time, while the wheel went round at a desperate rate and the thread was broken.

While Kathleen mended the thread of her spinning, her mother took up that of the conversation.

“Well, dear, — well and good, — and why not ? Sure, it ’s only raysonable, and what ’s before us all in our time when it ’s God’s will. And who ’s the boy, Kathleen dear ?”

Kathleen, after swallowing her breath three or four times, said, “Rory O’More, mother.”

“Sure, thin, but you ’re the happy girl ! God bless you, child, and mark you to grace, to have the very pick o’ the counthry axint you !”

“Indeed, I thought so myself, mother ; but ——”

“But what, dear ?”

“Why, Shan, you know, mother.”

“Yis, yis, dear ;” and the mother sighed heavily. It was some time before she could resume the conversation, and in the interim she raised her apron to dry a tear that trickled down her cheek. How deep is the guilt of the child who causes the tears of a parent !

“If Shan could n’t get Mary O’More (and more is his loss, indeed !), that is no rayson, darlin’, that you would n’t have Rory.”

“But Shan is very much agin it, mother.”

"How do you know, dear?"

"He suspects, somehow, that I had a liking for him."

"*Had* a liking!" said the mother. "Why, *have n't* you a liking, Kathleen?"

"Why, you see, mother, he towld me things of him; and if the things was thruue, Rory would n't be as good as I thought him."

"How do you mane, darlin'?" Here Kathleen entered into an explanation of how Regan had poisoned her mind against Rory, and told her mother all she had heard about the adventures of the cellar; — how, subsequently, she had met Rory at the fair — of her coolness, of his disavowal of guilt, and request that she would meet him to explain every thing.

"He said, 'This evening, at the rath, beside the bridge ——'"

"Whisht!" said the mother, pointing to Regan's room; "*he's* awake."

And so he was, and heard the principal part of the conversation between his mother and his sister; and it was in raising himself in the bed, the better to catch the latter part of the discourse, that he had alarmed the watchful ear of his mother: for poor Kathleen was so absorbed in her subject, that she quite forgot her proximity to her brother.

Regan now called for some one to attend him; and on his mother appearing, he said he was much refreshed by the last sleep he had, and would get up.

"Indeed, you're betther where you are, Shan, for to-day," said his mother.

"No, no, bed kills me; it's not fit for a man: I'll be the betther of some fresh air."

"Sure, you would n't go out, Shan, and your face in that condition?" said his mother.

"Thim who does n't like my face," said he,

“need n't look at it;” and despite of his mother's entreaties, he proceeded to dress himself, which when he had accomplished, he sallied forth.

“Why, thin, where can Shan be goin'!” said Kathleen.

“Oh, musha, how should I know?” said the mother. “He's never aisy at home, God help him!”

“Well, mother, what do you think about my goin' to the rath?”

“I think you'd better go there, darlin': I don't think myself that Rory O'More would be as bad as you wor made to b'lieve.”

“Indeed, mother, it was agin' my heart I b'lieved any thing bad of him.”

“To be sure, darlin', and it's only fair to hear what the boy has to say.”

“Thin you think I may go?”

“Yis, *ma vourneen*; but in case evil tongues would say any thing, I'll go along wid you.”

Kathleen, after some hesitation, said, “But maybe Rory would be shy of seeing you, mother?”

“Sartinly, dear, and I'll only go along with you convaynient to the rath. I'll stay a thrifle behind you, so that he won't see me; but at the same time I'll be near enough, so that no one shall have the occasion to say a light word o' you — for there's no knowing what ill-natured tongues may invint.”

This being settled, the mother and daughter awaited the arrival of the evening — the mother with interest, the daughter with impatience.

In the mean time, Shan Dhu was not idle. He had heard enough of the conversation between Kathleen and his mother to find that Rory's interest was as strong with the latter as the former, and the thought was poison to him. When he found the appointment

with Rory was to be kept, he determined to frustrate the happy result which must ensue if it were permitted to take place without the intervention of another party, and he determined in his own mind who that party should be. He was no stranger to the damsel whose blandishments had been thrown away upon Rory, and he found that a bitter hatred existed against him in that quarter: nevertheless, though he must have known that this could have arisen but from one cause, he it was who was base enough to insinuate to Kathleen that an attachment subsisted between the girl and Rory.

It was to find this unfortunate woman Shan Regan left his house. He knew where to seek her, and met in her a ready person to act up to his wishes. He held out the opportunity of gratifying her revenge upon Rory thus:—to blast his hopes with the girl of his heart, by accusing him of treachery and falsehood, and laying her shame to his charge.

To this the nymph of the cellar assented; and thus is accounted for her startling appearance at the rath, which stunned with surprise our hero and Kathleen, to whom we must now return.

CHAPTER XIX

SHOWING THAT MOTHERS IN THE COUNTRY CONTRIVE
TO MARRY THEIR DAUGHTERS, THE SAME AS
MOTHERS IN TOWN

WHEN Kathleen saw the handsome features of the woman who had been pointed out to her on the platform at the fair disclosed in the moonlight, she recognised them at once, for they were of that striking character not easily forgotten; and coming, as she did, to the rath in the hope of having her doubts of Rory's truth dispelled, and instead of that finding them thus strengthened by such terrible evidence, she shuddered with a faint scream and sank to the earth.

"Look what you've done!" said Rory, stooping to raise the fainting girl, which he did, and supported her in his arms, as he turned to the ill-omened intruder, and said reproachfully, "What did I ever do to deserve this?"

"Do!" said she, and her eyes glared on him with the expression of a fiend — "Do! — what a woman never forgets nor forgives — and I'll have my revenge o' you, you coward-blooded thief, I will! — That's your *innocent girl*, I suppose! — Mighty innocent indeed, to meet a man inside a rath, by the pleasant light o' the moon! — How innocent she is!"

"May the tongue o' ye be blistered in fire," said Rory with fury, "that would say the foul word of

her! Away wid you, you divil! the ground's not wholesome you thread on. Away wid you!"

She shrunk before the withering words and the indignant tone of the lover, and retired to the top of the embankment; but ere she descended, she stretched forth her arm in the attitude of menace to Rory, and said with a voice in which there was more of hell than earth, —

“Make the most o' your innocent girl to-night, *Misther O'More*, for it's the last you'll ever see of her! You think to have her, you do, — but she'll never be yours: for if I pay my sowl for the purchase-money, I'll have my revenge o' you! — ha! ha! — remember my words — never! never! — ha! ha! ha!” and with something between the laugh of a maniac and the howl of a hyena, she rushed down the hill, leaving Rory horrified at such a fearful exhibition of depravity.

When Rory proposed to Kathleen, on their meeting, that they should stand within the shadow of the bridge, it may be remembered that she refused to do so; for her mother, who had accompanied her, decided on remaining out of sight in that very spot, while Kathleen should enter the rath for her conference with Rory.

She had seen her daughter and our hero ascend to the top of the mound, and in a very short time after was surprised to observe a third person take the same course. This excited her curiosity, and she watched anxiously; and it was not long until she saw the figure descending the mound rapidly, and running towards the very point where she stood. The mother immediately crouched under some bushes to escape observation, and the sound of hurried steps having approached close to her place of ambush, suddenly stopped, and she heard, in a somewhat low, but per-

fectly clear tone, the name of "Shan" pronounced, and soon after it was repeated. "Shan Dhu," said this unexpected intruder.

"Here I am," was answered to the summons.

The name "Shan Dhu" being that of her own son, Kathleen's mother had her attention still more aroused; and the voice in which the response was made induced her to believe that it was Regan who answered. Peering forth from the bushes as well as she might, she saw the figure of a man emerge from under one of the dry arches of the bridge, and then there was no longer a doubt on the subject; — it was Shan Regan who came forth to meet the woman who had just run down the hill.

"Well?" said Regan.

"I've done it!" said the woman.

"What did he say?"

"Oh, they were both knocked all of a heap."

"But, did you make her sensible that the sneaking thief was a black-hearted desaiwer?"

"Throth I did. Did n't you hear her screech?"

"No."

"Thin in throth she did. I towld her that he had promised me before her, and she dhropt down in a fit."

"That'll do," said Regan. "And now we may as well be joggin' since the business is done; we must n't be seen near the place." And he with his hardened accomplice hastened from the spot.

Kathleen's mother remained for some time in her place of concealment, that Regan and his abandoned companion might not be aware of her presence. During the few minutes she felt it necessary to remain in concealment, her mind became fully impressed with the conviction that some deception had been practised upon Kathleen, and manifestly through the

instrumentality of her brother. When the mother thought she might emerge from her ambuscade in safety, she hastened up the side of the rath; as her fears for her daughter had been excited when she heard that "she had dropt down in a fit."

On reaching the interior of the fort, she heard Rory expostulating with Kathleen on the improbability of the accusation made against him; for, before the mother had arrived, Rory had contrived, by brushing the dew from the grass with his hand, and sprinkling the moisture over Kathleen's face, to recover her from the state of insensibility into which the sudden appearance and fearful accusation of Rory's enemy had thrown her.

"Oh, why did you bring me here at all?" said Kathleen, in a tone of agony.

"To clear myself to you, Kathleen," said Rory.

"Clear yourself! Oh, Rory! that dreadful woman!"

"By all that's sacred, Kathleen, I know no more about her than the child unborn."

"Oh, can I b'lieve it, afther all I've heard and seen Rory? *Can* I b'lieve it?"

"Kathleen, as I hope to see heaven I'm innocent of what she accuses me."

"Oh, I wish I could b'lieve it!" said Kathleen sobbing.

"Thin you may b'lieve it, my darlin'," said her mother, who now joined them.

This fresh surprise made Kathleen scream again; but, recognising her mother, she sprang into her arms.

"Oh, mother dear! mother dear! but I'm glad to see you," said the excited girl, who had not caught the meaning of the words her mother uttered. "Oh, mother! mother! you are throe to me, at all events; you'll never desave me."

“Nor I either, Kathleen,” said Rory; “and sure, here’s your mother to bear witness for me. Don’t you hear what she says?”

“What? what?” said Kathleen, bewildered.

“Compose yourself, dear!” said the mother. “Don’t b’lieve the bad things you’ve heard of Rory: they’re not thru — I’m sure they’re not thru.”

“Bad luck to the word!” said Rory, plucking up his courage.

“But that woman —” said Kathleen, “where is she?” and she looked round in alarm.

“She’s gone, dear,” said the mother soothingly; and Rory, in less gentle accents, made no scruple of saying “*Where?*”

“Rory,” said Kathleen’s mother, with a serious tenderness in her manner, “I b’lieve that you love my child, and that you mane to be thru to her.”

“May I never see glory if I don’t!” said Rory fervently.

The mother took their hands, and joining them, said, “Then I give her to you, Rory, with all the the veins o’ my heart; and may my blessing be on you!”

Rory took the yielding girl tenderly in his arms and kissed her unresistingly, alternately blessing her and her mother for making him “the happiest fellow in Ireland,” as he said himself.

How all this sudden revolution of affairs in his favour had occurred, Rory gave himself no trouble to inquire, — he was content with the knowledge of the fact; and after escorting Kathleen and her mother within sight of their house, he turned his steps homeward, and re-entered his cottage a happier man than he had left it.

CHAPTER XX

IN WHICH RORY O'MORE PROVES HIMSELF TO BE A
MAN OF LETTERS

THE next morning Rory arose in high spirits, and determined on amusing himself with a piece of sarcastic waggery, that he intended executing upon Sweeny, the reformed Papist attorney, whose apostacy was a source of great indignation to Rory.

It so happened that the tombstone of old Sweeny, the apothecary, bearing the Popish phrase, "Pray for the soul of Denis Sweeny," stood most provokingly close to the pathway leading to the church-door; so that every Sunday, when his son the attorney was going to attend divine service *as by law established*, his Church-of-Englandism was much scandalised by having this damning (and damnable) proof of his apostacy staring him in the face. Not that he cared for it *himself*: he was one of those callous-hearted people who could "have botanised on his mother's grave," therefore this proof of his former creed on the grave of his father could have given him no trouble; but he did not like the evidence to remain there in the sight of other people, and he had asked Rory O'More how the nuisance could be abated.

Our hero was indignant with the petty-minded pettifogger, and wished to retaliate upon him for the renunciation of his old creed; for the Roman Catholics have the same bitter feeling against the man who secedes from their profession of faith, as those of the

Church of England entertain against the dissenters from them.

So Rory, after hearing the attorney's complaint, said he thought he could rectify the objectionable passage on the tombstone. How he accomplished this will be seen.

After breakfast he asked De Lacy would he go over to see "the churches," as the old burial-place in the neighbourhood was called, where the ruins of some monastic buildings stood, one of which had been repaired and roofed in for the parish church. De Lacy assented to the proposal, and Rory suggested that they should endeavour to get Phelim O'Flanagan to accompany them.

"His school lies in our way," said Rory, "and we may as well ax him to come; for there is a power of owld anshint tombstones in it, in owld Irish, and he can explain them to you, sir."

True it was, that here many an ancient gravestone stood, mingled with those of later days; — the former bearing the old Irish

OF DO.

the latter, the

PRAY FOR —

showing, that though conquest had driven the aboriginal Irish from the spot, the religion, though not the language of the people, had survived their downfall.

And here what a striking evidence is given of the inutility of penal laws! — nay, worse than inutility; for prohibition seems to act on human nature rather as a productive than a preventive cause of the thing forbidden, and the religion of the Irish, like their native shamrock, by being trampled on, becomes prolific.

Their language is passing away, though it was not penal to speak it; but their religion has lasted because penalty attended its profession, and the faith of a persecuted people is still recorded in the language of the oppressor.

Thanks to God! the days of persecution are past; and fair fame to England in cancelling from her statutes the unjust and unholy penalties that man, in his bigoted profanity, had dared to interpose between the worship of the creature to the Creator!

And Fortune never dispensed a brighter honour on her favourite than in shedding over the name of WELLINGTON the glory of being the agent of this blessing to his native land. This mingling of the olive with his laurels increases their brightness as it will their endurance: for when many a victory he has won shall cease to be remembered, the emancipation of his country from the bondage of bigotry will never be forgotten; and soothing be the thought in the hero's last hour, that though many of his achievements have evoked the curses of a foreign land, this greatest triumph of his life will be remembered with blessings by his countrymen!

When Phelim was asked to bear De Lacy and our hero company, he was immersed in the mysteries of his school, and could not immediately accompany them; but he promised to follow soon, and for that purpose gave his scholars half a holiday, for which beneficence on his part they threw up their hats,—that is, such of them as had any; while those of them who had not, made up the deficiency by extra shouting; and Phelim, his school being dismissed, followed De Lacy and Rory to “the churches.”

This burial-ground was not more than a quarter of a mile from the village; yet, though in the neighbourhood of man's habitation it was particularly

lonely ; for, except on Sunday, when the small Protestant congregation went to divine service, or that the occasion of a funeral called the peasantry to the spot, it was little frequented.

Indeed, a churchyard is generally avoided ; nor can it be wondered at that the resting-place of the dead should have an appalling influence on the ignorant and superstitious, when even to the most enlightened there is a chastened and solemn tone of feeling produced on entering a place of sepulture.

Much of this feeling is lessened, or at least the indulgence of it is in a more elevated tone, when we walk through the range of magnificent monuments lining the vaulted aisle of some noble abbey. Here the vanity of our nature is indirectly flattered by witnessing the tribute that posterity pays to greatness, and Glory more than half divides the triumph with Death. But in the lonely country churchyard, where some plain headstone or nameless mound of earth is all that is left to tell that *there* rests a being once instinct with life as ourselves, and where, instead of vaulted roof and clustered columns, the ruins of some lowly chapel stand, they, like all around, telling of decay, — there it is that the contemplation of mortality exercises its most depressing influence, and the thought of death strikes coldly on the heart.

De Lacy accompanied Rory to the burial-place, which stood on a small mound, the gravestones rising in bare relief against the sky, which here and there peeped through the shattered mullions of some window in the ruined wall of one of the little churches, giving an air of peculiar desolation to the place, which was increased, perhaps, by the slated roof of one of them, which was repaired and employed as the Protestant parish church. A pathway led to this building, and Rory came to a stand where, on one

side of the path, stood a rather conspicuous tombstone with this inscription : —

Pray for the soul of
DENIS SWEENY,
who departed, &c.

“Do you see that?” said Rory to De Lacy.

“Yes.”

“Well, that ’s what brings me here to-day.”

“How?” said De Lacy.

“Why, that ’s owld Denny Sweeny’s tombstone; and you see the poor owld fellow axes every one to pray for his sowl — and why not? — and indeed I hope he ’s in glory. Well, you see by that he was a good Catholic, and a dacent man he was; and when he died, he ordhered the same tombstone to be put over him, and paid my own father for cuttin’ the same.”

“Is it after he died?” said De Lacy.

“Oh, no — you know what I mane; but sure a slip o’ the tongue does n’t matther. Well, as I was sayin’, my father cut the same tombstone — and a nate bit o’ work it is; see the iligant crass an it, and cut so deep that the divil would n’t get it out of it, — God forgi’ me for sayin’ divil to the crass!”

“It ’s deep enough, indeed,” said De Lacy.

“Ay, and so I towld that dirty brat, Sweeny — the ’turney, I mane — when he axed me about it. What do you think he wants me to do?” said Rory.

“To take it back for half-price, perhaps,” said De Lacy.

“’Faith, he has n’t that much fun in him to think of sitch a thing.”

“What was it, then?”

“Why, he wants me to alther it,” said Rory.

“For himself, I hope?” said De Lacy.

“No,” said Rory; “though in throth I’d do *that* with pleasure, for he’d be no loss to king or country. But, as I was tellin’ you, he comes to me the other day, and towld me it was disgraceful to see sitch a thing as ‘pray for the sowl’ on his father’s tombstone in sitch enlightened times as these, when people knew better than to pray for people’s sowls.

“‘They might do worse,’ says I.

“‘It might do for the dark ages,’ says he, ‘but it won’t do now;’ laying it all on the dark ages, *by the way*, jist as if people did n’t know that it was bekaze when he goes to church every Sunday his poor honest father’s tombstone stares him in the face, the same as if the voice out of the grave called to him and said, ‘Oh, thin, Dinny, my boy, is it goin’ to church you are?’ Not that he’d mind that, for the cowl’d-hearted thief has n’t the feelin’ to think of it; but it’s the dirty pride of the little animal; — he does n’t like the *rale* Prodestants to see the thing stan’in’ in evidence agin him. So I thought I’d divart myself a bit with him, and says I, ‘sure the tombstone does n’t do you nor any body else any harm.’ — ‘Yes, it does,’ says he; ‘it stands in evidence agin my father’s common sinse, and I’m ashamed of it.’

“Oh!” said Rory feelingly, “what luck can the man have that says he’s ashamed of his father’s grave!” The feeling and touching appeal reached De Lacy’s heart. Rory continued — “Ashamed, indeed! — Throth, an’ well he may say he’s ashamed! — not for his father, though — no — but well may he be ashamed to change his creed!”

“You should n’t blame any man for his religious belief, Rory,” said De Lacy.

“No more I would, sir, if it was his belief that he was reared in; but ——”

“Oh!” said De Lacy, interrupting him, “if a

man feels that he has been instructed in a belief which his conscience will not permit him to follow —— ”

“ Sure, sir,” said Rory, interrupting in his turn, “ I would n't blame him for that neither : but is it Sweeny you think does it for that ? not he, in throth, — it 's jist for the lucre, and nothin' else. And sure, if he had the feeling in him to love his father, sure it 's not altherin' his tombstone he 'd be, that was made by his father's own directions : and suppose he thinks that *he* ought to be a Prodestant ever so much, sure is n't it bad of him to intherfare with his poor father's dyin' request that they *would* pray for his sowl ? ”

“ That I grant you,” said De Lacy.

“ Well, he comes to me to ask me to alther it. ‘ For what ? ’ says I. ‘ Bekaze I 'm ashamed of it,’ says he. — ‘ Why ? ’ says I. ‘ Bekaze it 's only Popery,’ says he. — ‘ Well,’ says I, ‘ if it 's Popery ever so much, sure it 's your father's doin', — and any shame there is in it, it is to him, and not to you, and so you need n't care about it ; and if your father did wish people to pray for his sowl, I think it very bad o' you to wish to prevent.’ — ‘ It can do him no good,’ says he. — ‘ It can do him no harm, anyhow,’ says I.

“ So he could n't get over that very well, and made no answer about the good or the harm of it, and said he did n't want to argue the point with me, but that he wanted it althered ; and as my father done the job, he thought I was the person to alther it. ‘ And how do you want it changed ? ’ says I. — ‘ Take out “ Pray for the sowl : ” ’ says he, ‘ that 's nothing but Popery.’ — ‘ My father always cut the sowl very deep,’ says I, ‘ and to take it out is impossible ; but if it 's only the Popery you object to, I can alther it if you like, so that you can have nothing to say agin it.’ — ‘ How ? ’ says he. — ‘ Oh, let me alone,’ says I. ‘ You 're no *sculpture*,’ says I, ‘ and don't know how

I'll do it; but you'll see yourself when it's done.' — 'You won't charge me much?' says he. — 'I'll charge you nothing,' says I; 'I'm not a mason by thrade, and I'll do the job for love.' — 'But how do you mane to do it?' says he agin. — 'Oh, never mind,' says I; 'go your ways, I'll do the job complete, and next Sunday, when you go to church, you'll see the divil a bit o' Popery will be in the same tombstone.' — 'That's all I want,' says he. — 'Thin we'll be both plazed,' says I. — And now I'm come here to-day to do the very thing."

"And how do you mean to effect the alteration, Rory?" said De Lacy.

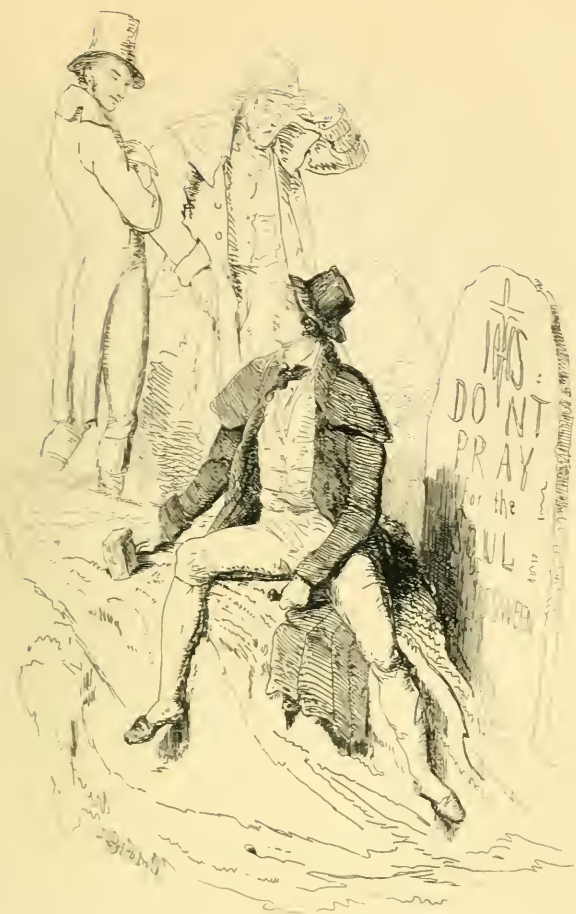
"As aisy as kiss hand," said Rory. "Jist do you amuse yourself with looking into the churches; there's some quare carvings round the windows and doors, and a mighty curious owld stone crass up there beyant. Or, if you like, sir, sit down beside me here with your book, and you can read while I work."

De Lacy had not been long engaged in reading, when old Phelim made his appearance; and with so amusing a cicerone, De Lacy passed a couple of hours pleasantly enough in looking over the antiquities of the place.

After the lapse of that period, Rory had completed his task, and sought his friends to show them how thoroughly he had neutralised the Popery that had so much distressed Sweeny.

"How could you have done it so soon." said De Lacy.

"Oh, I won't tell you — you must see it yourself," said Rory. "It is the simplest thing in life — four letthers did it all." Rory now conducted De Lacy and Phelim to the tombstone, and the moment they stood before it they both indulged in hearty laughter. Rory had carved over the objectionable request the phrase "DON'T," so that the inscription ran thus: —



Do not pray for the soul

DON'T
Pray for the soul of
DENIS SWEENEY.

"Is n't that the thing?" said Rory.

"Capital!" said De Lacy.

"Is n't that sarving the little viper right! You see he dar n't say at wanst, out, honest, that he was ashamed *for his own sake*, bekaze he was a turncoat; but he lays the blame *on the Popery*. Oh, in throth, there's many a dirty turn and many a cruel thing done on us; and thim that does the thing is ashamed to own to the right cause, and so they lay the blame on the Popery. By my sowl! they ought to be obleeged to Popery for giving them sitch a convanient excuse for not havin' things called by their right names."

"But won't Sweeny be very angry about it?"

"'Faith, to be sure he will," said Phelim, shaking his head. "Rory, *ma bouchal*, though I can't deny your wit, I cannot complimint you with an epithalamium upon your prudence: you have made that little bitter attorney your inimy to the ind o' time."

"I know that," said Rory; "but what do I care?"

"Rory, my boy, Prudence, *Prudentia*, as the Latins had it, — Prudence, my boy, is one of the cardinal virtues."

"Well, to expose humbuggin' is as cardinal as ever it was."

"So you won't listen to me? — *Magister docet, sed vos verò negligitis.*"

"Well, who's sayin' it's prudent? — But all I stand up for is the altheration; and is n't *that* complate?"

"That there is no denyin'," said Phelim.

"And all with four letthers!"

"You have demonstherated it as complate wid four," said Phelim, "as I do my mattamatics wid three — Q. E. D."

"By dad! I have a great mind to put Q. E. D. at the end of it all," said Rory.

"For what?" said De Lacy.

"Bekase it is *what was to be demonstherated*," said Rory.

"'Faith, I'm glad to see you remember your mat-tamatics still," said Phelim.

"Would n't it be grate fun!" said Rory.

"It's bad enough as it is," said De Lacy, "without making matters worse. I am afraid, Rory, this was very unwise."

"Yet you can't help laughin' at it," said Rory.

"Indeed I can't," said De Lacy.

"Well, and so will the Prodestants laugh at that contemptible little upstart when they see it, and that's all I want. There's nothing an upstart feels half so much as a laugh against him," said Rory, making a sagacious comment upon his own imprudent act.

"Quite true," said De Lacy, "and therefore the attorney will never forgive you."

"The beauty of it is," said Rory, still enjoying his joke, "that he can't complain openly about it; for all he said, was that he was ashamed about the *Popery* of it. Now, I've taken the *Popery* out of it, at all events."

"Certainly," said De Lacy; "but, at the same time, you have increased Sweeny's cause of inquietude by making the offensive phrase more obnoxious."

"That's what I meant to do," said Rory boldly; "I've caught him in his own thrap. The little scheming 'turney complained only about the *Popery*; now, with four letthers I've desthroyed more *Popery* than the parson could do with twice as many."

"Upon my word, Rory," said De Lacy, smiling, "many men of *letters* have failed with the whole alphabet to alter a text so completely as you have done with *four*."

CHAPTER XXI

IN WHICH SHAN REGAN AND SOLDERING SOLOMON
GIVE A TOUCH OF THEIR QUALITY, AND RORY
UNDERGOES A TRIAL OF TEMPER

ALTHOUGH Regan's mother had discovered his perfidy towards his sister and Rory, and relieved them from the consequences that might have ensued from it, she did not reveal to Rory the treachery of which her son had been guilty, — for still he *was* her son, and with a mother's tenderness she sought to screen him, in the eyes of our hero, from the contempt which so base a means of indulging his dislike must have produced.

But she saw how deep the hatred to Rory must be on Regan's part, to urge him to such practices as he had exercised against him, and until matters were riper for a disclosure, — in fact, until Kathleen and he should be just going to be married, — she begged of Rory to say nothing about what had passed; for if it came to Shan's knowledge, he would be "showing his temper" at home, and it was as well not to vex him until the time came when the definite step could be taken which would render his anger of no avail; for though she would not betray to Rory the baseness of her son, she had no hesitation in owning that he was not his friend.

It was with this understanding that Rory and Kathleen parted the night of their meeting at the rath. But though Mrs. Regan kept the means of

her knowledge a secret from Rory, she revealed to her daughter how she became possessed of the knowledge that exposed the treacherous influence employed to ruin the hopes of two innocent people, not only to satisfy Kathleen's inquiries of how her mother could vouch for Rory's conduct, but in order to put Kathleen on her guard against betraying to her brother any symptom of his plot having failed.

"For what would we do if he thought we found him out!"

Miserable mother! whose only hope of domestic quiet lay in seeming to be ignorant of the ruffianism of her child.

With all her caution, however, though Kathleen did not betray any symptoms of happiness in her brother's presence, and subdued her looks and manner as much as possible, still Regan was not quite satisfied with the apparent state of things at home: not that he suspected his plot had been discovered, but he feared that it had not been sufficiently effective, or that Kathleen would exhibit more distress. He, therefore, went further in endeavouring to depreciate Rory O'More in every thing he could say and do, not only at home, but abroad.

There are some natures so essentially vile that they can never forgive another's success. Such was Regan's. But to this habitual baseness of mind, was added the stimulus of dislike in Rory's affair; and that his sister's attachment to him seemed still to survive the threats and falsehoods and machinations urged against it, increased that dislike. But it was Rory's triumph over him at the fair that completed the sum of his hatred. This, Regan looked upon as a personal disgrace, and the remembrance of it sank deep in his heart; and deeper and deeper it sank every day, and the depth of the remembrance called

for a greater measure of revenge. Until this could be satisfied, he in the mean time got up a piece of slander against Rory, by falsifying all the circumstances of the visit to the fair.

This he did with the most thorough malevolence and injurious perversion of all the facts. He spoke amongst his fellows, openly in the public-houses, where most of his time was spent, in a spirit of jeering slightingness of Mary O'More being "gallivanted round the fair by that omadhaun Conolly, — and thrated Misther Rory, too, I hear. Well, people's changed! I thought, wanst, that Rory had more sperit than to be takin' thrates from another man, on account of his sisther's purty face."

Now, though he got hearers who were base enough to listen to this, he did not find one to believe him, for they were well aware of the secret and real cause of his spleen. But this disparagement did not satisfy him: — there was another and a viler misrepresentation of which he was guilty. The business of the ducks, which, if truly told, he knew would only raise a laugh against him, he twisted with the true serpent spirit that actuated him, into a crime, and, with the expression of *regret* which is so often the outward sign of the secret *rejoicing* of the bad man's heart, he declared he was sorry that Rory "let himself down so much, for he thought he was above *stalin'* a poor pitiful pair o' ducks: throth, it was n't worth while bein' a *thief* for such a *thrifle*."

All this in the course of a few days travelled to the next parish, where Rory lived; for even in sylvan scenes the dryads have it not all to themselves, — there be evil geniuses in the country as well as the town, and "d—d good-natured friends" are to be found everywhere; and some of these same good-natured folk told Rory what was said of him.

The first bearer of the disagreeable intelligence was Old Solomon the tinker, who delighted in having it in his power to say bitter things of every body,—or even to them, when he could do it by innuendo, a favourite weapon of his, and one which he used like a master.

It happened, during the day Rory and De Lacy went to “the churches,” that Old Solomon paid the Widow O'More a visit. In doing this he had two objects: in the first place, he enacted guide to De Welskein, who wanted to see De Lacy; and in the next, he was sure of “entertainment,” as the sign-boards have it, for himself and his ass.

He was kindly received at the cottage of the widow, and had some fresh buttermilk and good potatoes given him, with a seat in the chimney corner into the bargain, where he roasted his shins, and smoked his pipe, and said sour things of half the country,—and, in short, made himself perfectly happy. But after spending a couple of hours thus, he began to exhibit symptoms of impatience at Rory's absence; for he wanted to proceed further, and yet did not like to go without giving to Rory the pleasant intimation that he was gaining the reputation of being a very ingenious purloiner of other people's property:—waiting to wound the man, the hospitable shelter of whose roof he had enjoyed, not only then, but at all times. And this, he must have been conscious, arose from pure good-heartedness: for his habitual influence through the motive of fear did not exist there as in other places, Rory being too sharp a fellow to let Solomon exercise such a power over him; and it was partly this fact that made the old scoundrel the more anxious to gall, at least, where he could not govern.

De Welskein waited patiently enough the return

of De Lacy, as he consoled himself with making compliments to Mary O'More, and doing the agreeable, as Frenchmen generally do: but Solomon from time to time went from the fireplace to the door to look out for Rory, whom, at last, he saw approaching.

When Rory entered the cottage, he welcomed De Welskein, who seemed rather constrained in his manner towards him, and asked for De Lacy; Rory informed him he would soon return, — that he left him and Phelim behind in the churchyard, looking over some old tombstones, but that they would not be long absent.

“And how are you, Sol.?” said Rory.

“Oh, as well as any one wishes me,” replied Solomon bitterly.

“What are you in sitch a hurry for?” asked Rory; “sure you are not goin’ yet?” This was said in pure hospitality, for Rory did not like the old cynic.

“Yis, yis, — you’ve had enough of me.”

“Well,” said Rory, “plaze yourself and you’ll live the longer.”

“Throth, thin, the more one lives, the more one wondhers,” said Solomon. “Rory *avic*,” added he, “will you go and get me the ass?”

“To be sure,” said Rory, who went to the outhouse, where the ass had been enjoying a good feed, as well as his master. Reloading him with his panniers, containing Solomon’s

“Nippers, twisters, sand, and resin,”

as well as the three ancient pots and pans, Rory led the animal forth to where Solomon stood awaiting his approach, before the door of the cottage; and when Rory halted the beast before him, the old

tinker began very carefully to examine every particular of his ass's furniture and appendages, not forgetting the three old rusty kettles that dangled from the straddle.

Rory inquired if any thing was wrong? — "Oh, it's no harm to see if all's right," said Solomon.

"Why, would n't it be right?" said Rory. "Have n't I put on this sthraddle and panniers, and kittles, often enough before?"

"Oh yis, — but I was only seein' — one, two, three, — I was only seein' if all was safe; one can't be too sure these times; — one, two, three:" and he very carefully repeated his scrutiny of the three old kettles as he leisurely pronounced "one, two, three."

Rory's attention was aroused by this repetition of the words which were the signal to the smuggler; and fancying for a moment that Solomon might have discovered his agency in the affair, he became very uneasy, and said, —

"What do you mane by reckoning over one, two, three, so often?"

"Oh, these is quare times," said Solomon.

This increased Rory's uneasiness. "How do you mane?" said he.

"And a quare world, so it is, — one, two, three."

"What the dickins are you at with your 'one, two, three?'" said Rory, whose anxiety increased.

"Only jist seein' that my property's safe," said Solomon, giving a look at Rory, which our hero could not understand, for, his mind still reverting to the signals, could not reach the meaning which Solomon wished to convey, and he was yet unsatisfied what Solomon's reckoning the kettles meant. However, as the tinker went through that process again, and still repeated "one, two, three," Rory said impatiently, —

“Tare an’ ouns! is it thim owld kittles you’re reckonin’ agin?”

“Jist countin’ thim, — is there any harm in that?” said the tinker: “it’s betther be sure than sorry.”

“Countin’ thim!” said Rory, looking at him with all his eyes. “Why, sure you never had more nor three owld rusty kittles in your life; and they’re so well known over the counthry, that no one would think to make their own of thim, supposin’ they wor worth stalin’.”

“Oh, some people has quare tastes for what belongs to other people,” said Solomon significantly, — “one, two, three, — and a kittle might tickle some people’s fancy.”

“The divil tickle you and your fancy!” said Rory, waxing angry. “Why, barrin’ one wanted to hunt a mad dog with it, bad luck to the use any one would have with your owld kittles!”

“Maybe so,” said Solomon with great composure; “but you see,” he added, “some people is so handy at staling a pair o’ ducks, that no one knows but my poor kittles might go asthray:” and he cast a provoking glance at Rory. — As quick as lightning, the truth flashed upon O’More’s mind, that the frolic at the fair had been misrepresented; and though glad to find his fears regarding the discovery of the signals were unfounded, yet with flushed cheek and dilated eye, he said in a tone in which wounded pride more than anger was predominant, “What do you mane?”

“Oh, laste said is soonest mended,” said the tinker; — “one, two, three; — I see they’re all safe. Good evenin’ to you, Rory.”

“Stop!” said Rory, confronting him; “explain to me your dark meaning, and don’t lave an affront at the door you were always welkim at?”

“How have I affronted you?” said Solomon, whose frigid coolness of age was in startling relief to the excited fervour of the young man who stood before him.

“You made a dark hint jist now,” said Rory.

“Make *light* of it, Rory, *ma bouchal*,” said the tinker, taking the halter of his ass in token of departure.

“You shan’t go that way,” said Rory, beginning to lose his temper; and he laid his hand on the old man’s shoulder in the action of detention, but at the same time with a proper degree of deference to his age.

“And is it stoppin’ a man on the road you are now?” said the tinker with a low, spiteful chuckle: “throth, you ’re improvin’ fast!” and he attempted to pass Rory, who now, losing all control of himself, said, —

“Bad luck to you, you cruked, spiteful, sawdhering owld thief! how dar you say the like to an honest man’s son! — Stop on the road, indeed! — stale ducks! Is it Regan that has the black heart to say I stole his ducks?”

“Oh, you know it, thin!” said old Solomon, becoming provoked in turn.

“Know it!” said Rory, seeing his drift; “it ’s well for you you ’re past bating, you owld cracked bottle o’ vinegar that you are! or I’d thrash you within an inch o’ your life. Away wid you, you owld sarpent!” and he flung him from him.

The old tinker staggered back, and made a great clatter as he reeled against his old kettles; but, recovering himself, he led away his ass, saying to Rory however before he went, “I hear they wor uncommon fine ducks!”

Rory was startled by this last expression, — the

second part of the signal given to De Welskein. — Was it chance? or did the old tinker mix up the slander of Regan, and imply his knowledge of Rory's mission, in the same breath, to puzzle him? While he was standing in this state of perplexity and vexation, De Lacy came up to him unperceived, — for Rory was looking after the tinker, whose last words De Lacy had heard, and was attracted by, and accosting Rory, who was taken by surprise, said, —

“Does that old rascal know any thing about our affairs?”

“Faith, I dunna if he does,” said Rory, with an air of abstraction that struck De Lacy as peculiar.

“Is it not strange, that he should use the words of our private signal?”

“Faix, an' it is, and it bothered myself at first,” said Rory, “when he said it; but I think, afther all, he knows nothing about it, and that he only spoke it by chance, and meant something else intirely.”

“What else could he allude to?” said De Lacy.

“I'll tell you about it, sir, another time,” answered Rory; “for it's a long story, and you'd better not wait for it now, as Mr. Devilskin is in the house waitin' for you.”

“De Welskein!” said De Lacy, who entered the cottage as he uttered the name.

“*Bon jour, citoyen capitaine,*” was the address of the smuggler to De Lacy, who welcomed him in return; the smuggler continuing to address him in French, desired a private interview; De Lacy pointed to his bedroom, and the Frenchman entered the apartment. De Lacy followed, and as soon as they were within the room, De Welskein pointed to the lock.

“There is no necessity,” said De Lacy.

“Don't be too sure of that,” said De Welskein,

with a very significant shake of the head, and one of the keen and cunning glances of his dark eye.

“What do you mean?” said De Lacy. — The Frenchman laid his finger on his lip, to impress the necessity of silence; and though still speaking his own language, which was sufficient guarantee for secrecy in an Irish cabin, yet the importance of what he had to communicate was so great, that he placed his mouth close to De Lacy’s ear, and said, in the most cautious tone, “There is a traitor!”

“A traitor!” echoed De Lacy.

The Frenchman nodded assent, and added, “We are betrayed.”

De Lacy thought of the words he heard Solomon utter, and said quickly, “That rascally old tinker?”

“*Vieux chaudronnier de campagne?* — No, no.”

“Who then?” asked De Lacy.

De Welskein subdued his voice to the lowest whisper and said, “Rory O'More!”

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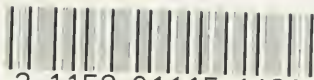
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